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# The Redwood, v.20 1920-1921

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1820-21





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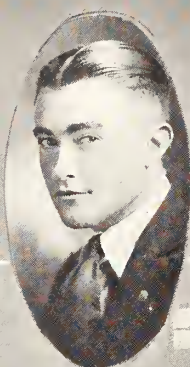
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*Louis J. Trabucco*  
Asst. Business Mgr.



*J. Paul Reddy*  
Asst. Business Mgr.



*Hayden W. Pitman*  
Asst. Business Mgr.



*Thomas Crowe*  
University Notes



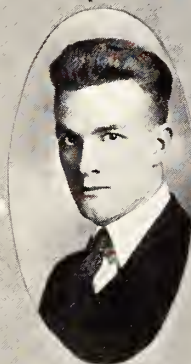
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Amateur



*Harold J. Cashin*  
Editor



*Edmund L. Conner*  
Business Manager



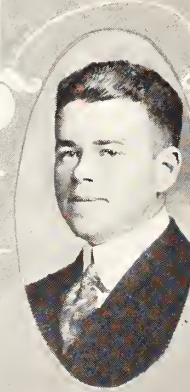
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Athletics



*Peter E. Morettini*  
Law Notes



*Ernest D. Bedolla*  
Circulation Manager



*Martin M. Murphy*  
Exchanges



*Wm. de Koch*  
Engineering Notes

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# The Redwood.

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VOL. XX

SANTA CLARA, CAL., OCTOBER, 1920

NO. 1

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## California

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JOY ere lingers round your hills, California,  
Song the air with gladness fills, California,  
Seem the skies so bright and clear  
And our lives alight with cheer,  
In a land without a peer, California.

Let my heart be ever true, California,  
May I always be with you, California,  
Be your sunshine ever nigh;  
And at last when I must die,  
In your bosom let me lie, California.

EDWIN E. DRISCOLL '24



# The Passing of Charles M. Lorigan, '82

---

Martin M. Murphy, '22.

In the passing of Charles M. Lorigan Santa Clara has lost one of her most loving sons, one of her most loyal and intelligent champions, and one of her truest and most unselfish friends. Everything in any way connected with the College and later of the University was dear to him. As her legal adviser he was as careful, nay more careful than if he were looking after his own personal property. For almost a quarter of a century he was connected with the University in this capacity and in latter years served Alma Mater as a member of the Board of Trustees and Advisory Board, a distinction which no other layman ever before enjoyed. He was proud of his associations with Santa Clara and attributed to the training received within her walls the great measure of success that came to him in his legal activities and in his domestic, civic, and political life.

Mr. Lorigan was born in New South Wales, Australia, on January 1, 1861, but at an early age his family moved to California and settled in Santa Clara on the property which has until recently been known as the Lorigan Block. As a youth he attended the public schools in the Mission town, and later entered St. Mary's, at that time

situated in San Francisco, and obtained from there a commercial degree.

"Charley", as his best friends knew him, then entered Santa Clara College. With the same enthusiasm and devotion to duty which marked his career throughout his after life, the young student pursued his course here until awarded the degree of Bachelor of Science in 1882. Soon after graduation he secured a position in the law office of Moore, Delmas and Leib, and so fascinated did he become with the legal profession that he devoted all his spare time to a study of law.

After four years of preparation with this firm, Mr. Lorigan passed the bar examination and was admitted to practice in 1886. He became associated with S. F. Leib in San Jose shortly after and the partners opened offices in the Farmer's Union Building, where he remained until the erection of the First National Bank. At that time he moved into the modernly equipped building, in which, up to the time of his death, he made his headquarters. In 1903 he married Ena Bohlman, a member of one of the pioneer families of the state and the union was blessed by the birth of a daughter. This, in brief, is the life his-

tory of one of Santa Clara County's foremost attorneys.

But a mere enumeration of facts and dates is a cold and impersonal thing in which there can be no indication of the true worth of the deceased to his community, or an elucidation of the personal characteristics which won him the love and respect of all with whom he came into contact.

For almost thirty-five years Mr. Lorigan served in an efficient, straightforward and above all, in a scrupulously honest way, his vast clientele, among whom were numbered business and professional men, widows, mechanics, capitalists and people in every walk and station of life. So confident were his friends of his integrity that during his lifetime perhaps millions of dollars were entrusted to him by his clients, to be invested as he best saw fit. These investments seldom turned out badly; but if they did Mr. Lorigan unfailingly made good the loss.

In this way he built up a practice peculiar to himself and probably without a parallel in the state. That is to say he never accepted contested cases but confined his activities to probate of wills, settling private disputes and advising clients as to investments and business affairs. In these matters he had few superiors. Particularly was this the case in patching up family differences. If a client came to him with a tale of domestic trouble he was quick to put his finger on the real disturbing factor and sure to bring harmony

where strife had reigned. If it be true that the peacemakers shall see God then Charles Lorigan is now near the Eternal Throne, for hundreds of times in his office, bitter groups of wrangling relatives or neighbors would gather, determined to never yield a point. A few words from him, a few concessions on each side—and the disputants walked out friends.

Another unusual fact that he sometimes noted himself was that although unable to go about and mix with people or take part in social life to as great an extent as many younger lawyers, because of an infirmity inherited from his childhood, yet he always had more work than he could handle, while many of the younger men were forced into other lines of endeavor for want of clients. This in itself is an eloquent example of the esteem in which his fellow citizens held him. Those of his own profession likewise entertained a high opinion of Mr. Lorigan. As a practical manifestation of this regard he was offered the judgeship of Santa Clara County after the death of his brother, the eminent jurist Hon. W. G. Lorigan, Justice of the Supreme Court, but he declined the honor, preferring to serve the public in a less ostentatious way as a private practitioner. His every act was guided by a thought to his clients' best interests and it was probably this fact that influenced him to refuse the distinguished position.

Mr. Lorigan was by nature quiet and unassuming and a great lover of his

# Evening

---



HE stately solemn hills  
Take on a purple shade  
That richer, fuller grows  
As day begins to fade.

Till our sweet Lady Night  
With fondest mother's touch,  
Spreads a soft dark blanket  
O'er the hills she loves so much.

And comes a gentle breeze  
From out across the sea.  
To whisper fairy tales  
To those great hills and me.

To tell me wondrous things  
Of ships and golden sands,  
And what the people do  
In far-off dreamy lands

A star comes out to listen,  
Then winks and blinks in glee  
For it knows it hears the secrets  
The breeze is telling me.

HAROLD P. MALONEY, '23

# Deviled Ham

(With apologies to neither Underwood nor the Devil.)

Randall O. O'Neill, Law '21.



IS strange, but nevertheless 'tis true that out of that moil, that groaning toil and broiling Hell called War, full many a character, like murder, will out, to soothe and lave the red fury and rage of the carnage fest, and indelibly imprint itself upon the lasting memory of those with whom it associated—out there where the poppies blow.

Of course, some are good and some are bad, with a few perhaps a great deal worse, but still withal you are glad to have known them, that their idiosyncrasies may shine down upon you from their heaven of unforgetableness—during a siege of gnawing nostalgia, perhaps. Now serially speaking the “Gent” of whom I desire to speak—or write—was known as Number One Million and One—and well might I here remark him to be one—the only one—in or out of the million; nominally however, it appears parental control dubbed him Charles W. Hogg at birth—or christening, or whenever it is that we are appended and appendixd with that which sometimes proves a life's burden.

Now this particular “bird” wasn't a “boob” by any means, he was “there” in a great many ways. In fact, to hear him talk, for talk was his one strong point—he could orate and discourse on anything and everything, good, bad or indifferent, foolish, wise, or otherwise—with equal facility, with either hand—one would think him to be a Philadelphia lawyer just juxtapositioned out there in No-Man's Land for the love of fighting and an unquenchable thirst for liberty, freedom and democracy. But whatever his actuating and accentuating motives, it is not my purpose to here deal with his patriotic sentiments and emotions.

Was he religious? Well, not exactly. Skeptical? Slightly. Superstitious? More than likely. And that may be said to answer, more or less, the query as to his belief or unbelief in the super—, preter—, or simply natural both here and hereafter.

Now I have hinted that he was quite a character, garrulous and otherwise, told what I knew about his religion and also said his name was Hogg. Now permit me, I beg, to inform you as to his one ambition and incentive in war; it was none other than to bring home,



his Satanic majesty in all his infernal pomp and glory."

"I gasped, I know; my mouth parched; my heart hammered blow on blow; my inwards turned; my ears swelled; my eye shot; and the smell was simply horrifying—how I stood it I do not know!"

"Yes, there HE stood and there I sat—I couldn't move!—his horns were sharp and long and his tail was a reed of fire, while his scaly scoriaceous form from his pointed head to his cloven feet was a mass of jumbling coals—a living embered leper whose very inmost marrow boiled, burned, sizzled, and sputtered a molten glow."

"Like a glowing skeleton of death he stood; like a fervid crucible of steel; like the cannon's molten spittle, seemed this demon's coursing veins of fire, with his inogen of flame, with his lymph of flowing, glowing liquid fire, he towered; and as he sat down opposite me he charged with a snort of flame and a spit of fire, a breath of thermal parchiness that scorched my very hide, and fumbling a red hot deck of cards, his flaming tongue shot through his spiked teeth of fire: "The game'll be 'Freeze Out'."

"How apt thought I this ancient game! So I'm to play the Devil for a soul of man. On me depends salvation or perdition. He shuffled the cards and then passed to me to cut—strange, but they didn't burn—he dealt the mess and the game for a soul began."

"Not a word did we speak, not a syllable uttered we, but oh, I'd have given

all the world's 'golden silence' for just one tiny speech!—and now I know what is really meant by, 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn'!"

"We dealt and played and soon I saw I had a fighting chance, but only a chance, because he could certainly play the game."

"At the last deal it was a tie score; we played with utmost care, for here, if ever, was there Hell to pay. Then with a forward lean, he shrieked, 'I've got you!' But I straddled a blind and passed the bet till he was in and then I raised him—and he was mine! And then I shrieked with joy 'You're a liar, I got YOU!'—and, I had. But in my eagerness in placing my cards, my index finger protruded over the line of demarcation marked around by the 'spirit oil' and as quick as a flash it was seared at the knuckle; the light vanished and he was gone, and there I sat alone in darkness and jett—and though I lost a finger I had saved a soul!"

Then, with an air of satisfaction Ham would hold his hand up on display for inspection and swore that his story was the truth—some of the fellows would smile, and others wink, but all agreed that that was the part of him that was "Develed"—and hence you have it, the prefix, the supplementary complement to the "Ham".

Now what he is doing or where he is, I do not know, or whether the story was false or so, but that's as he told it out there where the cannon glow—out where the poppies blow.

# Youth

---



HERE'S a Youth in a cavern of darkness  
Where a silence Hell-born stops his breath,  
And a dread all unknown  
Strikes the Youth to the bone:  
For the wages of sin is death.

From out of the dark and the fearsome,  
The Youth blindly gropes out his way:  
With sin he'd played dice  
In the bright halls of vice;  
But always ill luck cursed his play.

Lo! a light glimmers faint in the gloaming  
Iridescent with Hope's brightest ray  
An omen it beams  
Of Youth's fondest dreams  
As it shines, Foul Despair flees away.

As the sunbeams of light in the morning  
Put to rout the fell hosts of the night,  
So fair visions God-made  
Pierce the blackness and shade,  
And turn the dark skies into light.

Through a gray dawn the golden sun streaming  
Gives a hope of fair things to be  
Of a life to live o'er  
On the golden strewn shore  
Of a land by the blue rippled sea.

CHARLES F. DALY '24

# Casey Follows Up

John M. Jackson, '23.



IN the year nineteen hundred and seventeen the young manhood of our country answered the call to arms, and from office and field, from the comforts and pleasures of home, with a farewell to mother, father and all held dear, they left to fight for the ideals and principles of America. Rich and poor alike on an equal basis were enlisted and mobilized into the perfect working machines of the Army and Navy of the United States.

Training camps of immense size had to be constructed in different localities; vast grounds had to be made available for drilling room; series of ranges for target practice had to be set up—everything for the overnight transformation of civilians into disciplined soldiers had to be arranged.

These things, however, touched only the mechanical organization of the army. Human nature demanded other things besides work, sleep, and sustenance. Men could not leave home with all its comforts and conveniences and embrace the hardship of rough military life in a day or week. It was apparent, both for the well-being of the men

themselves, and for the efficiency of the army, that man's natural desires for amusement, comfort and service must be supplied.

The Knights of Columbus recognized this need and immediately set about to secure the requisite financial assistance whereby they could commence a great system for the supplying of this demand. Other organizations of a similar nature also took up the work, and let it be said in parenthesis it is not my purpose to detract in any way from the praise justly due them although confining the subject here to the K. of C.

The great work then commenced. Drives for capital met with encouraging success due to the co-operation of all. In every Army and Navy camp there began the construction of numerous comfort quarters where the tired soldier or sailor could go and feel at home, listen to latest popular airs, write letters, and read current periodicals.

Religion, too, was not forgotten in connection with this form of welfare. Chaplains were stationed in all the camps to answer the needs of the men, and to comfort and advise them in their troubles.

Time elapsed—the great army crossed the seas and with it went “Casey”.

Chateau Thierry and the Saint Mihiel were over. Then the terrible days of the Argonne approached and as the multitude of men marched through mud and fire to victory, "Casey" was always there, encouraging them, supplying their wants and providing whatever comforts were possible. Cheer was put into the men. It became customary for them to look forward to meeting the ever-ready Secretary. From him sweets and cigarettes could be obtained, and always without charge.

As the vast army surged onward overseas, the people at home were also doing their bit—giving from their pockets and their hearts without complaint. They abstained from many of their former desires and pleasures that their sons, brothers and friends who had sacrificed so much, might have all that they could give them in comforts, conveniences and pleasure. Financial aid was freely forthcoming, and "Casey" over there was always kept stocked with the necessary supplies.

The great war ended. During its progress the Knights of Columbus had received a total of approximately forty million dollars for its war activities, contributed in the great drives and the United War Work Campaign. With the close of the war there remained eleven million dollars still unexpended. What was to be done with this money which had been received for war and post war purposes?

**"Casey Follows Up."**

The Knights had looked to the wel-

fare of the soldier, sailor and marine during the war. Were they to term their labors completed at this stage? No! They realized that numerous men were forced to abandon their schooling, or leave their labors to answer the call to arms. The great work which had made life bearable when civilian was turning soldier and during the bloodiest stages of the war, would be incomplete if it did not assist in the reconversion of soldier into civilian. So, in order to return the fighting man to peaceful ways and serious educational occupation, and to refit him to take part in the most useful fields of reconstruction, the "War Activities Committee" immediately set about to accomplish this end. They began by using the eleven million dollars of remaining contributed capital to finance their movements, not realizing at the time what an immense educational program they were about to enter upon.

At the outset they offered fifty scholarships, including tuition and incidental fees, books, necessary equipment, board and lodging, for a complete technical, scientific, mining, agricultural, or foreign service course; also fifty scholarships for a complete academic course. Awards of the scholarships were to be made on a competitive basis, the comparative merits of applicants to be determined by examinations conducted by the boards of entrance of the institutions where admission was sought.

The number of applications was so



great, however, that it was exceedingly difficult to determine the comparative merits of the applicants. Within the time set almost twenty-three hundred applications were received. The committee therefore decided to remove the limit of one hundred and to grant a scholarship to every student who might be certified as eligible for admission to the college for which he applied. Out of this number of applicants four hundred qualified for entrance and received scholarships.

The demand for these scholarships assured the Knights that, if any reasonable number of those desiring instruction were to be satisfied, some more comprehensive plan would have to be adopted. The idea of developing a system of evening schools under the auspices of Councils, groups of Councils, or Chapters of the Knights of Columbus, to be maintained by means of tuition fees paid by students, was first discussed by the Supreme Board of Directors at a meeting in Detroit in June, 1919. To further this a committee was appointed to confer with the leading educators of the country with a view of submitting to the board a plan of procedure.

This committee, in conjunction with advisers and prominent educators and members of school boards met in conference in New York during the latter part of July, 1919. As a result a plan was submitted to the Board of Directors on August 3, 1919. The report was

accepted and transferred to the Supreme Council.

A bulletin issued by the Educational Division which was established at New Haven, stated the plan briefly as follows:

"That Councils establish courses for members of the Order and for such others as may wish to avail themselves thereof, and that classes be opened to men and boys of good character, regardless of creed, and wherever possible, to women and girls."

Under this plan schools have been established in Councils throughout the United States, and courses have been conducted with great success. This plan called for the payment of tuition fees, but in order that no ex-service man should be kept away for that reason, the Committee on War Activities voted to pay the tuition fees of ex-service men in Council Schools, provided the courses satisfied the Committee.

The third and most important phase of the Educational Program, however, was in the establishment of a chain of evening schools in larger cities throughout the country, and holding out opportunities to ex-service men for free instruction in technical, trade, academic and commercial subjects. These schools are supported entirely out of the residue of the funds entrusted to the Knights of Columbus as a Welfare Agency during the War, and are absolutely free to ex-service men. Others are not excluded, provided no ex-service man is deprived of the opportunity

of attending any course. To such persons a small tuition fee is charged.

In undertaking this vast work the free evening schools have had to meet conditions unlike those which are ordinarily imposed, and which require methods in many respects revolutionary. The primary essential for instruction such as they must offer, is speed. Mr. William J. Bogan, principal of the Chicago school for ex-service men, and also of the Lane Technical School of Chicago, ably brings forth this need in a paper read in the Knights of Columbus Educational Convention:

"The critical conditions of war seemed necessary to teach a leisurely world that time is money. The war was won by armies that had been taught in a hurry. Officers taught in three months, gunners taught in a few weeks, and men unacquainted with modern warfare performed, under the stress of a great need, a task in which the wisest had predicted failure.

"Peace does not require the speed of war, but it requires many of the methods of war. Life is short and man's interest in schooling is shorter. The old easy-going, philosophical, discursive method of instruction will not do in our schools, where every student is impatiently awaiting the time when he may give Henry Ford a run for his money."

In order to attain this pace, Mr. Bogan advises the elimination of all non-essentials. This is no easy task for the

best of teachers, for the teacher's besetting-sin, he continues, is thoroughness.

"If he is called upon to explain the League of Nations he feels impelled to go back to the League of Chaldea and tell how Sargon, the elder, in 4000 B. C., formed a league from the cities of Babylon and Ur and Nippur and Accad and other cities of the Chaldean plain. If asked to explain the modern ignition and lighting system of the modern automobile he takes his class back to Benjamin Franklin and the lightning rod. \* \* \* All this information is desirable for the teacher, and much of it is extremely interesting to the pupil, but with adult men whose time in school is limited, thoroughness may easily degenerate from a virtue to a vice. Speed is the essence of our contract with the ex-service men."

To accomplish this end, the Knights of Columbus evening schools have adopted "short-unit" courses. The plan is not to require a specified term of endurance, as is too often the case with our four-year colleges and high schools. Instead, the aim is to teach, in the shortest possible time, the theoretical and practical essentials of the subject, so that the student can immediately utilize them in earning his livelihood.

The success in enrollment and the ardor with which those undertaking instruction under the Educational Program has well repaid the Knights of Columbus for their endeavors. It is un-

precedented in the history of education that a nation-wide system of evening schools such as the Knights are undertaking at the present time should be developed in the short space of a few months. The three phases of the program—Scholarships, Council schools, and Evening schools—are all a great

credit to the Order, and demonstrate the same earnest and untiring effort on its part to replace the ex-soldier in peaceful society as a valuable and thoroughly equipped citizen, as was displayed during the war to make his life less miserable.

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## The Silver Armored Knight

---

Yon purple spires, bedecked with crimson veils,  
Grow faint amidst the mystic cloud of night,  
And through that silent vault, the stars shine bright,  
While guards the moon, that solitary knight.

And o'er that peaceful hamlet, Sleep prevails;  
For weary mortals seals the orbs of sight,  
And crowns the plowman's brow with dream's delight—  
But watchful guards that silver armored knight.

George W. Ryan, '24.

## In Carmel by the Sea\*

---



FROM two and twenty towers  
Of the ancient Mission chain,  
---Wilting, fading flowers,---  
There comes the soft refrain  
The Mission bells are singing  
To their new found sisters ringing  
Of the joy to hearts they're bringing  
In Carmel by the Sea.

Gone are the days of longing  
That true hearts only knew  
For Serra's Bells returning  
To the fold of the feeble few  
Ah, Hark! The Bells are singing  
To their stranger sisters ringing,  
Of the joy their hearts are bringing  
To Carmel by the Sea.

No day was ever brighter  
No love so deep and pure  
Nor seemed heart ever lighter,  
In face of Victory sure:  
For the Mission Bells are singing  
To their new found sisters ringing  
Of the joy to hearts they're bringing  
In Carmel by the Sea.

HENRY C. VEIT, Law '21

\* Two bells, belonging to Carmel Mission, which were in the Park Museum, San Francisco for many years, were restored recently to their first home in Monterey



# There Are Smiles

Francis J. Maloney, '24



VIOLA MICHAELS had returned from an Eastern girls' boarding school, and after looking her over critically, the townspeople of Pescadero had decided that she was as homely as she had been before she had left "for pastures new", some four years before. Her father, though, seemed quite satisfied with her—and he certainly was the one to be pleased since he was the one who had "footed" her bills. However, her brother, Jack, feeling that things weren't quite right unless he picked a quarrel with her, began to question her on what she had learned while away from home.

"Well, I studied French—"

A guffaw from her questioner brought her to a halt.

"French, c'n ya imagine that?" he roared. "I suppose you know how to eat frogs' legs and everything now."

Viola, scenting the train of events, flushed red. When she did so it was very difficult to tell just where her face ended and her hair began.

"Well, my charming brother, doesn't that suit you, either?" she inquired cuttingly.

"Oh, personally it's none of my business, but I'd like to know what good it does anybody out here in America?"

"For one thing, it helps one to understand what the restaurants have to offer a hungry human. Besides, there are a great many novels written in French which are spoiled when translated into English."

"Must be some country back there where you went to school," he commented, "when a person can't tell what he's eating unless he can speak some foreign language. Concerning those novels, anyone with brains wouldn't waste his time on a story that isn't good enough to be written in good old United States."

"Oh, is that so? Another thing, French helped me a lot during the war."

"Yeah, it must have. Well all I have to say is, I went to Brest and got along great without knowing a bit of that 'polly voo' talk."

"Maybe you did. But that was because you always had a lot of friends with you whom you could talk to. I'll bet, though, that if you were off in some village by yourself, you'd be

mighty glad to learn to 'parley-vous.' " She pronounced each word distinctly.

"Aw, tell us something new," he sneered. "I suppose you were in that sort of a fix yourself."

"No I wasn't! But, if you don't look out, you'll wish you were back in France!" With these words her face turned white. And her father, who had been a rather amused listener, knowing that she was about angry enough to do anything, stepped in between them.

"That'll be about enough from the both of you. By the way, I'd like to say a few words to Vi—alone."

When they were alone the elder Michaels, turned to his daughter. "Listen, Vi," he said to her. "I have some very bad news for you. The cook's quit and there's nobody to take her place, so if—" He hesitated, not quite sure of his ground.

"Sure, I will," she assented. "And believe me, the guests'll be fed well while I'm in charge of the kitchen."

She grew reminiscent. "It's been a long time since I've been in that kitchen. Do you remember the last time I was there?"

Michaels "pere" roared. "Do I? Don't you know that was the real cause of my shipping you East? And I'm sure glad I did, too."

"So'm I," she returned quickly. "I learned a lot when I was there."

## II

Some weeks later a young man of the "tenderfoot" appearance arrived

in town and procured a room at the Swanton House, Pescadero's up-to-date hostelry, J. Michaels, Prop. He was an unobtrusive individual and for some reason or other roused Jack's dislike. Perhaps it was because he was "Eastern-looking", perhaps not.

That evening when he came down to the dining room there was a great craning of necks to see what he looked like. But in spite of all the publicity, he didn't seem to be a bit "fussed". These actions roused the ire of a certain clique, of which Jack was the leader. The rest however seemed to be satisfied with him and he was left in peace.

He kept to himself for several days, appearing in public only when it was necessary for him to do so. This awoke the curiosity of nearly everybody in town. Many people thought he was a criminal trying to evade the law, and began to search the papers for notices concerning the offer of a reward for a man answering his description. Some "allowed" that he was an inventor, while others wouldn't venture an opinion. However, had any of the hotel patrons watched the stranger when Vi was serving him, it would have seemed that he eyed her too familiarly for a new comer who hadn't made any acquaintances.

At last, one night, the mild man of mystery, registered as Thomas C. Donovan, Buffalo, N. Y., left the confines of his chamber, and came down to what was formerly the bar room. He

Her next partner was on hand and claimed her much to the reluctant Jim's chagrin.

Meanwhile, Jack Michaels, becoming attracted by the crowd, wormed his way through to the front ranks. With his usual forwardness he stepped up closely to her, smiled boorishly, and asked for the next dance.

She looked at him angrily; then with a toss of her blonde head, began to converse with her partner. Jack was a trifle dazed, but realizing something was wrong unsuccessfully tried to right it. At last, he went up to Donovan, who seemed to be enjoying the situation and asked for an invitation. This, that obliging person did.

The music struck up again and Made-moiselle left Michaels with a merry smile and a promise of the sixth dance.

"What do you think of our country?" asked her partner.

"Ah, eet ees wonderful," she replied. "Ze men are so fine, so human, so grand, so-so-so—oh, I cannot express ze thought. But I feel wizin me, ze love of your countree, of ze scenery. Eet ees incomparable, eet cannot be found in any ozzer place."

At last, after what seemed to be hours, Jack's turn came, and he was treated with the same shower of words as his predecessors had been—except she said more to him than to any of the others.

"M'sieu Michaels, you are such a fine man. Votre pays est beau. Les fleurs dans les campagnes sont belles.

Les bois de France sont petits et en Californie ils sont grands. M'sieu Michaels, aujourd'hui montrez moi votre cheval, s'il vous plait," she looked at him so pleadingly.

Now all of the above speech was the same as Chinese to him. However, Jack's head was filled with something besides ivory so he began to use it. As far as he could remember, she said 'cheval', or something that sounded like that anyway. Now, he knew that caballo meant horse in Spanish. Then while he had been in school he had a faint recollection that his teacher had said that French and Spanish were alike in many ways. So putting two and two together, he decided that 'cheval' meant a horse. The rest of the sentence he knew not, still he thought she might be asking to see his horse. But the fact was, he didn't have one. However, he guessed one of the boys would lend him one for an hour or so. Now, certainly she wouldn't want to see him tonight.

Finally, with a quaking heart he answered. "Of course, I'll show you my horse tomorrow. He's a fine one too." Jack could lie gallantly when he had to—and this happened to be one of those times.

"Qu' est la couleur?" she inquired innocently.

This was a sticker. However, he took a chance on color. Again it required some quick thinking. The first friend of his whom he could remember at the present time who had a horse

was Shorty Allen. Shorty's was a pinto, and that would have to answer the occasion's necessity. Besides, she wouldn't know what color pinto was anyway.

So he blurted out, "Pinto".

She smiled upon him. "Merci, merci, M'sieu."

These words had scarcely been spoken when the last notes of "Oh By Jingo" died out. And right then and there, had the occasion demanded it, Jack would have sworn his life away for her.

Dance followed dance, until late in the evening a serious dispute arose between Jim Smith and Bill Walters as to who "had the next". The argument waxed warmer and warmer, and under cover of the attention it attracted, Tom Donovan and his friend slipped into the night.

#### IV

The next morning was Sunday and breakfast was served later than usual at the Swanton House. Finally, the kitchen door opened and Vi appeared.

She looked her audience over carefully. After completing her survey, she smiled benignly upon her brother. "Ah, messieurs, I trust zat you are all well zis morning."

Mouths stood agape. All looked bewildered. Gradually it dawned on them. So this was the girl whom they

had "fell for". Finally one of them regained his powers of speech.

"Well, I'll be—— Say, Vi, how'd you do it anyway?"

"The dress I wore in a play at school. Mr. Donovan, as you all remember, left town early yesterday morning. He went to the City and got me that blonde wig—also, the make-up. The rest was easy."

She was walking slowly over to her brother. "And, Jack, dear, what good does it do to know French? If you had learned to speak it—or at least understand a little—you probably wouldn't 've been in the pickle I got you into last night.

Jack was silent.

"Say, Vi," someone asked, "who's that fellow with you?"

"Why, he's Tommy Donovan of Brooklyn. I met him while I was at school. There was a university very close to ours, and he and his friend used to come and see me and my roommate. One year both places put on a play. He and I took the leading parts."

"Well, what's he doing out here?" the questioner went on.

Slowly and smilingly Viola disappeared through the kitchen door, while the presence in the dining room of Michaels "pere" was first noticed when that old gentleman broke into a hearty laugh.



# The Redwood

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SANTA CLARA

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The object of The Redwood is to gather together what is best in the literary work of the students, to record University doings and to knit closely the hearts of the boys of the present and the past

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## EDITORIAL

Cartoonists are accustomed to adopt pet symbols for persons, places, nationalities and events. "Uncle Sam", with his striped trousers and long coat-tails, "John Bull", the "G. O. P." elephant, the Democratic donkey—all of these we meet in every newspaper.

When they would represent the New Year, they universally choose an infant child. Perhaps the reason is that the

infant's mind, as the philosophers tell us, is a "tabula rasa"—a blank page, a "new leaf", a mass of mere possibilities. Perhaps it is because the new year, like the infant, is ignorant of the good or evil fortune immediately ahead. Perhaps it is for the reason that the development of the infant and the success of the new year both depend on a good start and continued attention.



Whatever was the original motive, it is evident that the cartoonist's symbol was aptly chosen whether we consider the calendar or college year.

Although when we arrive on the campus the year always seems full of promise, still not every year at Santa Clara has had the brilliant beginning of 1920-21. There has been here, and at every collegiate institution, during the past few years, a tremendous handicap resulting from the war. The interruptions caused by men leaving and returning, which necessarily interfered with classes, sports, literary and dramatic organizations, were certainly not insignificant. These, however, were not the most disastrous effects. The more permanent damage was in the turmoil into which the normal succession of college men was thrown. In ordinary times the life of a college runs with a certain mechanical smoothness and exactitude. The Freshman, "green", but lively and full of enthusiasm, endures and learns for a time—then passes on, somewhat sobered perhaps, while others take his place. Meantime he has learned his share—in the classroom, in dramatics, in literature, in science, on the field, in any and all of the activities of the institution. Year after year the process continues with watch-like regularity. Freshman becomes Sophomore, Sophomore rises to Junior, and so on in procession. This is the vitality, the soul of the college.

It was this vitality which was for a time riddled by the war. The normal

succession was broken—men who ordinarily would be learning the rudiments of chemistry, or poetry, or algebra, or athletics, were busy with the manual of arms, and consequently college life was interrupted.

Happily, however, we are ready to say with assurance that this effect is rapidly wearing away. Registration this year at Santa Clara is normal and better. Never has there been such a number of promising Freshmen, nor was registration in the higher classes ever more satisfactory. The College of Engineering is taxed to the limits of its accommodations, the Institute of Law has double the enrollment of last year, Letters men are continually in evidence, enthusiastic Preps are everywhere. Enough will be found elsewhere of football—we have seen the team and we know the coach. Dramatics have special prominence this year with the return of Rev. G. G. Fox, S. J., and the promise of Santa Clara's Passion Play in the Spring.

Last of all, we of the REDWOOD are optimistic. Literary affairs suffered perhaps more than others from the events of recent years. Athletics went with the boys to the trenches, but poetry was left at home. On returning the age of the literary "bug" was often passed. However, we are now confident that the worst phases of these effects are past and we have the support of a coming generation. With this support the literary year ahead appears as bright and promising as the year in

studies, in dramatics, and on the grid-iron.

### The Election

Irvin S. Cobb, American humorist, says the word "pessimist" is derived from the word "pest"—a common nuisance—and "mist"—a fog—giving "pessimist"—a common nuisance who sees through a fog.

The world has always been overburdened with these common nuisances—apparently they are essential in balancing the more agreeable optimist—but right now on the eve of the Presidential election there is an extraordinary number of the species. Perhaps, however, the number is justified by the immense clouds of fog which surround the important issues of the campaign. It is to be feared lest if the present necessity of peering through campaign fog should long continue, the whole American people be driven into the ranks of pessimism.

When the nominees of each party were finally chosen, the prospects were especially bright for a spirited battle. The candidates were men of similar training and experience. Both Ohio statesmen, both newspaper men, both of public prominence, and opposing politics, we expected a campaign that would merit a conspicuous place in political history.

What has been the result? Twenty-three foreign wars in progress, first rate nations tottering toward bank-

ruptcy, international trade rivalry approaching a war of commercial competition, Japanese troubles impending, Mexico unsettled, the "H. C. L." still towering, labor rumbling, Ireland torn in revolt and pleading to America, Sovietism threatening the world,—all this and more, and with it all the two Ohio gentlemen must amuse themselves with "campaign funds"!

People have lost interest. The issues are misty, the fog is thick, the pessimist is justified. Must the voter go to the polls and cast his ballot "tails you win, heads I lose"? This is the first national election in which all American women have the privilege of sharing in the vote for President. What a pity if in casting their first vote they indifferently make their choice in the old "Down East" fashion—"Pa was a Demmycrat, so I may as well be too".

### No Gas

Sugar rations and meatless days of a not very distant past were mild inconveniences compared with the plague and torment motorists have suffered during the past summer from the "no-gas" situation. We will not venture to catalogue many epithets with which certain oil men have been sprinkled by angry motorists marooned at midnight in remote villages, but one thing is certain—more explanations for the cause of the oil shortage have been offered than

were presented even for that all-important subject of town-park speculation, the German retreat of 1918.

"The oil companies are doing it to boost the price." "They are doing it to oust the little companies." "The speculators are doing it to sell oil stock." "The railroads are doing it to get rid of the auto stages"—all these and others were the offerings of the populace, and so far as the well-paid political officials in charge of "probes" have enlightened us, they are perhaps all feasible theories.

Casting aside idle speculation, however, and with all apologies to the oil companies, who seem to be keeping starvation away,—from themselves,—it is undoubtedly true there is an acute world shortage of petroleum products which should demand the serious and immediate consideration of the American people and their legislative representatives.

The United States Geological Survey, a reliable source of information in these matters, estimates that our oil supply in the United States will, at the present rate of consumption, last eighteen years. Five million barrels of oil have been taken from American fields and there remain only six and one-half billions. At an increased rate of consumption the supply will be gone before the estimated eighteen years.

The question does not call for hysteria, nor need the family sell the "flivver" for fear that it will soon be

useless. There are possible means of avoiding the calamity which the elimination of the supply would certainly cause, but the means must be adopted before the time of redemptions is past.

One hopeful source of supply is the shale found in Colorado, Wyoming and neighboring states. The possibility of getting oil in this way we must leave to scientists and investors. We hope for the best.

There are other remedies, however, that are more certain and which are in the grasp of our legislators. A few suggestions are offered by W. W. Woods, California banker and oil expert, which merit consideration in this regard as good common sense capable of immediate application.

Mr. Woods, among other things, suggests that it is not advantageous to permit exportation of oil to the Orient, nor is it advantageous for this state to maintain lower prices here than elsewhere and thereby encourage exportation to other states and countries. He also suggests that the automobile industry should discontinue, for its own best interests, the manufacture of high-powered motors; that hydro-electric power development should be in every way encouraged; that concrete rather than oil roads should be built where possible; that foreign ships flying the flag of nations who refuse to supply American ships should not be supplied from American sources; that foreign oil companies should not be permitted

to develop and export American oil products, and that American bankers should not lend money to foreign nations which prohibit American partici-

pation in oil production abroad.

Mr. Woods' suggestions deserve consideration.

Harold J. Cashin, '21.

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## To a Tiger Lily

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With conscious mein, in foliage green  
And her beautiful head held high,  
Sits the forest queen in her garb serene  
To bloom and to wither and die.

Surrounded by pines and a carpet of vines  
She sways in the cool mountain air  
And the sun softly shines while gilding lines  
Of a red tiger lily so fair.

Robert M. Martin, '24.



# University Notes



## Welcome

Welcome fellows! both old and new! That's all we have to say, and we're making it short and sweet, but we say it with a sincerity and feeling which, if adequately expressed, would fill a book. Just a word as to this department of the "Redwood". It has been customary for the University Notes to play the part of the general news section of our school publication, and we are going to do our best to maintain them as such. To carry out this aim we must solicit and receive your help. This assistance will consist mainly of letting us in on things that you believe will interest the rest of the fellows. With such co-operation from you, we're confident of making a success of the Notes.

## Faculty

A great number of changes are to be noted in the personnel of both the University and High School faculties. Father N. Bell now in Seattle, formerly the guide of the college youngsters, has been replaced in this position by Father Shipsey. Father

Bell's place at the head of the Senate is filled by Father Ryan, who in connection with this duty is also teaching the Sophomores in their English and Latin classes. Father Egan who recently departed for St. Louis, Mo., has left his chemistry department in charge of Father Menager. Perhaps none feel his loss as deeply as do the stage crew, for to them, no one can fill his place. Father Regan has also left for St. Louis, trusting his Junior Debating Society to the care of Father Donovan, and his Spanish class to Father Henry. St. Louis has also claimed Fathers Coghlan and Mullen, whose loss will be felt keenly by the High School department. Fathers Sprague and O'Connell are now in San Francisco, and we wish them as we wish the others that have departed, every success in the future. Father Fox has been added to the Philosophy department of the University. He will also assist Father Sullivan in the Senior Dramatic Society, and with such an able pair at the head of the Society, its production this year of the Passion Play, is assured of being a success. The following are new members that have been added to the High School Faculty:



Fathers Henry, Cosgrave, Howard, Fabris, and Belanger, and Mr. Mangan.

### **Student Body Officers**

We feel that "it is all together fitting" at this time to make some mention of our corps of Student Body officers, elected at the last Student Body meeting, last term. Our President, Roy W. Fowler, '21, certainly has all the requirements of a most efficient and successful executive. He is a man popular not only here upon the Campus, but also in other college circles all over the state. His fame as a Rugby star carried his name far a few years ago. During the war he won the rank of ensign in the United States Navy. We look forward to a most successful year under his leadership. Fred J. Moran, '22, will see to it that the office of Secretary of the Student Body is capably and diligently filled this year, and we believe that the trouble seekers on the floor will have to get up rather early to catch Fred napping. Moran held the office of president of his class last year. Thomas J. Moroney, Law, '21, will take care of the "sheekles" this year in his capacity as Treasurer, and rest assured that they will be well cared for by our "Bull Montana". The office of Sergeant-at-Arms, will be handled by none other than James R. Needles, '23, and there is no doubt but that Jimmy can take care of the job in good style. With this group of officers and James B. O'Connor, as Graduate Manager, and

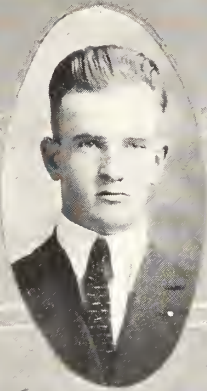
Tullio A. Argenti, '22, as Student Manager, the Student Body has every reason to believe that its affairs will be well managed in the coming year.

### **Mass of the Holy Ghost**

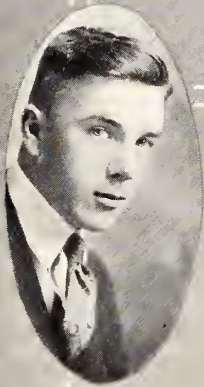
On the eleventh of September, the Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated in the Old Mission Church. Rev. Father Murphy officiated at the ceremony, and Father Buckley delivered the sermon. The entire student bodies of the University and the High School and their respective faculties were in attendance.

### **Indoor Rally**

Ere the first week of the term had passed, Yell King "Pop" Rethers had the fellows out on the steps of Senior Hall competing with each other for the honor of blowing our antiquated gymnasium off the campus. On the evening before the game, at an indoor rally given in the refectory, "Pop" opened up and showed us what he had prepared as a greeting for the Olympic Club game, and the enthusiasm which marked that rally will make it stand out above all others of it's kind in the minds of those who witnessed it. Cheer after cheer shook the old building, punctuated only by the talks of the various speakers. Father Murphy, Coach Harmon and Graduate Manager O'Connor, each gave short addresses upon the game to take place the follow-



*Thomas J. Moroney*  
*Treasurer*



*Fred J. Moran*  
*Secretary*



*James B. O'Connor*  
*Graduate Manager*



*Mr. Daniel P. Meagher, S.J.*  
*Moderator*



*Roy W. Fowler*  
*President*



*James R. Needles*  
*Sergeant-at-Arms*



*Tullio A. Argenti*  
*Student Manager*

*Bushnell*

# *Student Body Officers*



ing day, while the coach made an announcement of the names of the men who were to go to the City as members of the squad. Father Meagher delivered a speech to the fellows that was well worthy of the name. Full of the fight and pep that wins, it had every member of the student body wishing that he could be on the team to meet the Olympic Club the next day. As a fitting conclusion to the evening's performance the School Anthem was sung by the entire student body. Did that rally have results? We'll say it did, and as to the yelling,—nearly two hundred students went up to witness the game and they tell us you can still hear echoes around the bay of the cheering they did for the team. "Pop" now has two capable assistants to help him in preparing for future games in the persons of Louis Trabucco, and Fred Moran.

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**Mr. P. J. Haltigan**

On the seventh of September, Mr. Haltigan, Reading Clerk of the House of Representatives for the past ten years, gave an interesting and instructive lecture upon our National Capitol. His talk was illustrated by two hundred and fifty beautifully colored, stereopticon pictures of scenes and men intimately connected with the history of our country. He dealt briefly with the legislative bodies of the government, their work and duties, and their present personnel. He then spoke

upon the history of our flag, and upon interesting facts in the lives of some of our greatest statesmen, explaining at length the growth and development of our capital city. The lecture was greatly enjoyed by all. Mr. Haltigan came to this coast to act as reading clerk at the late Democratic Convention in San Francisco, where his abilities in the performance of this office were highly appreciated.

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**Phelan Club** On September 13th, President Fowler called to order a special meeting of the Student Body for the purpose of organizing a Phelan Club, in honor of James D. Phelan, Ph. D. (honoris causa) '01, to support him in his campaign for re-election into the Senate. The organization is to be under the direction of the officers of the Student Body, and the immediate occasion for its formation was the desire to show appreciation for the assistance Mr. Phelan gave in connection with the Olympic Game Rugby Fund. The Student Body's interest in this fund is due to the fact that three members of the team, which by it were sent to the Olympic Games in Europe, are Santa Clara men.

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**'21** The Senior Letters men and Engineers assembled in the law library, September 17th for the first meeting of the year. After a brief address by



Edmund Z. Coman, temporary chairman, the class proceeded to the election of officers. Roy Fowler was nominated and elected by a unanimous vote, as the logical man for president. Donald F. Burke was elected vice-president; Daniel J. Minahan, secretary; and Richard McCarthy, treasurer. Everyone was in favor of organizing the Letters and Engineering classes into one unit as it will undoubtedly be to the advantage of both. Another meeting was arranged for an early date for the purpose of appointing committees to take charge of regular business and social events which are planned.

### Junior Letters

September 16th witnessed the first meeting this year of the Letters men of twenty-two. The business of the meeting, which was the election of officers, was accomplished with the speed with which the class manages all its affairs. The four officers were elected unanimously, and the fifth office obtained after a brief struggle. The following were chosen: Louis Trabucco, president; Frank Rethers, vice-president; Fred Moran, secretary; Tullio Argenti, treasurer; and Michael Pecarovich, sergeant-at-arms. With this group of officers, and practically the same members as were contained in the class last year, things look bright for the coming year as far as the Juniors are concerned.

### Sophomore Letters

Towards the middle of last month, Father Ryan's Sophomore class elected their officers for the year, and from the looks of the list of successful candidates, the men from the North seem to have things pretty much their own way in the class. The following are the officers: James E. Neary, president; John Jackson, secretary; Emmet Daly, treasurer; Harold Cochrane, sergeant-at-arms. We feel that the class is to be complimented in its choice for office of men who have proved their interest in school activities by turning out for football, as every man on the list is trying for the varsity.

### Freshman

With the tears of homesickness fairly well dried off their young cheeks, the Babes set about electing a set of officers and with the following results: George Ryan, president; Ernest Bedolla, vice-president; Leland Cerutti, secretary; James Toner, treasurer; and Leroy Baker, sergeant-at-arms. It appears that we are not to be wanting in young politicians from the reports that are circulated about that meeting.

### Philalethic Senate

On Sept. 21, Father Ryan, the new moderator of the Senate, called the first meeting of the organization to



order in the Senate rooms. Proceeding at once to business, Tal Sturdivant was elected president and immediately took the chair, presiding over the remainder of the meeting. The other officers were then elected as follows: Martin Murphy, secretary; Richard McCarthy, treasurer, and Michael Pecarovich, sergeant-at-arms. The following new members were then voted into the Senate from the House: former Representatives Cashin, Murphy, Moran, F. Rethers, Argenti, Fitzpatrick, Kerekhoff, Cassin, Sperry, O'Shea, Patton, Mollen, Neary, Daly, Jackson, Noll, Sceptrini, C. Rethers, A. B. McCarthy. Absence of any reports as to the past meetings of the body, or funds from last year, led to the appointment of a committee for investigation into both matters. Another committee was appointed by the chair to prepare the entertainment for the next meeting, when the new members will be admitted.

#### **House of Philhistorians**

The first meeting this year of the House, held under the direction of Father Shipsey, the new Moderator, was devoted chiefly to the election of officers. The new staff will consist of James Neary, clerk; George L. Haneberg, recording secretary; John M. Jackson, corresponding secretary; Emmet Daly, treasurer; Willis J. Mollen, librarian; and Frank A. Rethers, sergeant-at-arms. A large list of names

of prospective new members was considered, and will be voted upon at the next meeting. Though the society will lose many of its present members, by their election to the Senate, the Lower House feels confident of another victory in the Ryland Debate this year.

#### **Junior Debating Society**

The society is being conducted this year under a new Moderator, Father Donovan, and with most of its old orators showing up in true form, it looks like a fine year, despite the loss of a few members by graduation from the High School department. Some trouble has been experienced in the soliciting of new members, and a committee has been appointed to take charge, consisting of Messrs. Flormont, Geoghegan, and Nolan. Mr. Nolan was also chosen to act as reporter for the activities of the Society. The meetings which have been held in the last month have been conducted with such accord and conformity to Parliamentary Law, that Father Donovan expresses himself as being more than pleased with the showing made.

#### **Co-Op and Book Store**

The University Co-operative store is in charge of A. J. Abrahamsen, Ray Ferrario, and L. DeFiori, this year, and if that trio don't relieve the fellows of their spare change in good order, we miss our guess. The store is

one of the Student Body's chief sources of revenue, and as such is deserving of the support of the students. We would like, however, to see the store open oftener in the future than it has been in the past, as we can't spend our money when the door is shut. Roy Fowler, ably assisted by Walter De Martini is taking care that our mental development does not suffer for want of books, and with Roy's past experience in the position we know that he can adequately handle the business. This store is also in charge of the Student Body, and it should be the aim of everyone to purchase his supplies there, as the profits all go for school activities. If they haven't what you want, ask them and they will secure it, but they can't run the place successfully without your support.

### The Passion Play

At the Alumni banquet last year, Clay M. Greene, the author of "Nazareth" dedicated it to Santa Clara University in memory of his late friend and once fellow student, Robt. E. Kenna, S. J. He further stipulated that it was to be produced in the future upon no other stage than that of the University. This action is highly appreciated by Santa Clara, and it might further be noted that after a lapse of several years, the Passion Play is to be produced this year by the Senior Dramatic Society under the direction of Rev. Fr. Fox.

### Dope

Father Eline, Vice-President here at the University two years ago left during the summer for Nome, Alaska, where he will be engaged in missionary work among the Alaskans.

Thos. Bannon, who had his hip severely injured in the Olympic Club game, is far on his way to complete recovery, and is expected to return to school any day. Tullio Argenti paid Tom a visit during his stay in the hospital in behalf of the Student Body.

Raymond Copeland, and John K. Lipman, two members of last year's student body, have entered the Sacred Heart Novitiate at Los Gatos.

A. J. Roesch, who won all the money up at the Olympic Club by betting on Santa Clara, and who coached the "Preps" last season, is now connected with the Hartford Insurance Co. in San Francisco.

Somebody whispered in our ear that Brizzolara has a new growth upon his upper lip. After it, men!

### Dollars and Sense

Edmund Z. Coman, our Business Manager, in quest of real arguments with which to convince advertisers, requested Mr. W. E. Blauer, Manager of the San Jose Branch of the Bank of Italy for an estimate as to the amount of money set in circulation in this locality by the presence here of the University of Santa Clara. The

following is the statement of Mr. Blauer: "I estimate the amount of money set in circulation in this locality by the presence here of your school at a sum **considerably in excess** of \$500,000 annually." It is evident that the entire community must be benefitted by such an additional circulation of money within it. Certainly an advertisement in the "Redwood", the monthly publication of the Student Body, would be to the advantage of any concern doing business in the vicinity. There are to be seven numbers of the "Redwood" this year, issued according to the following schedule:

First number, first week in October.

Second or football number, last week in November.

Third or Xmas number, third week in December.

Due to the mid-year examinations at that time, no issue is planned for January.

Fourth number, February.

Fifth number, March.

Sixth number, April.

Seventh number, Commencement.

There is a possibility that issues other than these mentioned may be brought out, and of these due notice will be given.

## Orchestra

A larger number of men have been turning out this year for the University Orchestra than have turned out for several years in the past. Pro-

fessor S. J. Mustol, B. M., the director, is confident that we will be able to equal any like organization of its size, after a few months practice. Give them the time to practice, and a little support and we will have a group of musicians that will be a credit to Santa Clara. The following men have been showing up for practice daily for the last four weeks: Francis O'Shea, Fred Florimont, Byrne McSweeney, Raymond Shelloc, Michael Antonacci, Mathew Thiltgen, Clarence Sullivan, Harold Cashin, E. Kenny, Emmet Daly, John Williamson, William Lange, Frederiek Brizzolara, and Selah Pereira.

## Pioneers

The month saw the passing of two pioneers of the State of California and the University of Santa Clara. Each was a Jesuit Lay Brother.

On September 15th Santa Clara grieved for the death of Brother Cassiraga, one of the oldest residents of the Jesuit community here. Brother Cassiraga was a native of Italy and there joined the order some fifty-six years ago. Forty-five years ago he came to California, and after about five years at St. Ignatius, San Francisco, came to Santa Clara, where he has ever since remained. He was nearly eighty-eight years of age at the time of his death.

Many of the "old boys" of Santa Clara remember Brother Cassiraga in the days when he had charge of the

dormitory. This task was his for thirty-five years. Industrious, ever faithful to duty, contented, and always ready with a pleasant word, he was a respected and beloved member of the community.

On the morning of September 23 at six o'clock the Old Mission chimes tolled forth the passing of a soul. It was that of Br. Thomas Cunningham,

who was born in New Brunswick, in 1838, came to California in 1864, and entered the Jesuit order in 1883. After thirty-seven years of service he passed away at the age of eighty-two. For many years he was in charge of certain farm lands in the western part of Santa Clara Valley.

May they rest in peace!

Thomas Crowe, '22.

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## Meteorological Report

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The October "Sunspot," official organ of the University of Santa Clara Astronomical Observatory, Fr. Jerome S. Ricard, S. J., Director, contains the following forecast for the period between October 2 and November 1:

"The story of the migratory bird, as a seasonal weather adept, is being rehearsed again. An early and closed winter is the announcement. The only scientific way of applying the measuring-stick to next year or next season, is telling in advance, not so much how many storms shall pass over the Coast, for these are always plentiful, but how many shall have the freedom of it just where we live, with the degree of their intensity and duration, a task which universally appalls the serious weatherman. At any rate, certain premonitory signs point to a threatening October. Follows the schedule of October disturbances:

**Oct. 2**, a slight disturbance will reach the Pacific Coast, counteracted by an area of high pressure happening at the same time and continuing the following day. Not likely to reach Central California.

**Oct. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8**, a cumulative area of low pressure will make it quite stormy over the Northwest with some effect in California, brisk south winds over land and ocean and light rains, to be suppressed on the 6th, 7th and 9th.

**Oct. 11, 12**, a minor disturbance will knock for entrance, but will be greatly hampered by high pressures falling on the 10th, 11th and 12th.



**Oct. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18,** a stormy period will set over the Coast, with two distinct barometric depressions, Oct. 13-14 and Oct. 16-19. Brisk south and southeast winds, cloudiness, showers, over the Northwest and the most accessible parts of California, northern, southern, and even central.

**Oct. 20, 21,** a simultaneous barometric rise and fall which, though geographically distinct, will interfere with each other and produce no great effects in these parts, only an admixture of sunshine and cloudiness.

**Oct. 22,** barometric rise over the Northwest, with a tail over California.

**Oct. 23,** a somewhat serious storm emerging from the North Pacific over British Columbia and from thence over the dry Pacific States, with encroachments into California, but greatly checked by a rising barometer of the same date.

**Oct. 24, 25, 26,** a disturbed area will move freely along the Coast and administer some rain. It will clear on the 26th and 27th. Fair on the 29th and 30th.

**Oct. 31, Nov. 1,** a shallow depression will pass to the eastward, driven away by an impatient high in the rear."

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## Law Notes

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"While at its head, within his dark  
Carved oaken chair of state,  
Armed cap-a-pie stern Rudiger  
With girded falchion sate."

Thus perhaps our district attorney, C. C. Coolidge, Dean of the Law Department, appeared to the groups of bewildered embryonic lawyers on the evening of Wednesday, Sept. 1, of the prevailing year of grace. The subject was a short address by the esteemed

gentleman on the methods that are to be employed in imparting the prerequisite legal knowledge to those who have decided to avail themselves of this inestimable opportunity, and of the disciplinary cooperation that is expected of them—both of which would result in a development that would unmistakably spell success.

In short, crisp, clear-cut sentences he made his meaning perfectly apparent to



all; and no one seeing the conduct of the beginners can fail to receive the impression that they have so understood it.

In the study of law, the most important asset is the power of concentration for a reasonable period of time. This may appear obvious. But to the younger generation the task is somewhat hard and painful. Furthermore, it may be said that, since the charm of the beautiful autumnal evenings and the opening of the higher seats of learning in the immediate vicinity have come upon us, this sine qua non called concentration, like the will-o-the-wisp, seems to be even farther from the grasp of the uninitiated than from those of us to whom the possession of a few stray strands of silver in the immediate vicinity of the auricular organs has made mental attention not so difficult.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, a mere glimpse at the retinue of professors will dispel any lingering apprehension that acquaintance with legal principles is to be left mainly to the sweet discretion of the student. For instance, C. C. Coolidge invites our earnest and compelling attention. Then for those who are privileged to lend receptive ears to the well-worded expositions of the various aspects of the law of crimes there is the one and only James P. Sex. With those of us who can appreciate the technicalities and legal formalities of pleading, O. D. Richardson delights with his convincing and meticulous distinctions in his pleasing drawl. Then,

too, we are at regular intervals visited by that elderly gentleman, Mr. N. Bowden, who has been a leading legal light in this part of California for several generations, and also, performing a similar function is one of his sons, Archer Bowden, head of the local post of the American Legion. We cannot avoid mentioning the pleasing personality of one of the best liked among the members, J. J. Jones; nor can we fail to take note of F. H. Bloomingdale who slowly enunciates the meaning of ancient property rights and procedure. Of course, we all have in mind the energetic and pains-taking member, Mr. Bressani. Finally there is Judge William Beasley of the Superior Court of Santa Clara County, who visits us weekly in the capacity of Judge of the Superior Court of the University of Santa Clara, of which we shall hear more as the case of *People vs. Moore*, now pending, is tried.

While it gives us great pleasure to note the above mentioned personages in the regular course of managing the destinies of our justly famous College of Law, we cannot fail to notice the conspicuous absence of those who are

“Though lost to sight, to memory dear.”

Immediately, without any great effort at recollecting, the name of B. Lincoln McCoy wells up in the memory, that redoubtable and irrepressible representative from Yolo County, than whom there is none “thanwhomer” (as somebody once ejaculated). No more

will our esteemed professors be made to feel embarrassed by the profundity of his logic and the unexpected quality of his questions. The far-famed Olympic Games have claimed the immediate presence and attention of our famous Rugby men, R. Scholz, and the Muldoon brothers, together with other Santa Clara men of Rugby fame. We hear from the north of one achieving legal fame in the person of Harry McGowan, '14, who was recently elected District Attorney of Glenn County. Being but little known there before, the recent honor is a certain tribute to his ability, and incidentally to the training given by his Alma Mater. Another we will mention while in a congratulatory mood—Edward Nicholson, who successfully passed the Bar examination last Summer and has been admitted to practice. This examination, the first given by the new State Board of Bar Examiners, was universally pronounced one of the most difficult ever

given in the State. One more name stumbles forth from some unknown recesses of our memory. Elmer D. Jensen with his ever-ready flow of conversation will be missed along the halls, and his protracted recitations just inside the chamber door are now something that shall be heard, ah, never, never more. He is now with the fleet somewhere in the Pacific, plotting war maps for the "inevitable" encounter with the Japs.

Law is a soul-stirring and profound subject, in summary, and no one among us should fail to convince himself that this golden opportunity for the proper acquisition of a remunerative and honorable profession is not to be toyed with or lightly considered, but, having once undertaken it, that one should struggle with the various branches of the law "for its own sake, ever grasping, never mastering, as Jacob wrestled with God."

Peter F. Morettini, Law, '21.

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## Engineering Notes

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An assembly of many old and quite a few new members gathered in the battle-worn Room E, to hear the opening address of the new Engineering Society president, Mr. Thomas J. Ford, '21. Tom is certainly giving the famed

silver-tongued Prohibitionist a close race in oratory. Very well indeed did he summarize the activities of the Society in the past year and touch upon the spirit and "jazz" the Engineers instilled in the Varsity games and the

huge success of the rallies, assured by the close cooperation of the members of the Society. He then explained briefly to the new members, the aims and obligations of the organization.

Professor Sullivan, Dean of the Engineering College, addressed the students in a few chosen remarks, well received as always by his attentive listeners. Let us mention here that the success of our accomplishments lies in a great measure in the undying support of Professor Sullivan, who extends himself in every way to bring to a creditable end the undertakings of the Society.

The next incident of the gathering was the formal initiation of the new members. A singular and very pleasing program was arranged and it is the unanimous opinion that the new engineers were most impressively received into the Society, and quite well entrusted with the secrets and duties of the organization.

Formalities of the initiation ceremonies over with, spirited discussions began over plans for activities during the coming term. The bon-fire was discussed and the Society promises the Student Body a thrill.

And so once again we are together, and back at the old grind, it is true, but with a determined spirit to make the past accomplishments of the Society not only lose no lustre, but shine the brighter for what this year shall add.

#### CONDOLENCES.

The sad news of the death of the

mother of John B. Coughlan, '22, was the occasion of drawing up the following resolutions:

Whereas, God in His wisdom has seen fit to call to Himself the devoted mother of our dear friend and fellow-member, John Coughlan, in a manner sudden, and humanly speaking, at a time when her goodness and charity would be most felt and appreciated by her loving son, and

Whereas, our duty towards the departed mother and our sincerest sympathies towards her sorrow-stricken son, our fellow-member, demand that the Engineering Society of Santa Clara University be mindful of this, his great loss and sorrow;

BE IT RESOLVED, that a heartfelt expression of our profoundest regret and deepest sorrow over the loss of the beloved mother of our esteemed fellow-member, be conveyed to him and his sorrowing father;

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that a copy of these resolutions of condolence be forwarded to our fellow-member and that they be printed in the next issue of the University Magazine, "The Redwood".

(Signed)

Thos. J. Ford, Pres.

J. Paul Reddy, Vice-Pres.

A. J. Abrahamsen, Acting Sec.

William H. Osterle, Treas.

Alfredo A. Ferrario, Sgt.-at-arms.

G. William de Koch, Pub. Mgr.

Robert E. Gady, Librarian.

—G. William de Koch, '21.

# The Santa Clara Engineering Society

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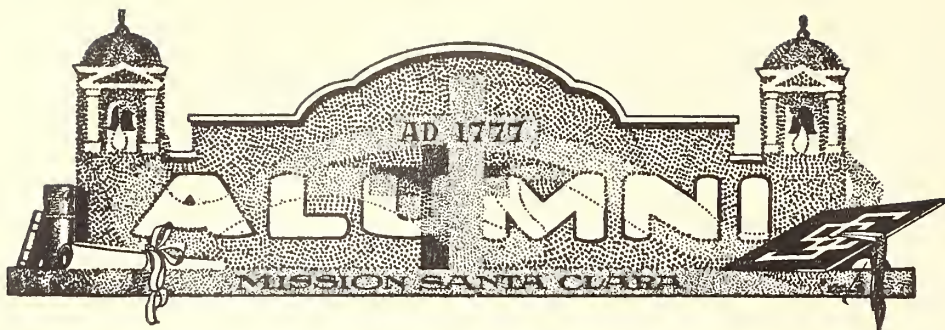
**S**omebody has some work to do,  
**A**nd it has to be done in a minimum time;  
**N**eedless to say in their doubts and fears  
**T**hey turn to those whose metal rings true—  
**A**nd they call in the Engineers!

**“Call in the Engineers!”** they say,  
**“Let’s leave it all to them—**  
**And rest assured it’s in good hands,**  
**Regard their statement as final—it stands!**  
**And call in the Engineers!”**

**“Everything down to the slide-rule scale;**  
**No delay!”** is their slogan true—  
**“Give us the data, we’ll se it thru;**  
**Indigo blue-prints ’ll make it clear.”**  
**Never a doubt when the figures are done;**  
**Exactness marks each small detail**  
**Each small detail to the last is scanned;**  
**Results all prove it, prove it to all,**  
**In testing for B. T. U.’s or strengths,**  
**Notations of loads on concrete piers—**  
**Give them the palm—the Engineers!**

**So on to the end we’ll see it thru;**  
**Overloads seem our natural state:**  
**Check up the stress—slip in a shim—**  
**Induce more current for r. p. m.**  
**Eventually you’ll have your doubts and fears,**  
**Then why not make up your mind right now?—**  
**You’ll call in the Engineers!!**





## Alumni Banquet

For divers reasons the last gathering of the Alumni Association for their Annual Banquet was held in the Sodality Hall of the University, Saturday evening, June 5th, 1920. Over and above the usual pleasures of the occasion the fact of their being able to meet again on the Campus caused no slight expression of genuine gratitude for such an arrangement of the affair. In vain would we endeavor to praise with cold words the following program.

Toastmaster—James P. Sex.

The Past—Hon. Joseph S. Ferry.

A Thought—Dr. Rodney A. Yoell.

The Fact—Rev. Timothy L. Murphy.

The Class of '20—Randall O. O'Neill.

A Vision—John J. Barrett.

The playing of the University Orchestra was a subject of special comment.

In an endeavor to foster the work of compiling a complete list of all the "Old Boys" and bring Santa Clara in touch with her Alumni, as urged by Father President, Chauncey Tramutolo, '12, was chosen President of the Association. The office of secretary will be

capably managed by Henry C. Veit, '20, while John J. Collins, '04, will act in the capacity of treasurer. We solicit the aid of the Alumni in our efforts to carry on this work of reaching those with whom we are out of touch. The name, address, and a bit of news regarding the fellows would serve us remarkably. The following is a list of those present at the banquet:

August Aguirre, John J. Barrett, Lemuel R. Bolter, Richard V. Bressani, Nicholas Bowden, Archer Bowden, Louis Buty, Peter A. Breen, Tobias Bricca, Rev. W. Boland, Rev. H. R. Brainard, Rev. J. Bradley, Rev. C. A. Buckley, Rev. Nicholas Bell, Rev. Richard Bell, Dr. A. Biocchi, Jas. Bacigalupi, Rev. J. F. Collins, Robert Coward, W. V. Crow, Adolph Canelo, Frank Camarillo, Clarence Coolidge, Ray Caverly, Howard Crane, Col. J. L. Donovan, P. J. Dunne, Elmer S. Dreischmeyer, Eugene M. Don, Carl Di Fiore, Leopold Di Fiore, Demetrio Diaz, Dr. Anthony Deipenbroek, Roy P. Emerson, J. B. Enright, Chas. L. Ebner, Judge Jos. T. Ferry, M. A. Fitzgerald, Roy

Fowler, Robert A. Fatjo, Jos. Fernandez, D. J. Flannery, Dr. F. C. Gerlach, Ed. F. Green, Henry L. Gugliemetti, D. E. Graham, Clay M. Greene, J. J. Grimes, Louis Gairaud, Judge J. L. Hudner, Jos. W. Henderson, Rev. J. J. Hayes, Dion Holm, Harry Houser, Dr. Geo. Hall, Frank Heffernan, Thomas Hickey, W. B. E. Hearst, John I. Irilary, Eugene R. Jaeger, Elmer Jensen, H. G. Johnson, John J. Jones, Harry M. Kelley, Dr. Alex. X. Keenan, Wm. T. Knightly, Geo. Knox, Ralph Kearney, Thos. E. Leavey, Harry F. Lande, Ed. I. Leake, Michael Leonard, A. T. Leonard, Jr., Rev. Pius L. Moore, Peter Morettini, Wm. Muldoon, E. J. Magetti, T. J. Maroney, P. A. McHenry, Rev. T. L. Murphy, Richard Montgomery, M. J. Mahoney, Rev. M. Melchers, John T. Mooney, T. W. McCauley, Hugh F. Mullin, Martin Murphy, Rev. John McCumiskey, Fred J. Moran, A. Morton, J. Miller, James Needles, E. L. Nicholson, Howard E. Nulk, Albert J. Newlin, Jos. Nash, G. A. Nicholson, I. Alvin Oliver, John T. O'Gara, Louis O'Neal, Randall O'Neill, Percy O'Connor, Jas. B. O'Connor, Adrian Prothero, L. M. Pinard, A. C. Posey, N. A. Pellarano, Albert Quill, Cecil Paul Rendon, Rev. J. S. Ricard, Maurice A. Rankin, John A. Riordan, Judge Geo. Sturtevant, Rev. Jos. G. Sasia, Ronald G. Stewart, John J. Savage, Robt. R. Syer, James P. Sex, Ward Sullivan, Geo. L. Sullivan, O. H. Speciale, R. M. F. Soto, Rudolph Scholz, John B. Shea, Wm. T. Shipsey, Mathew Schek, Frank Stewart,

D. B. Tuttle, Jr., Dr. J. F. Taylor, C. F. Tramutolo, J. Treseony, Henry C. Veit, John A. Waddell, Harry W. Wilcox.

Big things are expected and big things will come with Fr. E. J. Ryan as Moderator of the Alumni Association. We need only to refer to his past achievements at Santa Clara, when from the year 1908 to 1913 he was a member of the faculty and for several years Moderator of Athletics. It was Fr. Ryan who to a great extent placed Santa Clara on the sport map, and brought it about that Stanford, California, and other leading Colleges on the Pacific Coast became our logical rivals. Prior to that time we lacked the "punch" which has since made us feared and respected by the best of them. Notwithstanding the task before him Fr. Ryan is heart and soul in his work. With such an enviable record results are imminent.

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Although almost half a century has elapsed since August '72

Leon of San Jose attended the University he still holds dear his college days at Santa Clara, and during a recent interview with Fr. Ryan offered to equip the new offices of the Alumni. "The Bungalow", between the Administration Building and the Old Mission, has been turned over for this purpose and will be the local Alumni headquarters. Mr. H. C. Veit, secretary of the Association, will be in charge.

Mr. J. T. McDevitt, '86, of Ex '86 San Francisco, has kindly sent the following to the "Redwood" regarding our highly respected alumnus, recently deceased, Mr. Joseph H. Sisson:

"Mr. Joseph Henry Sisson, a former student of Santa Clara University, passed to his eternal reward on September 5th, 1920. His passing was sudden and unexpected. He leaves, besides a wife and son, his three brothers to mourn his loss.

"Many an old student will brush back a tear of sorrow to learn of the untimely passing of Joe Sisson, for there was no more popular student in the University, during the years he was enrolled there. He entered College, with his brothers, William and Cyrus, in August, 1880, his younger brother, Albert, entering two years later. The students of those years will remember him as a bright, active, manly, light-hearted boy, full of youthful pranks, yet always respectful to the rules of the Institution, a splendid student and a faithful friend. His prowess on the athletic field helped greatly on many occasions to bring victory to the Santa Clara team during his college days.

"He left College in 1884 to take a responsible position with the firm of Sisson-Wallace Co. This firm had been incorporated in 1868, and was one of the oldest and largest firms engaged in the construction of the first railroads in California and Washington. It was succeeded by the firm of Sisson-Crocker

Co., which afterwards merged into the Crocker National Bank of San Francisco.

"In 1907 Mr. Sisson was elected the President of the North Pacific Trading & Packing Co. This company was incorporated in 1871, and has been one of the most successful packers in the canned salmon industry on the Pacific Coast. He filled the position of President of that company up to the time of his death.

"He was a man of most exemplary character, a loving and dutiful husband, a kind and affectionate father, a true and steadfast friend. In his passing San Francisco loses one of her most estimable citizens. He will be sadly missed in the walks of life that knew him best. During his very active career he was never too busy, but he would find time to recall pleasant memories of his boyhood days in Santa Clara University. His love of the old College never waned; and his kind memory of the old Institution never dimmed.

"May his Soul rest in Peace."

We feel that this tribute of Mr. McDevitt to his classmate is the tribute of Santa Clara and that words of ours would only weaken it. We are indeed proud of such a man.

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'92 With all the impressive ceremonies of the Catholic Church which as a priest he served so faithfully, the remains of the Rev. D.



J. McKinnon were laid to rest in St. Michael's Cemetery, Livermore, on Saturday morning, August 28. The magnificent church at Livermore, which he had erected during his pastorship, was crowded to the doors during the Solemn Requiem High Mass for the repose of his soul.

The late Fr. McKinnon was a native of Prince Edward Island, Canada, where he was born in 1874. He received the Degree of Bachelor of Arts in '92, and the following year the Degree of Master of Arts. Answering the call of God he entered St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, where he was ordained and sent to the Archdiocese of San Francisco in 1898. Archbishop Riordan recognizing the remarkable intellect with which the young man was endowed sent him to the Catholic University in Washington for a two year course in post-graduate work. After receiving an appointment in San Francisco Fr. McKinnon was compelled to spend several years in Redlands and Arizona. On recuperating he was appointed pastor of Morgan Hill, where he built a very pretty church and parochial residence. In 1915 Fr. McKinnon was promoted to the pastorate of Livermore and he remained there until his death.

A lover of history, he specialized in the History of Scotland, particularly the period covering the reign of Mary, Queen of Scots. His elegant library, consisting principally of books on Scotland, was reputed one of the most com-

plete collection on that subject in the West. The many lectures given by him on his favorite topic will long be remembered by his delighted audiences.

Fr. McKinnon was a cousin of the late Rev. William McKinnon, '01, who died in the Phillipines while serving as Chaplain in the First California Volunteers during the Spanish-American War.

Although suffering constantly on account of poor health, the energetic priest labored incessantly and his many friends, among whom a great number were non-Catholics, will deeply feel the loss of one so kind. Requiescat in Pace.

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**Ex '00** W. W. Conner, a former student, has recently filed his declaration of candidacy for the Republican nomination for Lieutenant Governor of the State of Washington. Mr. Conner is well known in the North having served as Speaker of the Washington Legislature and as a member of that body for five sessions. We congratulate him on his record and wish him success in the election.

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**'11** At Star of the Sea Church in San Francisco the Rev. H. Brainard baptized Miss Gene Catherine Trillary, born September 19, 1920. Friends of Jack Trillary at the



University were joyed to hear of the news that Jack is now a proud parent.

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'17 Dr. E. J. Mulholland, the most popular athlete at Santa Clara during his stay here, was married August 25th last, to a Miss McMahon of Omaha, Nebraska. "Mul" has also signed a contract to coach Creighton University for the coming year. His ability in the latter undertaking is beyond question. As to

the former we realize that the field is new, but in it "Mul" has both our confidence and good wishes.

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'18 From far away Antwerp we have received a card from Rudy Scholz now traveling with the American Rugby Team. John and Bill Muldoon, together with Rudy, are members of the team which won the Rugby championship of the world at the Olympic Games.

Fred J. Moran, '22.

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## Somewhere

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A mid-day calm lay on the vale  
 The trees stood stark and still  
 And warblings from a tiny stream  
 Inspired us with good will.

We watched the shadows as they crept  
 With e'er increasing pace  
 And marveled at the beauty cast  
 About that cozy place.

James Leonard, Jr., '24.



Some say that only Ex-men read Exchanges. So be it! And so fellow Ex-men,—and Ladies, All Hail!

Sternly we push aside the temptation to preamble to death the fellows of our craft, and determine to plunge “in medias res” without a long formal outline of the manner in which we think this department should or should not be handled.

Suffice it to say that it will be our aim to praise what is good in the magazines which come before us and point out the faults in a good-intentioned way, when such anomalies “swim into our ken”, as the poet says. Having thus unburdened our chest of the above words of wisdom and with a hearty handshake to the great downtrodden fraternity of exchange writers, we proceed to business.

### **Dominican Year Book**

Attracted by its imposing bulk and really gorgeous cover we first picked from the stack of magazines which had accumulated on our desk during the summer recess, The Dominican College Year Book, San Rafael.

And to be frank, our perusal of its contents did not banish the prepossession which its external appearance had aroused in us. With such distinguished contributors as the Most Reverend Edward J. Hanna, D. D., Annie Laurie, Clay M. Green, Brother Leo, Kathleen Norris and others, the Year Book of 1920 could not but be of the highest literary quality.

The articles and poems of these celebrities are inspired by the Jubilee of Mother M. Louis, O. S. D., the founder, and ever since the leading spirit in the growth of the picturesque San Rafael institution. The poetry in her honor is of uniform excellence and only lack of space withholds us from quoting extensively. The following lines, we think, concisely and beautifully sum up the life of this great woman.

“Today you see upspringing by your  
side

The hily souls your power led to  
God;

They sing with joy, anent this western  
sea,

The humble beauty of their Heaven-  
sent guide;

While tread you, thorn wreathed, as  
the Master trod  
The paths that lead to endless jubilee."

Then too, there are several interesting topics discussed in a thoughtful way, of which "Great Epochs in Dominican Education", "Three Twentieth Century Child Prodigies" and "Theodore Roosevelt" are perhaps the best written and certainly indicative of much research and earnest effort.

Among the short stories, "Squared", though dealing with the late fracas in Europe is cleverly written, and "Her Train of Thought" and "Romance" have simple, but well developed plots.

The appealing beauty of "The Bells of Monterey" almost fascinates one into hearing

"All the bells of Monterey  
Vesper bells of Monterey  
Holy bells of Monterey."

It is with genuine sorrow that we leave you Dominican Year Book. You are a credit to your school and an honor to those instrumental in your publication.

appeal for a continuance of the patriotism manifested during the war and contains an enumeration of the ideals symbolized by the Star Spangled Banner. We were pleased with the way the author of "It Is to Laugh" exposed the absurdity of taking Thomas Edison's view of the origin of life seriously. The article is written in a rather satiric strain and concludes with a suggestion to America's electrical genius that the old axiom of the cobbler sticking to his last might be well taken in the instance.

The verse is good. "Thorns" and "Sonnet", which portrays the musings of a college man written on the eve of graduation are particularly noteworthy. The onomatopoeia of the opening lines is excellently done.

In the realm of the short story, "Hank's Hunt" appears to us rather mediocre; the opening is hackneyed and the plot rather threadbare, but "Enter Reginald" holds the attention to the end, and this in the last analysis is a pretty good criterion by which to judge a story.

### Creighton Chronicle

Though a complete contrast to the Dominican Year Book in regard to size, our monthly visitor from Creighton University, Omaha, Nebraska, makes up for the deficiency by the standard of its literary contents. "The American Flag", a speech delivered at Flag Day Celebration, is an eloquent

### The Prospector

A casual glance thorough the commencement number of the Prospector (Mt. St. Charles' College, Helena, Mont.), almost alarmed us into casting it aside for a journal with less lengthy articles and stories. The titles, "The Nations Need" and "Americanism-Democracy Instilled", seemed to prom-

ise, however, a discussion of highly important topics, so we determined to delve into these essays in search of thoughts which might be original and interesting.

The quest was not altogether unsuccessful although we found that preponderance of short sentences made the former rather monotonous and choppy. Passing on to the second composition we were impressed by its formal tone, well chosen diction and particularly by its excellent peroration.

"A Sigh of Spring", is a pleasing little bit of verse, but it appeared to us that a few more poems would serve to round out the magazine more fully and give it that proportion which is noticeable in most college publications.

"A Case of Mistaken Identity", a story with a well developed plot, is the only attempt at pure narration. One is apt to question the keenness of the young gentlemen who mistook for a girl, and even "flirted", with one of "the gang" for several weeks before discovering his real identity.

Several lesser articles, some first rate editorials and well handled departments complete the June issue of this interesting publication.

### Boston College Stylus

It was with a sense of eager expectancy that we opened the pages of the Boston College Stylus, Boston College, Boston, Mass.; for a slight acquaintance with a few older issues had

satisfied us that it had earned for itself a prominent place in the realm of college journalism.

What first caught our eye was "A Pertinent Controversy" consisting of a series of argumentative communications which had been exchanged between Ignatius W. Fox, S. J., and Professor Merriman of Harvard University, concerning the old calumny that the Jesuits, in practice at least, hold that the end justifies the means. Father Fox evidently wields a facile pen and with simple but inexorable logic easily forces his opponent to the wall. Were there more fighters of the type of Father Fox, the insinuations, outright falsehoods and misinterpretations of history tending to discredit the Catholic cause might not lightly pass unheeded.

"The Invisible 'Some People'", tended to allay our fighting mood as well as to teach us a lesson. The essay, if such it can be called, is of a familiar tone and is made doubly interesting by the introduction of conversation. Among the other essays are "The Pharisee" written in a more formal and oratorical style, and "The Papal Painter", a well worded appreciation of Raphael.

The short stories are of a higher order than those of the ordinary college publication. "The Queer Place" possesses a wierd plot whose setting in a ghost-infected castle causes the blood to freeze in a manner well known to those who read Poe extensively. Aside



from the question of probability we consider it an excellent piece. "The Tale of the Conquistador" and "Beyond Recall", are both of merit, in spite of the stereotyped beginning of the former. The plot of "Beyond Recall" is unfolded in a clever fashion, the conversation natural and the characters are developed in really professional style.

Of the poems we thought "Ave Atque Vale" the best. "The Archer" contains noble thought well brought out. We must congratulate you, Boston College, on the high standard of your literary work.

---

### Purple and Gray

Just at this season of the year when we are attempting to once again "snap into" the old grind of books and studies and classes, a valedictory address seems rather out of order, but a reading of Frank J. Schenk's speech in the commencement number of Purple and Gray, St. Thomas College, St. Paul, Minn., is well worth the trouble. The diction is excellent; the thought condensed and well stated, the tone manly and dignified and best of all it is brief. If delivered properly the

address must surely have been very impressive. This issue seems to have concentrated on Democracy for subject matter for its essays, as the three main articles deal with this subject in its different phases.

"Homer" and "A Springtime Credo" leaves one in doubt as to which he can justly call the better, for both are fine, with faultless meter and vivid word pictures.

The short stories too, are quite good. The only adverse comment we have to offer is that we are left with our curiosity not altogether satisfied in "Freckles Makes Good".

Concerning the magazine as a whole we would suggest that the essays, poems, and stories be alternated rather than bunched into separate groups. However this is largely a matter of personal opinion and in no wise a reflection on the literary quality of the "Purple and Gray".

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: Ignatian, The Exponent, Duquesne Monthly, Villa Marian, Holy Cross Purple, The Gonzaga, Georgetown College Journal, The Laurel, The Tattler, The Dial.

—Martin M. Murphy, '22.

# ATHLETIC

Someone, somewhere and at some-time stated, "Do it now. Today is yesterday tomorrow." And so when the twenty-fifth of August had passed into time, there was one, and perhaps more than one, who held visions of the greatest American football team in the history of Santa Clara.

Leaving the old home town, and all that only such towns possess, a week before the historical bell was scheduled to call classes to order, is indeed a display of school spirit, but the Red and White has always stood for that, and allow us to tell of a few who are to play their parts in Athletics this year.

Mr. Daniel P. Meagher, S. J., has been chosen as moderator. A wise selection, that, and success cannot fail to be his. Fortunate are we to have the services of one Robert Emmett Harmon as coach. Last year the task of transforming Rugby players into an American eleven was difficult, but too much praise could not be given him, while the same old shoes, the same old stockings, the same old trousers, the same old cap, and the same old pep, are with him once more. A second year under

such a man is bound to be an improvement over the first.

Gus Peterson is no stranger in these environments. The greatest Rugby team that ever wore the Red and White was trained by him, and although his experiences are many, we could build his reputation from his work with Norman Ross and the University of Washington.

And then we have our Manager, but this year we place it in the plural. Graduate Manager, Jim O'Connor, plus "Tuts" Argenti, with his never ceasing assistance as Student Manager, have formulated a schedule that is to the satisfaction of all. After due deliberation a conclusion was reached whereby "Rags" Mollen and "Silks" Hamilton were appointed as the office force of the training room, the guardians of the gridiron, and the chaperons of McKenzie.

The duty of larynx training again falls upon "Pop" Rethers, while on his port and starboard are seen "Mopie" Moran and Louie Trabucco. Their work has been astonishing, and the

rooting at the first game played its part in the victory.

Upon the turf we see daily a squad that proves the popularity of the American game. Of last year's men we have with us, Captain Manelli, Roy Baker, Ray Schall, Jim Needles, G. Noll, Mike Pecarovich, Jim Neary, Ernie Bedolla, Paul Reddy, Tom Crowe, John Connell, Martin Murphy, John Fiorino, Porter Kerckhoff, John Lewis, Tom Bannon, Alfredo Ferrario, John Jackson, Emmett Daly, and Harold Cochrane, while others that have started their first year in athletics at this institution are Howard Evans, Long Beach; Phil Tiernan, Long Beach; Andy Hogan, Santa Monica; Cliff Crowley, Butte, Mont.; Red Flaherty, Spokane, Wn.; Carroll, Butte, Mont.; Clarke, Bellingham, Wn.; Henry Miller, Juneau, Alaska; Fred Riley, Seattle; and John Logan, Seattle.

From these men Coach Harmon is to pick his team, and competition runs high for every position.

### Varsity 7

### Olympic Club 0

The various pink and green sheets had often told the public of the wonderful collection of ex-college stars that were to compose the Winged O eleven. We believed it, and with this belief firmly lodged in our minds the sheep had little time to "sport upon the green". Gus Peterson used his miracle rub frequently, and the "horses" that usually arrive in early fall, failed to linger long. And so, on a warm, bright day, Admission day, -

September 9th, to be exact, a crowd of five thousand gazed upon the two teams at Ewing field, while the kickoff at two-thirty marked the opening of football in the West.

"Hoggie" Evans received the ball, returning it twenty-five yards. Our first play caught the ex-college stars in a dream, but the important thing was not caught, and the varsity lost a sure touchdown. Straight football was in order, mingled sometimes with a cross-buck or a forward pass. The work of the line was good. On offensive they opened holes whenever called upon, and the tackling of Flaherty, Evans and Capt. Manelli, is deserving of much praise, but to every man that played on that line, too much credit can not be given. Fumbles were frequent, but only once did we lose possession of the ball in this manner. At half time the score stood neutral, and after an encouraging talk by the coach the varsity opened the third quarter by making their downs three times in succession. This placed them on the Olympic three-yard line, and with four downs remaining in which to score, Jim Needles plunged through right tackle on the first play, and when stopped he was three yards over the line. Ray Schall put on the finishing touches by kicking the goal. In the last quarter, in fact, with seven minutes of play remaining, the Olympic men made a fruitless attempt to score. Recovering a fumble in the center of the field, they completed a pass, which

brought them on the Varsity twenty-yard line. Santa Clara was off-side on the next play, and then a split buck netted the Winged O men their yardage. The ball was now within two feet of the goal. The rooters of the Red and White were behind their team, and the Varsity held for four downs. They then lost half the distance to their goal on a penalty, and with one foot to gain the club team failed to put it across in four downs. As Schall was punting from behind his own goal line, the whistle sounded, and the crowd drifted away knowing that Santa Clara possessed a real team, for only twice did the ex-college stars gain their yardage, and in eight attempts they failed to gain two feet. One Robert Emmet Harmon, the Spring practice of last year, the training of Gus Peterson, the united support of the student body, along with the grand fighting spirit of the team were responsible for the Varsity victory.

The line-ups:

Varsity		Olympic Club
Kerckhoff	L. E.	Hollingberry
Manelli	L. T.	Daly
Ferrario	L. G.	Downard
Pecarovich	C.	Callison
Noll	R. G.	Hainke
Flaherty	R. T.	Pike
Evans	R. E.	Von Heygendorf
Neary	Q. B.	Peterson
Baker	L. H. B.	Blenio
Needles	R. H. B.	A. Williams
Bedolla	F. B.	C. Williams

### Substitutions.

Varsity—Murphy for Ferrario; Jackson for Murphy; Schall for Murphy; Bannon for Noll; Tiernan for Bedolla; Cochrane for Tiernan.

Olympic Club—Clifford for Hollingberry; Hauser for Daly; Perovich for Downard; Keeler for Hainke; McCoy for Von Heygendorf; Williamson for Blenio; Marovich for C. Williams.

Referee—Braddock.

Umpire—Huebel.

Head Linesman—Brownell.

### Varsity 46

### U. S. S. Boston 0

On Friday afternoon, Sept. 24, the Gobs from the "Fighting ship" Boston arrived to do battle with the Varsity. This was to be the last game for the latter before the California tangle, and in this Coach Harmon intended to give every man a chance to show his worth. The sailors received the kickoff, and immediately started line plunges, but after the third attempt they were forced to punt. The Varsity then took the ball down the field on straight football. In fact it was too straight, but suffice it to say, yardage was made, and the ball carried over.

Time was taken out frequently, and often the Varsity was called for having the backfield in motion. The first half was not sufficient time for the Red and White to "find themselves", and the score stood 13-0. In this period of play Phil Tiernan was removed on account of an injured rib.

The second half was an improvement



in playing over the first, but the game was continually slowed up by the injuries to the Boston men. Cochrane was given large openings through center, and his full back plunges netted many yards, and finally he scored a touchdown from the fifteen yard line.

Roy Baker often slipped around right end for long gains, while Jim Needles made yardage off tackle repeatedly. "Red" Flaherty, playing tackle, made good gains on his plays, while Mike Pecarovich at center held his own against a man that outweighed him fifteen pounds.

In the last period, with Carroll as quarter, the game opened and the Varsity completed two passes that scored. Carroll made several wide end runs that were difficult to stop, and on one occasion he netted thirty-five yards on this play.

Taken all in all, the game was not what it should have been. The Varsity did not play the brand of football that was expected of them, and if they had the score would have been larger. But this game did give Coach Harmon a chance to judge men in an actual game, as every player on the squad played in part of the mixup. The following are the men that started:

Kerckhoff, L. E.  
Needles, L. T.  
Ferrario, L. G.  
Pecarovich, C.  
Noll, R. G.  
Flaherty, R. T.

Evans, R. E.  
Neary, Q. B.  
Baker, L. H.  
Tiernan, R. H.  
Cochrane, F. B.  
Referee—Braddock.  
Head Linesmen—Diaz.

The remaining games of the schedule are as follows:

Oct. 2, University of California, at Berkeley.

Oct. 9, California Farm School at Santa Clara.

Oct. 23, Stanford University at Santa Clara.

Thanksgiving Day, University of Nevada at San Francisco.

James E. Neary, '23.

### THE PREPS.

Scarcely more than a week after Coach Harmon had rounded up his flock of huskies for the Fall workout, the Preps, under the guidance of George Malley, donned jerseys and shoulder harness and hied themselves unto ye tanbark griddle. Besides the veterans of the Coach Roesch squad many new and promising men have appeared for practice with a firm resolution of decorating the first team eventually. Of last year's men, we find Halloran parked at his former position of halfback, Malley, now manager of the team, retains his end position, while Louis Gagen, digging holes for brother George, holds the other extremity. White looks good at guard, while

Smith and Temple compete for the quarter back position.

Of the new material McInniny bids fair for fullback, with Rhonstahd passing the ball. "Ox" Whitfield, "Tim" Burns, and Haley also have chances to hold down positions. The schedule calls for many contests with teams of

the Bay region, and much football experience should be given the Preps this year. That they should take advantage of this fact is evident, for it is the Preps of today that compose our Varsity of tomorrow.

Lloyd B. Nolan.



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## **STATEMENT**

Of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24th, 1912, of

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**HAROLD J. CASHIN.**

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 1st day of October, 1920.

L. G. FATJO,  
Notary Public in and for the County of Santa Clara, State of California.



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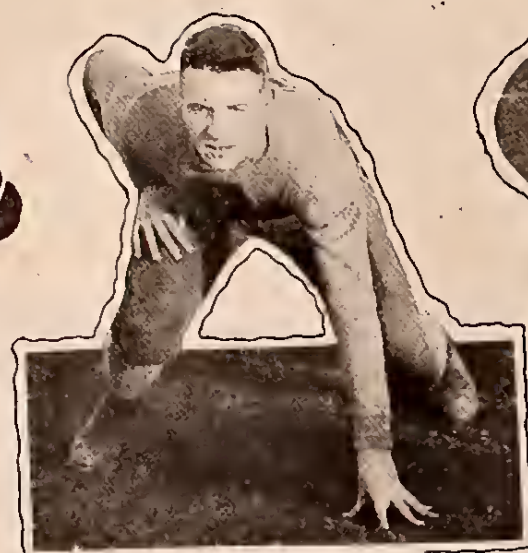
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Bedolla, Fullback



Kierckhoff, End



Flaherty, Tackle



Ferrario, Guard



Peterson, Trainer



Argenti, Student Manager



Marvli, Tackle (Captain)



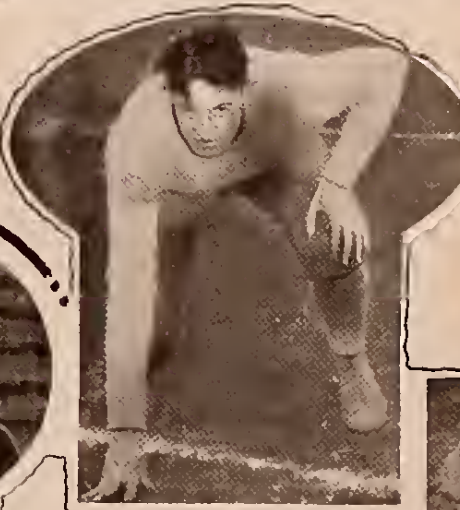
Harmon, Coach



O'Connor, Graduate Manager



Coman, Trainer



Schall, Center



Jackson, Guard



Di Fiore, Guard



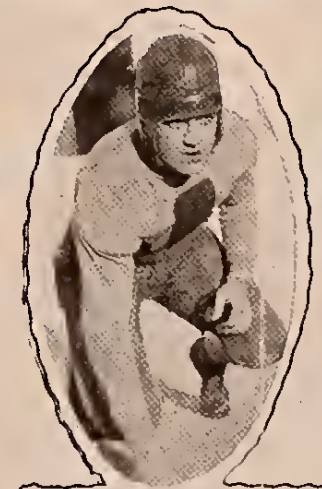
Santa Clara-Stanford Game



Neary, Quarterback



Baker, Halfback



Needles, Halfback



Evans, End



Cochrane, Fullback



Santa Clara-Stanford Game

McLeary

# Santa Clara Varsity-1920





# The Redwood.

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NO. 2

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## The Game

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HE pistol cracked and the field was cleared,  
A half of the game was done.  
The squads, dark browed with work and care,  
Sought a rest from the wind and sun.

Then rose the sound of a merry chase;  
An old ball of rags flew by,  
And eight small boys came in hot pursuit,  
Joy in each face and eye.  
Old clothes, bare heads and with happy hearts  
And bound by no rules of men,  
They jumped and ran o'er the green and laughed.  
What a joy to be young again!  
For theirs is life as it now should be,  
A life full of smiles and flowers,  
Of songs and trees and God's blue sky,  
Of friends and happy hours.  
A blast: and grimly the game goes on;  
Intensely they smash at play.  
Is this then life as it now must be,  
At the dawn of manhood's day?

HAROLD P. MALONEY '23.



# Deflation and the Federal Reserve System

Eugene R. Jaeger, Law '21.



THE great world war has now been over for two years. The period of false prosperity has likewise come to a close, and we have entered into the inevitable readjustment stage. Once more we must return to normal, once more count wealth in terms of millions, instead of billions as we have become accustomed to do in the past three or four years. In fact, we must come to a stern realization that high prices, high wages, and the like, are to regain their normal level or at least a point somewhere near the level upon which they stood at the beginning of the war.

Such a period of reconstruction, of readjustment, has always been looked upon by business men and economists, by the laboring man and the housewife, as a time of depression, a time of unemployment, of bankruptcies, of financial failures and all that is generally meant by "bad times". Today many are looking forward with terror to a repetition of the disastrous financial crises of 1893 and 1907, with but one difference, that of intensity. They say that since the abnormality of this false prosperity has so far eclipsed all other such periods as not to be capable

of just comparison with them, so also will this period of depression so far eclipse all like disasters as to be beyond the power of human imagination at this time to picture.

But is there no hope, no means of escape? Yes, there is one agency in this country today, which is to stand its crucial test within the next few months, and that agency is the system of Federal Reserve Banks. The system was inaugurated during a day of war and strife with the very purpose of establishing means of easy expansion and contraction of financial resources when needed. It has met the task of expansion admirably. For we must realize that our financial system would have utterly failed under war conditions, when, within a period of a very few months the money institutions of the country were called upon to finance war business to the amazing amount of twenty-two billions of dollars, while at the same time our government was floating, through this same medium, twenty-five billions of dollars worth of war securities to finance the military operations of the millions of troops she was sending into the field.

The Federal Reserve System has met the period of expansion, but just how is it to meet this other distressing situ-

ation and avert catastrophe? The task is neither light nor simple, and it cannot be done in a day, but if the powers at their disposal are wisely used, the situation can be met, the result made certain, and the justification for the establishment of these banks made absolute and convincing to even the greatest pessimists.

This crisis, like all others, if it does come, will be due to too great a use of credit, and the one sure method of averting disaster is by doing away with the cause, in this instance, by cutting down credit to its normal stage, allowing credit only for necessities. This task has already been commenced, and is being carried out by means of a tightening-up of the system of re-discounts. By this is meant, that where any one bank has a demand for more credit than its assets warrant, it will sell its customer's liability to some other institution capable of carrying it. This business is being done entirely by the Federal Reserve for its member banks, which include the greater majority of the more important financial institutions of the country. By raising the rates on these re-discounts, and by eliminating entirely from the list of paper eligible for re-discount all paper except such as is issued to further agricultural, manufacturing and industrial projects, the amount issued for non-essentials will of necessity be cut to a minimum, and a readjustment will gradually take place in the business world that will hardly be noticeable, and yet will accomplish the desired re-

sult of doing away with the cause of the evil.

There is yet another means at the disposal of the Federal Reserve to meet this situation, and this is to be found in the power they have of issuing currency to meet the demands of the country, and of wisely increasing or diminishing the amount of currency in circulation at any one time, as the needs of the day require. This is a mighty weapon put in their hands and of it they are today making splendid use.

It is thus seen that there is now a guiding hand in finance, which we have always heretofore lacked, and which has just such means at its disposal as are needed to take care of distressing periods like the one we are now entering. To save the country from financial disaster there need be but few additional requirements, namely: first, a wise use of the discretionary powers placed in the hands of the Federal Reserve Board, and secondly, a careful co-operation between the financial institutions of the country, and the business world. These requirements are seemingly all at hand at present and therefore no reason appears why the present economic situation cannot, and will not, be met and conquered, as was the enemy on the field of battle.

If the situation is met, and we feel confident that it will be, and if we are able to regain our financial equilibrium, the outgoing administration may feel proud that it has left at least one bit of legislation on the multitudinous statute books of the United States that is

of real worth to the country at large, and to every individual resident therein. The country may rejoice in having legislators wise enough and far-sighted

enough not only to see the certain difficulty to be met, but to have established and set into operation the effective means by which it can be met.

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## A Rude Awakening

---

Edmund Z. Coman, '21.



THE golden moonlight, filtering through a cloud of silver lit up the old familiar structures, and a spirit of restfulness seemed to permeate the very atmosphere on that October evening as I strode along the campus on my way to attend the usual nightly law classes. As I passed on, perhaps it was the enebanting stillness of the hour of dusk, or perhaps the utter, unobstruted peacefulness of the place that bade me halt by the old chapel.

In a contemplative mood my eye eagerly drank in the wondrous picturesqueness of the venerable pile so dearly cherished by our hearts. To be sure it was the house of God where we might seek refuge for a silent hour to lay our troubles at His feet, in Whom we would always find a haven of sympathy and to Whom we loved to pour out

our tidings of gladness or discouragement, even of discontent at times, knowing full well that we would always come away with a new spirit of satisfaction and peace.

And so I stood there motionless with my head bowed low in a contemplative spirit. How wonderful the solitude and freedom of such an evening on the old campus. Surely I mused to myself it signified the ultimate happiness of man to be realized later. Why did people burden themselves with strife at this day and age? Why were some men never content unless in the midst of some sort of uprising or other? And why were others always going through life, day by day, in a spirit of dissatisfaction and chagrin? Certainly such persons could never find a vent for the disagreeable in their natures on such a night as this. So my reverie carried me as I stood by the dear old chapel surrounded by absolute external quietude

and within soothed and peace-loving by the rich luxury of mental ease.

Reluctantly I roused myself from my dreaming and proceeded to the hall of learning, where so many had begun their student careers and laid deep the foundations upon which they later builded strong and well.

As I passed by the Law Library I could not help but feel a sense of pride within me that some day I too might realize the satisfaction of success in the legal profession. Many men before me had passed through this very routine of study to become famous later on in the court room and upon the bench.

Suddenly a sound of harsh voices reached my ears. It came pouring from the law room and broke the tranquillity of the quaint surroundings.

"That whiskey is mine!" a voice rasped in alarming turbulence.

I was abruptly stopped in my path. Not only the harshness of the tone but its contents amazed me. Whiskey under these deplorable circumstances, whiskey in the Law Library, this unusual quarrel, and numerous other suggestions came to me at that moment. What could it all mean? Could——?

"I tell you, the whiskey is not yours and I shall rightfully keep what is mine."

"But it is mine and I will be the one to consume it."

"If you don't hand it over, you'll never live to drink it."

Crack! The piercing sound of a pistol shot startled the quiet calm of the night. Overcome with astonishment

(I had been standing riveted to the ground as it were) the sound of the gun restored me to my senses. I dashed up the stairs, pushed open the door, and staggered as I saw the appalling spectacle. For there before me I beheld one of my classmates, gun in hand, surrounded by four or five others who held him bodily. The gruesome object which enthralled me and held me spell-bound was the limp form of one of my classmates stretched headlong upon the floor, apparently dead. I had witnessed a dying man before, but the sight of one of my own companions, lying dead at my very feet seemed too near me to be actually a physical truth, and my eyes were glued upon his deathlike form. There the poor fellow lay outstretched and motionless, his face as white as chalk. I opened my mouth as if to speak, but my jaws seemed actually locked, and my power of articulation gone. No matter how hard I strove to separate syllables into words to utter my inward feelings the first would not start. It was terrible—and to think that all had been blissful in these very surroundings during the entire four years I had haunted them daily; there in the very classroom where we had striven to grasp the first principles of legal subjects, where we had come in contact night after night with each other, now in serious mood over text books, now in lighter vein, laughing at and enjoying the more humorous side of our situation together. The terrible realism of the whole affair brought me to my senses. One



deed such as this had brought sorrow to us all, had darkened those very walls which before had seemed so enjoyable.

"Something must be done", I finally found myself able to shout to those near by.

"We cannot let Jack die this way. Get a doctor! Do something!"

But every fellow present turned upon me laughingly and seemed not to heed my excitement whatsoever.

What could it all mean, I asked myself? Have they gone insane. And then the dead fellow arose and with much merriment said, "Well old boy did we really fool you?"

No, friend reader, it was not a dream. It was not the rehearsal of a play. The Senior class had been portraying a murder scene to be brought before the student court at the next session.

---

## My Son is Driving Tonight

---

James E. Neary, '23.



PERHAPS there is no greater love than that of a mother for her children, but yet there is another love, which in this busy whirl of life we have little time to think of. Perhaps things are as they should be. Perhaps the male should not be the personification of love. Perhaps he is thought of only as the provider and the guardian. But let us remember that a father's manifestations of love are not so picturesque as a mother's, that a father is not so demonstrative. Even so do not art and literature owe an apology to fatherhood?

It was during the past summer that I found myself located in a corner of

the world that is playing its part in the mineral production of America. Little is ever heard of such a place as Klockman, Idaho, yet the very dollars that we sometimes possess may have been made with the ore taken from this region.

Many have wondered how a mine, located twenty-six miles from nowhere, high up in the thin air, and reached only three months out of the year over a road that has the reputation of being one of the roughest and most dangerous in the United States, could make a fair profit from its ores. Yet, it does, and the answer is the motor truck.

We see those same trucks upon our highways here in this land of sunshine. We see the drivers smoking calmly as

they roll along over broad, level highways, without giving the least sign that they are tired.

But let us drift back to the men who drive those massive frames of steel over rocks, ruts, and rotted bridges. Local memories have it that lives have been given yearly by these men in their attempts to bring the precious metals to the railroad. Little the world hears of them. Little the world cares. And local memories also have it that during the past summer an aged man and his twenty-five year old son were trucking over this road. At the time of which I write they were newcomers and their relationship was not generally known.

As the season was short, the officials of the company realized that every truck load of ore counted, and with this in mind, two shifts were made. The morning shift started after breakfast, at six o'clock, and the driver usually returned from his trip at six in the evening. Then as the sun was setting behind the hills of cedar and fir, and the air took on that mountain crispness, while the miners and muckers sat around the store puffing on their pipes and telling of their many exploits in life, the drivers on the night shift buttoned their great mackinaws about them, inspected their trucks, adjusted the lights, allowed the four cylinders to "warm up", and chugged away over the hill with the echo of "Good luck" ringing in their ears.

No machine invented by man will run continually without some care. A truck in this work needs much attention, and it is up to each individual driver to see

that his truck gets that attention. This makes it the more difficult for those on night duty, for the stars and even the moon, have little power to shine through the thick growth of timber along this road that plays tag with the Canadian Border.

It was a cold August evening. All day the dark clouds had passed over the hills, and those who knew, said it was to rain that night. In the mess hall I noticed that the flies were clinging to the walls, and outside I heard a sound of water dropping upon the wooden walk. And it did rain. Not a California drizzle, but an honest mountain rain.

Before many minutes had passed I was seated at the wheel of my truck waiting for the driver of number three to allow me to pass. I noticed that he was underneath, and that he was working on the brakes. Three trucks were behind me, all eager to be on their way before the roads became too muddy. Five minutes passed. Ten minutes. And then, after fifteen minutes had gone into time, we all left our seats and approached the truck in the lead. One of the drivers remarked that the "old gent" must be mad, for to us it seemed that he was going on a double shift, and was fixing his truck for the dangerous night drive. And then someone asked him, "What's the idea of fixing it up for the other driver?"

The worn old man slowly crawled from his position on the ground, and facing us, calmly and seriously replied, "My son is driving tonight."

## A November Thought

---



O marble shaft there mounts on high  
O'er a spot forever green,  
The nameless tombs unnoticed lie,  
Their bulging barely seen;  
No hats are doffed in reverence  
By those who understand,  
No silent prayer in recompense  
For those of another strand.  
But ever while our banner waves  
The truth it must be said  
They are the graves, the holy graves,  
The graves of our unknown dead.

And thoughtlessly in playful glee  
The children o'er them romp,  
And strangers quite unknowingly  
Pay nor respect nor pomp:  
Only the tender blades of grass,  
The smiling Fleurs-de-lis  
In unison sing a silent mass  
O'er them unceasingly.  
While under the ancient foreign sod  
Soaked by the battle red  
There, waiting the bugle call of God  
Sleep on our unknown dead.

PETER F. MORETTINI, Law '21.

# The Forward Pass

Raymond M. Schall, '23.



IN the early stages of American football, many looked upon the game with horror. The majority of mothers would just as soon their sons go to war, as to football. This feeling was due to the brutality then displayed in the game. The system of advancing the ball depended too much upon brute strength. A small man was rarely seen in a football game. The flying wedge was one of the best ground gainers, and many men, who were crippled in their prime, owe their misfortunes to this play.

As our universities began to expand, and intersehcolastic contests were more generally staged, the game of football took on a new aspect. The development of plays which lessen the chances of injury to the players was studied. Among the many plays resulting from the continual changes was the forward pass.

What is the forward pass? Why does its development benefit the game of football? The ball may always be passed backwards; i. e. towards one's own goal. This is rarely done. It may be passed forward, i. e., towards the opponent's goal under certain conditions. The line upon which the ball goes into

play is called the line of scrimmage. The one who makes the pass must be at least five yards behind this line, and the one who receives the pass (backfield men and those at the extremities of the line are eligible) must be across the scrimmage line. The ball must be caught before it strikes the ground, but may be intercepted while in the air by an opposing player. If successful it is a completed forward pass; if unsuccessful it is an incompletd forward pass; if caught by an opponent it is an intercepted forward pass.

The first play, similar to this, was the "end pass", which was a toss from a backfield man, on a run around end, to another backfield man, who carried the ball through the line. A little later development was the "underhand pass". This consisted of throwing the ball with an underhand motion to another player. This pass was not successful because of the ease with which it was intercepted by an opponent. The coaches and players, realizing that the pass was a great benefit and the underhand pass was inadequate, began to experiment. It was not long before a player on the University of Pittsburgh team, began using an overhead spiral pass. This pass was thrown by laying the ball on the palm of the hand, and



throwing it with an overhand motion, which produced a spiral turning of the ball. The advantages of this pass could be readily seen and it was soon adopted by all the universities.

The advantages of the spiral forward pass are many. In the first place it opens up the game, that is, it makes the players depend less upon plunges and bucks, and gives the spectators a better chance to see, and understand, what the players are doing. The forward pass lessens the chances of injury. When a team opens up with a forward pass fewer men are charging in mass formation and this naturally lessens the amount of personal contact.

Now as to the history of the forward pass. St. Louis in '06, '07, '08, was the first to use the forward pass successfully to any extent. Notre Dame has always been masterful at it.

At first many restrictions were imposed, such as, the ball had to be passed five yards outside either end of the line, and was not allowed to be passed over the line. It was not necessary that the ball be caught; merely touched by the player to whom it was passed. About two years later a rule was made by which the pass could be made over the line, providing it didn't go over twenty yards. A great many people objected to the forward pass, claiming that it was an attempt to combine football with basketball.

The spiral pass is the only one used today. It differs from the original pass in that, instead of laying the ball on the palm of the hand it is held back of the

middle, between the thumb and the fingers, with the fingers on the lacing. The ball is grasped firmly and the position is like that of an overhand throw in baseball. The ball is driven forward, the grasp of the fingers on the lacing and the thumb on the ball causing it to fly with a spiral or turning motion, with its long axis continually pointed forward and horizontal to the ground.

In order that a team may meet with success in completing forward passes, it is very necessary that some deception is used to throw the opposing team off its guard, such as, employing a double pass or delayed pass in the backfield before the forward pass is attempted, the throwing of the ball in the opposite direction in which the play has started, or making the pass from a running formation. For it is next to impossible to complete a forward pass if your opponents have any surety of the pass being made.

As a scoring play, the forward pass completely behind the goal line has been used with much success. A team, failing to make their yardage by plunging the line, and having only a few yards to gain in order to score a touchdown, has often resorted to the forward pass and been able to score.

The advantages of the forward pass are becoming more evident as football is becoming more of a scientific game. In 1917 when Oregon played Pennsylvania, in the annual East vs. West contest, staged at Pasadena, Oregon found that she could not gain by line plunges.

Consequently she began using the forward pass and by its use succeeded in defeating Pennsylvania, a heavier team, by the score of fourteen to nothing.

So the forward pass has become permanently established, and brawn is no longer the most important thing in American Football. It is speed and trick-

ery that counts now. In many cases coaches have passed up huge, powerful, but slow candidates and have developed and played as regulars the fast men, even though they displaced far less "tonnage". The forward pass is directly responsible for these changes.

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## Longing

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He had traveled far and wide,  
Over land and over sea;  
Many were the wondrous stories  
That he knew and told to me:

Of the desert sands of Egypt,  
Curious temples in Japan,  
Wars and battles seen in Asia,  
Glistening silks from Hindustan,

Of the curious Chinese customs,  
Pirate ships and stolen gold,  
Incidents of every nation,  
Famous legends of the bold.

Now I'm filled with mighty longing,  
And I want to sail away,  
To those famous far off countries,  
Where my wandering fancies stray.

EDWIN E. DRISCOLL '24.

# The Hermit

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HE glowing sun diffusing rays of fire  
Encrimsons rich each mystic purple spire  
Whose snowy crests the mountain zephyrs bless  
Whose rugged slopes majestic pines caress.

Amidst yon foliage sleeps a vale that's green  
Where trees and shrubs and waving grass are seen,  
Where a mirrored lake's blue waters deep and fair  
Reflect an ancient anchorite in prayer.

His robe and mien a peaceful mind bespeak  
And locks of silver drape each silvered cheek,  
And from his calm thin countenance divine  
His dark and tranquil eyes serenely shine.

Deep Thought has called him to the wilderness  
To contemplate Fair Nature's loveliness  
While Pensive Prayer and Innocence demure  
Claim for their own this hermit chaste and pure.

The New Born Day oft finds him chanting psalms  
As he wanders forth to gather Nature's alms  
As on he strolls the blushing flowers nod  
To honor him, a chosen child of God.

And High Noon smiles upon the saint  
The while he tells his beads in accents faint  
And whispering pines bedecked with silver moss  
Revere this ardent lover of the Cross.

Enwrapped is he in meditation deep  
As Evening lulls the warbling birds to sleep  
And the guardian Moon keeps vigil through the night  
While slumber kisses down his eyelids tight.

One silent eve the blissful angels came  
And bore away this child unknown to Fame  
To the celestial kingdom high above  
Where his reward is now Eternal Love.

Sweet Nature! Sing to all a sacred hymn  
Revealing true the noble deeds of him  
Who left behind the noisy multitude  
To seek his God in silent solitude.

GEORGE W. RYAN '24.

# Lest It Happen To You

Randall O. O'Neill, Law '21.



AS the month of November draws upon us and around to us we are prone to think of a festive day that never fails to find a generous welcome within and around the heart ("may I not add the stomach, too?")—of every true American.

Such being the case, as far as we ourselves are personally concerned we cannot help entering into the joy, happiness and good cheer of this holiday by reflecting on realities and festivities of the past.

Recalling these many joyous Thanksgivings, as we do, we cannot help recollecting an incident, or rather, a series of incidents, that this selfsame holiday witnessed and occasioned not many anniversaries back.

Of course at the very outset we will say that it does not concern us personally in any way. Which gives us the two-fold advantage of not only being able to expand copiously on our topic, but also enables us not to appear too egotistic, by claiming concern in all truly great happenings—or catastrophes, as the case may be.

Neighbors are an institution. Now I suppose you all have them, either to

your sorrow or comfort. Neighborly neighbors are the whereof I speak.

This story then, concerns one of my allotment, who indeed, I must say, is truly a most wonderful man, interpreting "wonderful" freely and without reserve, whom, in order not to cause any unnecessary hard feelings and in order to avoid all serious diplomatic complications, we shall call by no other name than "Phil".

"Phil's" wordly cares, in the family line, consisted of no others than his own devoted wife and his own devoted self, but when last Thanksgiving time came around on its yearly visit, he was so full of the spirit of the times that nothing would do but that he go right down and buy the biggest turkey in the market—something like thirty pounds, I believe; and right here,—or there—is just where he made his big mistake.

When the dinner bell rang on Thanksgiving day, no one in this wide world sat down to the table with a broader smile and a looser belt. And why not? Who could refrain from being highly jubilant when he beheld an extra large plate containing extra large rations of nice juicy turkey—white meat and all—cream potatoes, cranberry sauce, plum pudding, all,



headed his way with various other savory and likeable dishes about to take the same course along the same straight line?

So he ate, drank and made merry, as did Solomon of old, and quite needless to say, he went to bed that night after partaking of but a very light collation—his entire displacement had been displaced at his noon-day meal.

The following day bloomed forth. At his two principal meals he was confronted with a specimen of the self-same turkey, but somehow it did not seem to have the charm and palatability of the previous day. Yet he gulped it down in silence and was soon out and off to work.

For the next two days it was the same layout at all his meals, turkey—turkey—turkey. It seemed as though other foods came and went, but it looked as though turkey came on forever and so on this particular day he broke forth and said so—rather bitterly.

“Say,” he bellowed at his wife, “what are you trying to hand me here for the last few days? I am getting sick, sore and tired of it; it’s been nothing but turkey, turkey, turkey: boiled, breaded and broiled; croquetted, fried and fricasseed; pickled, pied, rolled and pressed; scalloped or frizzled and today you have the gall to come right back with a combination roly-poly, chop suey, scrambled goulash—I am slick and clean through with turkey. Me for the fresh air and sunshine, I’ll make a meal on them—so good-bye.”

Fitting the action to the word he grabbed his hat and started off while his wife tried to remonstrate by reminding him that “willful waste was a woeful want,” and something about old H. C. L., but he kept right on going, saying something about places to go to and mumbling to himself that too much was just as bad, if not worse, than not enough.

Mad, is not the word that expresses the feelings that were his as he went down the street, for his whole being was fairly permeated by the god of wrath. In fact, he was looking for trouble, some kind, any kind—but just at this juncture he heard a nice, sweet, mellow voice call him by name and when he turned to shed a volley of hate upon its possessor he at once became transformed into an altogether different person, became a courteous and delightful gentleman. The possessor of this magnificent little voice was about as nice a young lady as any of the stronger sex would care to lay eyes upon. She ran right up to him, and, after patting him on the shoulder, told him that she wanted him to subscribe to the “Red Cross” fund, and so she forthwith led him to a booth in a near-by store, where he separated himself from a “ten spot”, but before he got away he had left “five” more for a “Disabled Service Men” fund, and another “two” for an Orphan League.

As he came out upon the sidewalk he felt somewhat lighter—at least seventeen dollars worth—but perhaps it

was worth it. He felt better—lighter in spirit, and besides he was only fulfilling his civic duties. Walking over to the curbing, for a minute he surveyed the pulsing, throbbing crowd rushing madly to and fro. What was that in his tooth? He pulled and sucked and strained, but of no avail. He felt for his quill but it was gone. So he sharpened a match and extricated or rather extradited—this clog in his ivory grinders, and what was it—a piece of that plagued turkey!

He looked at it a moment and then in disgust chucked it to the ground accompanied by an execration that made it fairly bounce. He looked at the receipts in his hand and then instinctively his eyes darted to a second story window across the way, which, in golden letters proclaimed the office of "U. I. Clean", Attorney at Law. Yes, he had heard of him; he was a divorce specialist. Phil thought a moment and then hastily steered himself across the street determined to have this lawyer procure for him a **real** "scrap of paper."

Intent upon this, for he was again fiery mad, he was about to ring for the elevator when he was braeed for a loan by a really-and-honest-to-goodness-down-and-outer, who had not, according to his own story, had a bite to eat for over a week or more. Ah! thought Phil, here indeed was a most excellent way to get around all his family difficulties. After all he loved his Alice even if she did try to founder him on **Turkey**.

Accompanying this thought came a kindred one of a most charitable aspect, so turning to the tramp he said, "You say you've not had a square for a week? Well, just you come with me and I'll fix you up, all shipshape."

Eagerly and hastily to his own threshold, he led the bewildered tramp; he entered, and soon returning presented to the knight of the road, what looked to be a fossil of some prehistoric baby rhinoceros, saying, "Here, my good fellow, take this turkey and for once in your young life enjoy yourself." For a full two minutes the tramp stood stock still as though he was petrified, and then, with one hand raised as if in forbearance he uttered, in a voice between despair and wrath: "I should say not. I've had so many such handouts these last few days, that really I'd be ashamed to meet a turkey face to face on the good king's highway."

For the first time that day Phil gave a cry of joy and fairly threw the platter, turkey and all, to the winds—or dogs—and exclaimed, "You're a man after my own heart. Come with me, come with me, a second time and see if we both can't get fixed up all to the queen's taste."

So off this ill-matched pair started down the street and very shortly they arrived in front of a restaurant, to which we sometime attach the prefix "swell", and boldly in Phil led his newly made acquaintance.

Once inside they were met by one of those men so often encountered in a res-

restaurant or cafe, who are always arrayed or arranged in a suit fit either for a bridegroom or an undertaker, having both the suit and themselves brushed and combed down to the very last degree, while they are the original possessors of the X-ray eye—"X-ray" because they all have the very remarkable, and I might say, enviable power or faculty of being able to look right through you as far as your purse.

Or in other words, they met the man who takes your hat, pulls the crumbs and cobwebs out of the air, fixes your chair, lays back your coat collar at the proper angle, coughs, and in fact does everything short of sneezing or giving you service. Phil of course was more or less used to this style of life and immediately took his seat without much ado and began perusing the bill-of-fare, but as for his newly made friend it was quite a different story.

He sat down with all the air and pomp of a jail bird in a king's winter garden and very abruptly asked the waiter, "Well, what are yuh rushin' today?" Phil had up to this time been vainly trying to exhume something, which, as far as outward appearance went, lay smothered in its native dialect. He nourished the fond hope that it would turn out to be something good to eat. He noticed that every dish on the menu seemed to end in the same syllable and was about to ask for an explanation when he was spared the trouble. The waiter was just making answer to his friend's interrogation.

He listened well—and heard well, for

the waiter was uttering a lot of inconceivable so-called articulation at a break-neck speed, but enough he understood, and it was quite sufficient, for every other word was "turkey". Now he saw it all, here too, as at home, turkey was trumps.

But before he had a chance to look up he heard a bang as if a plate had hit something like wood, and also the waiter had quit speaking and when he did look up he saw that the waiter had disappeared.

But on glancing downward he beheld the waiter and the broken plate, one as conscious as the other, with the tramp standing over them with his fists clenched, shrieking at the top of his voice, "Turkey, eh?!!" The situation was so comical a one, he could not help bursting into a most hilarious uproar, but this action only added to the "hum's" already highly agitated condition, for, with an oath he sprung for a knife (one of those typical restaurantal implements of carriage) and made a rush for Phil shouting, "Are you, too, trying to kid me?"

But Phil saw it was no time for argument. Like a flash he made for the door, with the tramp, knife still in hand, and still shouting and cursing for all he was worth, hot on his trail. They ran pell-mell down the street and went headlong amuck into the very arms of a policeman who very obligingly gave them gratuitous passage to the nearest station.

After entering their names respectively—not respectfully—on the regis-

ter, he turned them over to the jailer saying, "Take care of these two birds; another restaurant fight. Perhaps they're hungry—got anything for them to chew?" The fellow thus addressed made reply, "I've got nothing but turkey, boys; how would a little of that go?"

The two prisoners of fate merely looked at one another and as they almost melted down to the bare, concrete, prison floors they echoed in a voice quite faint, but yet, quite decisive, "So Long, Letty!"

Somebody please page the Sultan of Turkey.

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## Midnight

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Aeross the wall stalk shadows not mine own.  
Do faces peer in through the window pane?  
The chill, wet wind the phantom is that tries  
To come in from the sullen night and rain.

Upon the canvas of the windy dark  
What's that my ghastly fancy traces?  
Awhile upon the pane drift shining tears.—  
Are they from stark, from staring faces?

—Frank J. Maloney, '24.



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The object of The Redwood is to gather together what is best in the literary work of the students, to record University doings and to knit closely the hearts of the boys of the present and the past

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## EDITORIAL

### Isolation

The twenty-first of next month is the tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrims in America. President Wilson has issued a proclamation asking that fitting respect be paid to that much honored band and it is only reasonable and just at times such as this that the good influences and ideals of

any person or group of persons be called to mind and recognized.

However, in honoring the Pilgrims, or Puritans, or in honoring Washington or Jefferson, or any of our historical figures—while giving just tribute to all, it is unnecessary to rejuvenate and adopt the ideas of their time as though they were universally suitable to all

time. Progress consists in change, and the political doctrines of one century do not necessarily befit another. The policies of the Pilgrims—a small band of one hundred and two, and the policies of the United States of Jefferson's time, when we were a nation of five million can scarcely befit the same nation a century later when it contains one hundred and five million souls.

Two great problems face the country today, and both may be reduced to one, namely, that of our standing in world politics. Are we, the greatest power on earth to continue upholding Pilgrim policies and colonial doctrines, or shall we wake up to the fact of our national existence as it actually is, not as it once was, or as it might be, or as we would have it?

The first of these problems concerns the League of Nations—the other, the Japanese situation. The American people have just voiced their opinion without hesitancy on the subject of the presidency. Does the verdict mean, as its opponents say, an unqualified rejection not only of the League, but of all participation in world affairs outside our own limits? Most probably it does not. It may well mean only the traditional reaction against a Democratic administration. It may mean an effort to remove the cause of the unprecedented extravagance and inefficiency which certainly exists and, justly or unjustly, has attainted the present administration. Billions for ships and shipyards, millions for aeroplanes—

leaky unsaleable ships and no aeroplanes, but four million tooth brushes and shoe shiners. Such facts may have influenced the American voter without regard to the forced issue of the League.

The other problem before America is the Japanese problem, and more strictly speaking, the problem is rather the attitude towards the Japanese situation. We may take it for granted here that there is a Japanese problem, at least in California, and that a remedy is sought in California. The election returns for the Alien Land Law leave no doubt as to this. The great problem for the United States as a whole, is to realize that California's troubles are international troubles and that international troubles are America's troubles.

America is no longer a Pilgrim settlement on the far side of an unknown sea, nor an insignificant group of colonies scattered along a distant shore. We are a nation recognized as the richest, most powerful, and most influential on the globe. Desire it or not, we are such, and with these riches, power and influence, we must take on a great nation's status and duty. To talk of "splendid isolation" is absurd. We are not isolated. We are bound financially and commercially with every quarter of the globe, and the mere wish to remain isolated cannot withdraw us within a solitary sphere, even though such wish be heralded by the favorite sons of the land or by a six million majority vote of its citizens.

**How Long** Liberty and the love of liberty—are they not the grandest of man's worldly possessions? To witness a struggle for liberty, to take part in a conflict for liberty, to glory in the triumph of liberty—what greater joys have men, what more saving feature has history, what more exalted field have the poets?

Ever has the cause of liberty finally triumphed—ever, save once. Ireland, after seven hundred years, still remains in unwilling bondage, but the struggle is not finished—will never be finished while the light of liberty still burns.

Pathetic the struggle has ever been. A dramatic and inspiring incident of that struggle closed when Lord Mayor MacSwiney finally closed his eyes. Rarely has an Irish sufferer won such interest and such sympathy.

Before no Irish port does a colossal goddess hold forth a torch to enlighten the world. Ireland needs none. She herself is that goddess, and through the long night of her bondage her sons have seen the light of their lives go out, rather than that the light of liberty should grow dim in their mother's uplifted hand.

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**An Old Time Friend**

Thirty-five hundred miles up and down in five years is the proud boast of an elevator operator in the University of California Campanile. He admits his record is surpassed by one rival operator in the Washington Mon-

ument—but apparently he has overlooked the record of our late(?) acquaintance, the H. C. L.

For centuries the cost of man's living has been rising and falling even as this elevator, bringing with its rise "good times"—and strikes and misery—and with its fall "bad times", with panics, strikes and more misery. Rising or falling, conditions are upset, and never is society free from the disturbing influence of unstable prices.

Economists, sociologists, humanitarians, and politicians have spent their lives seeking relief and planning remedies. Price-fixing, government ownership, socialism, municipal and state markets, profit-sharing, single tax, lower and higher tariff, even prohibition—all of these well-known remedies for removing each and all of society's ills has been offered at times in the cause of more stable prices. These and hundreds of others have been tried in a desperate effort to avoid an affliction that has become chronic, but still prices continue their "ups and downs" with such determining fluctuation as to constitute an infallible barometer of business conditions.

Most of the remedies offered fail in that they seek to cure the effect rather than the cause of the evil. In spite of appearances to the contrary, the relation between the prices of various commodities—articles of food and clothing, for example—seldom greatly fluctuates. In other words, though the prices of commodities seem to rise, the truth is that the value of one commod-

ity, namely money, has fallen. The general public is now quite ready to admit—though for years it has laughed the “theory” to scorn—that prices will rise with a flood of gold or paper money, or bank credit, and will fall with contrary circumstances. It is now an acknowledged fact that price levels are too much at the mercy of monetary and credit conditions, and it is toward the stabilization of these conditions, rather than toward price-fixing, that efforts should be directed.

What sort of a remedy may we expect? Suggestions offered by men who have spent their lives studying such conditions are most in order. One of the modern plans is that advocated by Professor Irving Fisher, prominent economist of Yale University. Professor Fisher’s plan would abolish metallic money as at present used, and would substitute what is known as the “goods dollar”. Under the present system, when gold—the money standard—depreciates, the metallic coin loses part of its value, will buy less, and prices therefore rise. If the coin could immediately be increased in weight to make up for its lost value, its purchasing power would remain constant and prices would not rise. This is what the plan of Professor Fisher would accomplish. The convertible gold value of a paper “goods dollar” in circulation would be determined at frequent intervals from the prices of various commodities (by a system of index numbers) and it could demand this weight of gold at any time from the govern-

ment treasury. It would amount therefore to a change in the weight of the gold coin to correspond with its changed purchasing power.

Revolutionary and impractical this scheme may seem and be. But however visionary, it reaches in to the economic heart of the question—the greater stability of money values.

The cupidity inborn in man is responsible for many things. It causes social injustice, discontent, violence. It occasions and inspires Bolshevism—whatever that is. Still, the existence of human greed to grasp does not hinder us from making an effort to minimize the evils of a system.

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### Theory and Practice

For months census figures have been as much a part of entertainment in the “U. S. A.” as the movies—and campaign speeches. Arguments as to population figures of rival towns and cities have been gradually settled. The relative merits of Bohunk Corners and Pumpkin Center have been officially established for another ten years. There is rejoicing and celebration in Pumpkin Center over a 48% increase. There is gloom and desolation in Bohunk Corners over a drop to 256th city in the United States.

It’s all over now—we know the size of the old home town and all her rivals, and thus satisfied we begin to examine the general figures for the state and nation. The facts become more serious. Isolated figures which only



meant to us local progress, when grouped indicate a serious problem. The shamefaced village with its .2% decrease, becomes glorified and ascends the throne of fame. We find over half of the population of the United States living in cities, one-tenth living in three cities, one-third living in a handful of cities. Who is going to raise the food? Can we all live in cities? Who will tend the herds? Who will sow the seed? Who will harvest the grain? The estates over the prospects of one or two more Congressmen, the pride in the growth of the old home town—all fade before the vision of the slogan which nobody follows, "Back to the Farm".

It has long been an accusation—it is now a proven fact—that the city worker dreams sweet dreams of country life—of the fresh air, the smiling meadows, the birds, the sweet alfalfa, the fresh eggs—and then stays in the city. Whereas the farmer sweating in those fields and weary of the toil and monotony and poor pay, dreams of the ease and wealth of the city—the freedom from "chores", the steam heat in the morning—and he goes to the city.

Only the fool fears facts. The evil remains until remedied, and the remedy here seems to be in some action which will encourage farm life, reduce its burdens, increase its benefits and make those benefits known and available. A few months ago Henry Ford announced a minimum wage of \$5.00 for every unskilled worker in his employ. The announcement was greeted as most humanitarian in its effect, though perhaps

not so in motive. The result has been that there are 19,000 idle farms in Michigan. The competition for labor was such that the farm could not meet it.

The problem therefore resolves itself into one of bringing lost labor back to the land, and Californians may well rejoice in the fact that this state, under the Land Settlement Act is taking active steps towards this result by helping tenant farmers to become owners and by creating a more attractive rural life for all who live there.

Until the end of the last century, free, or very cheap, land was available to all who might desire it for agricultural purposes, and men who did not care to become wage-earners became their own employers on a homestead. The result was to secure an adequate farming population for the needs of the country. Now, however, matters are different. Land is high—only the man with considerable capital can become farm owner, and conditions are more nearly like those in other countries. In New Zealand and Australia a system of rural development has been followed with great success, and likewise in the older European countries in recent times. Under these programs and under that in California credit is advanced to the settler by the State with long time payments—no more burdensome than rent—and at the same time there is created an organized community life wherein barriers of nationality are removed through the operation of a Co-operative Association. The advice of the State College of Agriculture acting through

this Co-operative Association enables the farmers to act to their own advantage in ways impossible where the farmer is absolutely alone.

With one of these communities already operating with great success, an-

other well under way, the system as developed in California, seems to offer substantial promise of averting a complete agricultural breakdown.

Harold J. Cashin, '21.

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## The Bells of Santa Clara

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I hear them in the twilight,  
The bells of sweet St. Claire;  
The ringing notes repeating  
The Angel Gabriel's prayer.

And when the robins' calling  
Awake me at morn,  
Across the fields between us  
Their holy call is borne.

—Paul D. Bean, '24.

Editor's Query: Do the "Bells of Santa Clara" appeal thus to "Resident Students"?



# University Notes



## California Football Rally

On the morning of Sept. 31, "Old Man Gloom" had the entire campus under his control. Every corner breathed forth its grief over the fact that the California game had been called off, due to sickness on the squad. Smiles were as scarce as healthy football men, while laughter was absolutely taboo. And then came that rally. It was surely an ace in the hole as far as our spirits and pep were concerned. From the depths of despondency it brought us up, until we were ready to go on with the season in a better attitude than that in which we had started.

The evening's performance began with a few appropriate remarks from our Student Body President, Roy Fowler. "Pop" Rethers, with his assistants, Louis Trabucco and Fred Moran, then took the platform and showed the deafened spectators how much noise could be obtained from a student body of three hundred, when properly trained and led by competent yell leaders. When the echoes had somewhat subsided "Jazz" O'Connor gave a short talk of the variety that has characterized him as a real live wire graduate

manager. The audience, under the sway of Otto Walfish in the role of "The Extinct Ambassador", could not suppress a few smiles, and at the close of his number were howling with laughter. The University Jazzomaniacs, consisting of Bedolla, Coman, Daly, Moran and Williamson, rendered several numbers, including songs by Daly and Moran. The first half of the performance ended with a brilliant talk by Adolph Canelo of San Jose, and formerly of the University of Santa Clara. During the intermission the University Orchestra under the direction of Professor Mustol, rendered several selections in a real professional manner. Mathew Thiltgen commenced the second half of the entertainment with a violin solo, accompanied by Miss Mary Mello of Santa Clara. Mr. George Murphy then gave a monologue, which, with the songs and stories of Joseph McGinty, had the house again roaring with delight. Bill La Rue as "The Quack Doctor," then undertook to cure several of the audience who had laughed themselves sick, but only succeeded in creating more patients for himself. Harry McKenzie and Otto

Walfish then put on a little skit, "I Think So, I Don't Think So, Yes Mum!" With their troupe they gave an excellent rendition of the "Garlie Opera," which as a final touch set Old Man Gloom away back in the dust, and out of the running. Following a few brief remarks by our president, Rev. Timothy Murphy, S. J., the Student Body sang the University Anthem, concluding one of the best rallies that the old hall has ever witnessed. The University is greatly indebted to those who so generously gave their time and energy that the rally might be the success that it was.

### **Stanford Football Rally**

The big out-door rally and bonfire for the Stanford game was held two days before the day of the game itself this year, in order that the football men might witness it. In former years when held the night before the game they have always been unable to attend because of having to get to bed with the sun. Some several thousand interested supporters of the University witnessed the rally and the fire, which far surpassed those of former years. Roy Fowler, as Student Body President, besides giving a few introductory remarks, managed the entire evening's performance. The University Jazz Orchestra furnished several numbers, as did the Football Quartet, consisting of Emmet Daly, Ray Schall, Flaherty and Fred Moran. Both of these organizations are to be compli-

mented upon their work of that evening. Boxing bouts were held between Romero and Powell, and Young and Gimbastiani, all of whom displayed unusual skill in the fistie art. Then followed the real drawing card of the whole show, the battle royal. Eight young boxing champs from the Prep Department did the mixing, and they surely gave the crowd some real thrills. When that bunch grows a little bigger, some of the ringside favorites had better look close after their titles. The following pugs took part in the contest: "Nap" Bernal, "But" Butler, "Bud" Seanlow, "Stan" Joseph, "Hap" Lienez, Alden Shields, "Al" Kuff, and "Battling" Burke.

Short talks were then given by Coach Harmon, Captain Manelli and Athletic Moderator, Fr. Meagher, S. J. Mr. George Nicholson of San Jose, as speaker of the evening, gave a spirited and enthusiastic speech, emphasizing the feeling of pride that the Alumni always maintained in Santa Clara, and their wishes for the team's success in the game. After a few words by President Rev. Timothy Murphy, the Yell Leaders took the stand and set the air vibrating through the efforts of their leather throated followers. These, together with college songs, were followed by the lighting of the bonfire, by means of the electric apparatus so capably installed by the Engineering Society. In a short time the monster pile was blazing some hundred and fifty feet into the air. The roar of the fire, coupled with the shrieking of the



siren, drowned all noise save the intermittent yells of the Student Body, who serpentine around the blaze, and later got together in front of the fire for some organized yelling. As the fire burned itself down "Pop" lead his followers out through the streets of Santa Clara for further demonstrations. As a whole the rally could not be criticized, and the record of the bonfire will go down in the annals of the University activities as a tribute to the abilities of the Engineering Society of 1920. The spectacle was witnessed by many Alumni of Santa Clara, who were unceasing in their praise of the entertainment afforded during the evening. Moving pictures were taken of the fire, before and during its destruction and will be shown in connection with the important events transpiring on the Pacific Coast.

### Features of the Game

Although the twenty-two men on the field are the chief center of interest in a big football game, there are many little details in connection which require both time and trouble to assure the success of the game as a whole. When these seemingly small details are so efficiently cared for as they were at this year's big game, we feel that they should be given some note in the Redwood. Not the least of them were the bleacher stunts of the Santa Clara rooting section. Under the direction of our competent yell leaders, "Pop" Rethers, Fred Moran, and Louis Trabueco, the fellows first showed a

large red block S. C. on a field of white. This was followed by the display of a large brown football and a field of white. The yelling during the entire game gave evidence of the constant practicing of the students for weeks preceding the game, and reflected no little credit on the leaders. The University Band, assisted by the Young Men's Institute Band of San Jose, played before the game and during the Intermission between halves, under the direction of Professor Mustol. A great deal of praise is due those who cared for the parking of the machines upon the campus and also upon the field, some three thousand automobiles being taken care of in the afternoon with none of the customary confusion of such occasions. A majority of the business establishments of the town of Santa Clara closed during the afternoon in order that the proprietors and their employees might attend the game. This commendable spirit on the part of the merchants was highly appreciated by the college, and will not soon be forgotten. In a word on future games it might be said that hereafter one year the big game will be held here and the following year at Stanford, according to an agreement reached at a conference this year between the athletic managers of the two institutions.

### The Senate

The month of October has witnessed three spirited debates within the walls of the Philaethic Senate,

including one major debate. The first minor debate was upon Senator Phelan's candidacy for U. S. Senator, and was ably discussed by Senators Trabucco, McCarthy, Connell, and Patton. The second debate was upon the placing of the University's athletics in the hands of the Alumni for management. The affirmative of the question was argued by Senators Cashin and Antinoli, while Senators Burke and Pecarovich upheld the negative. The major debate was upon the following question: Resolved, That Article X of the League of Nations does not destroy the sovereignty of the United States. Senators Sturdivant and Crowe were appointed for the affirmative, and Senators Coman and Logan for the negative. Because of the number of its members devoting their spare time at present to football, the Senate has decided to postpone signing up inter-collegiate debates for a month or so. Martin Walsh, who two years ago took part in a Ryland Debate, has been admitted into the organization, and is looked forward to as a mainstay in the Ryland Team this year. The Senate is confident of redeeming itself this year for its defeat at the hands of the House in the past two years.

builder of competent and accomplished speakers. With each representative determined to devote all that is in him towards reaching this end, it is certain that positions on the Ryland Team will be keenly contested for. Several debates have been held so far, the first of which was upon the following question, "Resolved, That Article X of the League of Nations should stand as it is." Representatives Jackson and Fiorino ably argued the affirmative of the question, but the house by a vote of twenty to three favored the negative as supported by Representatives Lewis and Daly. The second debate was upon the supremacy of football as a sport as compared with baseball, and though Representatives Haneberg and Daly strenuously upheld the merits of the national sport, the House gave a vote of eighteen to nine for football. Representatives Needles and Flaherty were on the affirmative of the question. The next question taken by the House was "Resolved, That the United States should recognize the Soviet Government of Russia." The vote of the House went for the negative,—nineteen to six, the following representatives debating: Affirmative, Comer and Maggetti; negative, Kenny and Saxe.

### The House

The fact that the membership of the House has been raised to thirty-five, through the addition of twenty-one new members, lends emphasis to the belief that the organization is a

### J. D. S. Notes

The third regular meeting of the Junior Dramatic Society was called to order on the evening of Saturday, Nov. 6 at 8 o'clock. The ques-

tion before the house was: "Resolved, That all unskilled laborers should be prohibited from entering the United States." Both sides of the question were very ably contested. On the Affirmative were Messrs. J. Hamilton, P. Martin and J. Glynn, whereas Messrs. Collins, Sheehan and G. Geoghegan upheld the Negative. Considering the fact that practically all the speakers were novices in the art of debating, the question was remarkably well argued. They lacked something of the force and zest employed by more practiced speakers, but this fault, no doubt, will be corrected by further experience. The House, voting by a newly-introduced method that issues an unbiased note, awarded the decision to the Affirmative.

Mr. Donovan, S. J., Moderator of the society, has been very well pleased at the manner in which the members have responded to his instructions. He has required every one to propose a question to the house upon whatever subject he may think most interesting. Arrangements have been made so that the meetings, hitherto held on Tuesday, shall take place on Saturday, in the Moot Court, a room that contains such fixtures as are suitable for a debating organization.

army training, however, took up so much time that a certain falling off in interest in the society's affairs was to be noticed among the old members. This year Fr. Henry, S. J., has been appointed Moderator of the society, and having successfully reorganized it, is now expending every effort to bring it up to its once enviable position. The officers have been chosen from the upper classmen, and in selecting candidates for entry preference has been taken to choose those of the college department. The following is the present enrollment of the society: Officers: William H. Osterle, Prefect; Alfred J. Abrahamsen, Censor; John M. Jackson, Secretary; Thomas Bannon, Treasurer; Henry Baker, Sacristan; John Coughlan and Ambrose McSweeney, Vestry Prefects. Members—Walter Dean, Richard Flaherty, William Lange, Paul Martin, James Needles, Michael Pecarovieh, Gunlek Abrahamson, Joseph Sheehan, Kenneth Berg, Selah Pereira and Thomas Crowe. Soon the degree of membership will be conferred upon the present candidates by our President, Father Murphy, S. J., the ceremonies to take place in the Student Chapel. Following their advent into the society, a banquet will be held for all members in the society's rooms.

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### Sanctuary Society

Several years prior to the war, the Sanctuary Society of St. John Berchmans was one of the most select organizations upon the campus. The

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### Senior Sodality

Reorganization of the Senior Sodality has been completed under the direction of Fr. Boland, S. J., and

the regular meetings each Friday evening are again in progress. With few old members missing, and a great number of candidates presenting themselves for entrance, a very successful year is being looked forward to. The following officers were elected at an early business meeting: Michael Pecarovich, Prefect; Edmund Coman, First Assistant Prefect; William Osterle, Second Assistant Prefect; Frank Rethers, Secretary; Tullio Argenti, Treasurer. Father Boland has appointed as his consultants, Donald Burke, Harold Cashin, Martin Murphy, Francis O'Shea, William de Koch, Thomas Crowe, Paul Reddy, and James Neary. Alfred Abrahamsen and Daniel Minahan were selected as vestry prefects, and Earnest Bedolla organist.

### Junior Sodality

Father Howard, S. J., has been placed in charge of the Junior Sodality this year, and at an early date in the month of October called the first meeting of the semester for the purpose of electing officers. The following were honored: John Forster, Prefect; Francis Smith and Thomas Lynch, Assistant Prefects; John Barrett, Secretary; John Sturdevant, Treasurer; John McDonald, Censor; Luis Fatjo and Joseph Sheehan, Vestry Prefects; William Lange, Frederiek Florimont, and John Moffitt, Consultants. Those attending the meetings every Sunday morning include practically all of the

High School students. They are to be complimented on the excellent showing the Sodality has made thus far this year, and encouraged to continue the good work.

### Freshman Engineering

The Frosh in the Engineering Department have elected the following officers: R. McCauley, Pres.; A. Minero, Sec.; and J. E. Becker, Treasurer.

### Press Bureau

In the interest of organized publicity, a Press Bureau composed of student newspapermen was recently formed. Rev. Edmund J. Ryan, S. J., director of the Alumni, has been selected to oversee the activities of the new organization, which is the first of its kind ever started at Santa Clara. The following press correspondents are active members of the Bureau: Henry C. Veit, Frank J. Maloney, and Charles R. Boden. Before the Stanford game the Bureau sent much press "copy" to the different journals throughout the state, and it is not going too far to state that the wide publicity given the game helped in no small degree to swell the attendance and gate receipts. Visiting newspapermen are also received and assisted by the Bureau, and before the big game a number of metropolitan news writers were entertained by the Bureau. Among them were Frank P. Noon, San Francisco



Call; Jack James, sport editor of the Examiner; and Dick Van Horn of the Chronicle. Plans are now under way for a big publicity campaign to excite interest in the game with the University of Nevada, to be played in San Francisco on Thanksgiving Day.

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### **Student Body Meeting**

On November second there was called to order by President Roy Fowler, the third Student Body meeting of the semester. In order to enlighten the new members, and brush up the knowledge of some of the older ones, the constitution of the organization was read by Secretary Fred Moran. A somewhat incomplete report was given on the Student Body's present financial standing, the report being read by the secretary, as the treasurer apparently could not be present. A matter of undeserved blocks being awarded was brought up but laid upon the table to await further investigation.

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### **First Friday Exercises**

On November fifth the Student Body, together with the faculty, adjourned to the hall for the reading of the honors for the months of September and October. Father Donovan's Second High class gave some very excellent specimens of what they have been learning in Latin, Greek, History, and English, all of which evidenced industry on their parts during the semester.

Notice was given of a prize gold watch, of the latest and finest design, to be awarded to the one deemed best in dramatic art in the University. The donor, whose name is withheld at present, gave as his motive for the gift, the ability displayed by the participants in last year's production of "The Bells." He hoped this added incentive might aid in causing such talent to be further cultivated.

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### **Notre Dame**

In the past it has been the custom that each year the Student Body of the University either devote the proceeds of a football game, or give their support to an entertainment at the University, to assist the Academy in the defraying of some of its expenses. This year, due to the scarcity of football games, the latter course has been chosen. The performance was given on the evening of November ninth and was certainly an enjoyable and pleasant occasion. Home made candy was sold during intermissions in the show, and a dance was given in Sodality Hall immediately following it. Some two thousand friends of the Academy were present in the theatre to witness the entertainment, the success of which is due in great part to the Misses Thelma Woods and Cecilia Jones, alumnae of the Academy. The assistance of the Jazz Orchestra and the Varsity Football Association by their numbers on the program, was greatly appreciated

both by those in charge and by the audience. Following is the program of the complete performance:

Overture .....Jazz Orchestra

Piano and Violin Selections.....

Vincent Allaria

Violin Solo .....Miss Marjorie Booth

Dancing Specialty .....

.....Miss Onolee Van Tyne

Tenor Solo .....Louis Jennings

The Changing of the Seasons.....

.....Academy Girls Dance

Spring—Dolores Hambley, Gertrude

Leitz, Mary Blaso.

Summer—Catherine Keller, Marjorie Fenton, Dolores George.

Autumn — Adelaide Hammond,

Florence Hammond, Bernice Alexander.

Winter—Maxine Murray, Eolando  
Zampieri, Caroline Landi.

Piano—Grace Pereira.

Selections .....Jazz Orchestra

Song Specialty .....Joseph McGinty

Piano Selections.....

.....Miss Marian Patricia Cavanaugh

Vocal Solo .....Madam D'Arcy Vargas

Redemption .....

Santa Clara Varsity Football  
Association

The Convict.....M. J. Pecarovich

The Bishop .....Emmet Daly

Pierre..... Fred Riley

The Sergeant.....Clifford Crowley

Exit March .....Jazz Orchestra

Thomas Crowe, '22.

# Meteorological Report

Jerome S. Ricard, S. J., Director.

## NOTES ON DECEMBER WEATHER

**Dec. 2, 3, 4.** low pressures starting over the Northwest against a feeble area of high pressure at the southward happening on the 2nd. This will be a storm of some energy with general rains on the Coast. A fall of cold air on the 5th and the 6th will push it away.

**Dec. 7, 8, 9,** new low pressures of considerable depth will appear in the same region with another prospect of rain. It will clear on the 9th, when the barometer has begun to rise. A still higher rise on the 11th.

**Dec. 12, 13, 14** other low pressures over British Columbia will spread over the Pacific States, affording a new chance for more rain. A barometer rise on the 15th will clear up the sky.

**Dec. 16, 17, 18, 19,** stormy weather will again disturb the Pacific Coast

and adjoining territories. High pressures will break in on the same dates provoking new rainfalls.

**Dec. 22** will usher in a rainy period to continue until the 27th inclusive. The areas of high pressure will tumble down on the 20th, the 25th, the 27th and 28th. A wet Christmas in sight for nearly the whole Coast.

Following disturbance on January 1, 1921, and a barometric rise on the 5th to cheer up the prospect.

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## Law Notes

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### **PEOPLE v. MOORE**

The lighted windows at the southern extremity of Senior Hall give indisputable evidence to the surrounding darkness that the Moot Court, presided over by Judge Beasley, is in the midst of one of its most important sessions. Every Monday evening when the wide expanse of the Campus betrays no sign of life, and the valley and the mountains beyond are clothed in the sober sable of Night, further incriminating evidence is brought to light concerning the foul deed that resulted in the death of "one, John Murphy, a human being," (so the information reads) for which Chester Moore is on trial as the alleged perpetrator and malefactor.

The prosecution is in the hands of James B. O'Connor, who has achieved some notoriety through his lineal connection with the famous Mooney case. He is ably assisted by Eugene R. Jaeger, whose intimate knowledge of the

banking business has been in no small measure instrumental in disclosing important evidence for the district attorney's office. After reading this, his intended may perhaps wish him to withdraw from the case in order to avoid, if possible, acquiring a somewhat unsavory reputation.

For the defense the court has appointed Demetrio Diaz, after the defendant succeeded in making it appear to the satisfaction of the court that he was without funds with which to support his cause. The court was probably led to the selection of Mr. Diaz who is originally from Spain, and late of Mexico, by the consideration that the usual events in both Spain and Mexico, from a highly cultured bull fight to a common-place revolution, are highly exciting, stimulating and patriotic affairs, and his intimacy, therefore, in such social transactions would

greatly aid the defense in shielding the defendant from the gallows.

Mr. Diaz, however, being unfamiliar with our system of laws and especially our court procedure, has secured the services of Thomas Moroney for this important branch of the case. As a result, both Diaz and Moroney have so manifested their unusual qualities as embryonic attorneys that the defendant, quite apprehensive of his fate, has taken the case into his own hands, and, to the surprise of the court, has succeeded in impeaching the testimony of one of the star witnesses for the prosecution, "Doctor" Veit. But the prosecution, undismayed by this court room strategy, intends to prove, by a preponderance of the evidence, that the defendant is guilty as charged "beyond a reasonable doubt and to a moral certainty."

It appears from the testimony thus far introduced that John Murphy came to his death from a criminal attempt to do away with a bottle of that beverage commonly supposed to be non-existent since July 1, 1919. The defense, on the other hand, has attempted to show, notwithstanding the evidence, that death resulted, as a necessary consequence, from the unlawful resistance on the part of John Murphy to the performance of the defendant's duty as custodian of the law.

The rumors were widespread that some of the "nasty lick" would be introduced in evidence and given to the jury for proper examination. But

such important evidence, which would be no doubt controlling in the case, failed to make its appearance for some unaccountable reason; and, thenceforth, the patient but evidently disappointed jury has assumed the languid posture of bored listeners. Very likely the prosecution contemplates offering the evidence for examination, as a stimulus for rendering a favorable verdict, when the jury withdraws for consideration. This, of course, is not unusual.

Be that as it may, and all wish that it may be as it should, what now remains to be done is inflicting the customary address upon the jury. The district attorney with his stentorian voice will occupy the full evening period laying his arguments before the jury and constructing the evidence to support his contentions, employing all the well-known devices of rhetoric and imitating the art of Cicero.

The defense will most likely dwell upon "the quality of mercy is not strained"—implying, forsooth, that the evidence has not been properly strained and sifted so as to leave nothing but a merciful attitude on the part of the jury.

The dulcet obligato of the Spanish tenor and lawyer will undoubtedly sweep the jury and court room into an irresistible wave of merciful benediction for the brave lad who nobly resisted the treacherous attack upon the eighteenth portecullis of our constitution. Yet he may elect to stand upon



the palpable insufficiency of evidence, which failed to establish that the killing was done "with malice aforethought." Upon whatever ground, however, the defense chooses to stand, it has the support of Cicero's argument ably brought forth in "Pro Milone."

"Atqui si tempus est ullum jure hominis necandi, quae multa sunt, certe illud est non modo justum, verum etiam necessarium, eum vi vis inlata defenditur."

The outcome of the trial is watched with interest by everyone within the precincts of the campus, for, as the judge remarked: "This is a case of first impression and it must serve as a precedent in the future."

### MARCO ZARICK

As the star second baseman of the famous team that vanquished the Chicago White Sox in 1914, his name will not soon be forgotten among his loyal supporters at Santa Clara, especially since it was again brought to the fore by his entry into politics. His recent adventures in the political arena have not, however, been crowned with the fullest measure of success. The election returns show that he was defeated for the Assembly in the 15th District by a small margin. There is some consolation, however, as appears by a letter from "The Yolo Independent," wherein the editor remarks that there is a contest over the votes received on account of evidence discovered indi-

cating that there was jugglery in certain precincts. If the contest is successful Zarick may secure the nomination. We know that Santa Clara's fighting spirit will not be downed, and are expecting to see him in the Capitol at Sacramento.

### HON D. M. DELMAS

It is a remarkable evidence of loyalty to their Alma Mater when those, who have long since departed from the shadow of her walls, occasionally turn their thoughts to the institution in which their youth was nurtured with the lessons of the good old padres. Hon. Delphin M. Delmas, the oldest living graduate of this landmark of the West, has not allowed the long years of active service in the legal profession to dim his love for his Alma Mater. But, rather, the long years of experience have mellowed and warmed his love until today his continued interest in the welfare of Santa Clara is evidenced by his willingness to communicate anything of note that may occur around the region of Los Angeles which will interest the readers of the Redwood.

### CONDOLENCES

The second and third year law classes wish to express through these columns their heartfelt sympathy, and to convey their sincere condolence to Chester Moore upon the untimely death of his beloved father. The suddenness of the funeral arrangements made it impossible for the class to present an appropriate token of sympathy; but it

is hoped that the intention has equally served the purpose.

### MEMORIAL DAY HONORS LATE C. M. LORIGAN

On the morning of October 6th the Superior Court of Santa Clara County held memorial exercises in Department One in honor of the late Chas. M. Lorigan ('82). Addresses were made by each of the three superior judges, J. R. Welch, P. F. Gosbey, and W. A. Beasley, the court sitting en banc and presided over by Judge Welch. Other touching words recalling the blameless life of Mr. Lorigan were given by various friends and fellow members of the bar. Noteworthy among the addresses was that of Mr. Nicholas Bowden, professor of Law at Santa Clara. Mr. Bowden has been a lifelong friend of Mr. Lorigan and the impressive eloquence of his eulogy well befits the blameless life of the beloved former Santa Claran.

Mr. Bowden's address follows:

"If the Court please:

"The life and character of Charles M. Lorigan deserve more than passing notice. For thirty years and until the beginning of his last and fatal illness a few months ago, he was a conspicuous and familiar figure in our courts and in this community. Early in his career as a lawyer he made warm and lasting friendships and quickly secured the confidence and respect of client and citizen. To these friendships and to this confidence he was ever and always true and loyal. He was an alumnus of the University of Santa Clara. His

Alma Mater endowed him with a liberal and Christian education. It was a rich endowment. It was the foundation of his professional success and a sure and safe guide in all the relations of life.

"Handicapped by physical affliction, Charles M. Lorigan radiated sunshine and happiness. His affliction walked with him through life. It was with him in his comings and goings. It sat beside him at his hearthstone. He knew that most of the activities and pleasures of youth and manhood were moreover denied him; that the wasting processes of nature were slowly but surely forcing him, before his allotted span, to that bourne from whence 'no traveler returns.' Lion hearted, he walked down into the dark valley of the shadow of death, with never a murmur, never a complaint.

"Two other of Charles M. Lorigan's distinguishing characteristics were his open-hearted candor and his unimpeachable integrity. No whisper of suspicion was ever breathed against his name. The record of his life is the record of duty and of service. A record unspotted by any act that could be criticised or questioned. As he lived, so he died, patient, uncomplaining, fearless. Soothed and sustained by a Divine Faith that never fails he approached his grave 'like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.' And, in this Memorial service, our fervent prayer is that he rest in peace."

At the conclusion of Mr. Bowden's

address memorial resolutions, which had been drawn up at the request of the court by a Resolutions Committee composed of S. F. Leib, C. L. Witten, C. C. Coolidge, J. J. Jones, and F. B. Brown, were read and ordered spread on the minutes of the court and a copy sent to the family. The resolutions being largely a repetition in substance of the account in last month's Redwood, we reprint only extracts concerning Mr. Lorigan's connection with Santa Clara University:

"His higher education was received at the Santa Clara University, being at that time Santa Clara College, and

from which institution he graduated in 1882.

"His affection for and interest in his Alma Mater was deep and was manifested in many substantial ways. Upon the change from college to university Mr. Lorigan was placed on the board of directors, was a member of the executive committee and was the legal adviser, which position he held continuously until his death.

"In the death of Charles M. Lorigan the University of Santa Clara has lost one of its staunchest supporters and ardent admirers."

Peter F. Morettini, Law '21.

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## Engineering Notes

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The first month or so at college, after a good vacation, is always hard, and especially is it hard for Freshmen—strangers on a foreign soil. There is no doubt that as tasks increase, and the solving of problems seems to become an impossibility, strange thoughts play on the mind and we wonder whether or not we can close our fists and see the year through. But just before dawn come the hours of darkest shadow.

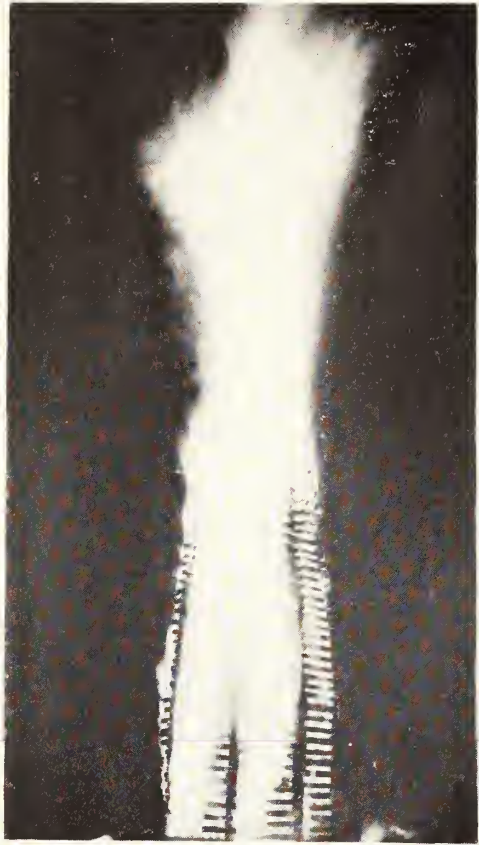
And so it is with us. The beginning is dark but the spell is short. For there is one event on the Engineering calen-

dar that always drives out doubting thoughts and the gloom of loneliness—the evening the Engineers enjoy at the home of Professor Sullivan.

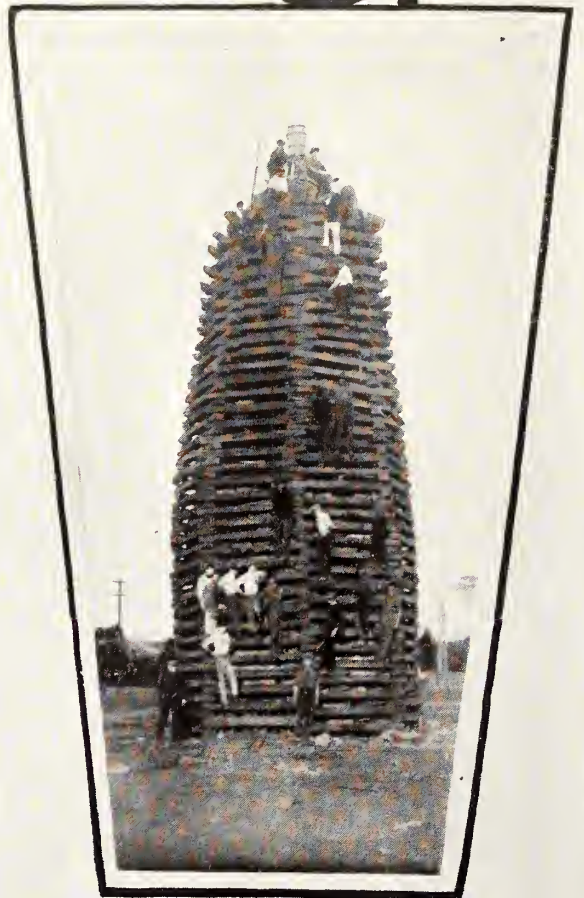
On the lawn in front of the home we held our frolics, and it was here that the Freshmen were given a chance to display their colors. The first feature of the entertainment was a boxing match in which the participants were incased in saeks. The match was a right good one between the Sophomores and Freshmen, Robert Gardner upholding the honors for the Sophomores and Antonacci for the Fresh-







*Bonfire before  
the Stanford  
Game*



men. Ambrose McSweeney, "our union man" from South City, refereed the match, and it is really surprising how well engineers fall into any kind of position and do it well, for Mac was right there when it came to the interpretations of the Queensberry Rules. At all events, Mr. Freshman earned his victory easily.

The next event featured the pie-eating contest. Mr. Forge represented the Sophomores and Mr. Harrington the Freshmen. With due respect to Mr. Forge, we may grant him speedy when it comes to riding Indian eyes, but as for eating pie the case is different.

In the watermelon contest the Freshmen again smiled on the Sophs. Mr. Page, who by no means resembles dusky southern gentlemen, would nevertheless make them stop, look and mostly, listen, when it comes to eating watermelon.

The tug of war between the Sophomores and Freshmen resulted in a victory for the Sophs.

The long expected battle between the Seniors and Juniors was settled in one evening. A tug of war was proposed. And even though the Juniors boast of such Sampsons as Mr. Manelli and Mr. Ferrario, the war resulted in a draw, a fire hydrant and a camphor tree claiming equal holds on the rope.

Two-word talks by Mr. Minahan, Byrne, Manelli, Fowler and Abrahamson, were indeed appreciated by the audience. In fact, we recommend

highly that two-word speeches be hereafter adopted universally.

Frolics over on the lawn, the jolly crowd came in the house to witness another Senior-Junior row. The talented Seniors of the society attempted to accompany the Hawaiian orchestra that played the pleasing melodies of the dreamy tropic seas, while their rivals plunged joyfully into a spirited game of cards. The result of the dreadful ordeal is unknown, for count was lost and "time out" was called for refreshments. No one seemed willing to starve to death, not even the McSweeney who was in our midst. In fact I am sure no one would care to starve to death on the evening spent with Prof. Sullivan. It has since been whispered about that if Professor Sullivan had been guardian of food in a now famous prison, history would be minus a character.

But as the hours grew late and the gayety had calmed enough for President Ford to thank Professor and Mrs. Sullivan in the name of the Engineering Society and for Rev. Father Murphy, the honored guest, to add a few words, the delightful evening came to a close.

And with each memory as it faded into the dark went pleasant impressions of the evening past, and remembrances that will linger long.

### THE BONFIRE.

Another event of great importance occurring on the Engineers' calendar

was the erection of the bonfire for the rally before the Stanford game. We promised the campus a thrill and we are sure all expectations were surpassed. The main burden of proof fell upon President Ford, the very able president of the society, together with his special committee appointed to work on the bonfire, consisting of Mr. Byrne, Mr. Minahan and Mr. Coughlan.

Four days before the rally found the condition grave—no material for the fire. But quick and efficient action by Mr. Byrne and his crew of workers soon dispelled all doubts as to the want of material.

Monday found Byrne and his crew scouring the country for timber and by noon trucks drove in from all directions loaded with boxes and barrels. Then news came that some five hundred odd ties had been secured from the Southern Pacific. Soon load after load of ties was dumped on the field of action. Tuesday "Skipper" Tom and his hordes of carpenters, tie carriers and box heavers started the tower of Babel. System was the keynote, and system it was. By nightfall the last man gazed down into the second floor of Senior Hall. The pile was forty feet above Mother Earth.

Then through the night the toilers slept, while the trusty guards headed by "Cactus," otherwise known as Emmet Gleason and one Lettunich and "Silent" George Ryan and their able assistants kept all suspicious persons far from the scene.

Then when the kindly (?) bells woke us from slumber in the early dawn we had no time to think it over, for work was to be done and plenty of it.

When the deed was done the pile towered well over Senior Hall, some sixty odd feet above the ground. The Engineers had started and completed one more task and presented it to the Student Body as the representation of their spirit in backing up our team.

In the evening came the rally. Speeches, songs and boxing matches over, Father President pulled the switch. Every one gazed in vain for the blaze to leap, but Chief Electrician William Osterle, engrossed in the happenings of the evening forgot for the instant to pull the main switch. When he did, the flames leaped and bounded and the tower constructed to perfection roared and blazed. It is estimated that the fire broke into the air to the height of one hundred and fifty feet. For an hour it raged. Then the frame work collapsed into the dead center. It was a sight well worth going miles to see.

Soon only a glowing mass remained, the crowd thinned out. Another task was written on the calendar as started, another one written as completed and so the diary of the Engineering Society fills its pages with activities that cause a lasting impression on the students as they come and go down the years.

#### FROM OTHER FIELDS.

News from last year's graduates and former members of the Society, reach some one at College almost every day.



A letter from Santiago E. Escobar was received lately. Santiago writes from far away Manila. He states that he has found the Islands prosperous and full of opportunities for engineers. He himself has taken a position as general manager of a large automobile concern.

Howard Nulk writes from Milwaukee, where he is employed by the Allis Chalmers people in their turbine erecting department. Howard likes the work and finds it very interesting indeed.

Herman Derrienger likewise is with the Allis Chalmers people in the electrical department. Hermie, like Howard, has only one complaint to make, and that is they lament the fact that they were not lucky enough to be in Milwaukee before last July.

Elmer Dreismeyer writes from Pittsburgh, where he has begun his

work with the Westinghouse Corporation.

Jack Savage, we understand, is with the Southern Pacific, in the field department at Bakersfield.

"Bill" Shannon writes from Fort Trumbull in Connecticut. Bill says that he likes the Academy and Navy life, and is working hard for his commission.

As we conclude, we wish to express our gratitude to Mr. Di Fiore, who so ably assisted the Society in getting the use of trucks; to the City Store, M. Blom & Company, H. Bercovich Cigar Company, Pratt-Low Company, The White House, Mr. J. S. Williams, Springs, Inc., Pomeroy Brothers, Greco Canning Company, Mr. Cerrutti, and to all those who so kindly co-operated with the Engineers in the erection of the bonfire.

G. William de Koeh, '21.

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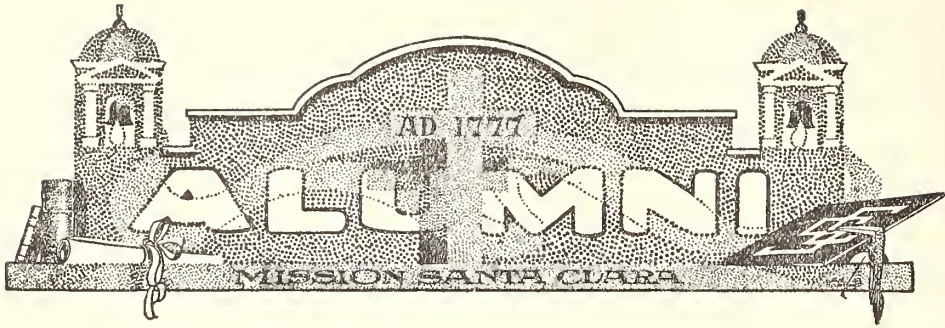
## The Ancient

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Creeping from the ends of shadows  
 Breathing on the wind's weak will  
 Hidden bright by gold leaves falling  
 Comes Old Winter sly and ehil.

James Leonard Jr., '24.





In order to form a close union between the members of the Alumni and the University, Father E. J. Ryan, Faculty Moderator, has planned and commenced the organization of a chain of "Santa Clara Clubs" along this coast. The clubs will be permanent organizations in intimate connection with the central Alumni Association at Santa Clara. Through their organization and frequent meetings not only will lively interest in the home institution be maintained, but there will likewise be a more firm bond of union and interest between the "old boys" themselves.

The Redwood is certain that it will be pardoned if the Alumni Department seems considerably enlarged in this, and succeeding issues, for it feels that the work being done by the Faculty Moderator in enlarging and strengthening the field of Alumni activity merits all the space that is and may be given.

### San Francisco Luncheon

In furtherance of this work as well as to create enthusiasm among Alumni members for the Stanford game

a meeting in the form of a luncheon was held at Tait's in San Francisco on October 14th. Chauncey Tramutolo, President of the Alumni Association; Francis Heffernan, '08, James O'Connor, present Graduate Manager, and other San Francisco members spoke on behalf of the game and of the proposed Santa Clara Club. Those present promised their co-operation in the Moderator's plans, especially in compiling a directory of all Alumni. It was also decided to hold monthly meetings, informing the members by cards according to a plan taken care of by the central committee. Another meeting will be held on Nov. 24th, at which time officers for the Santa Clara Club of San Francisco will be elected and further plans will be considered. It is estimated that there are over five hundred former Santa Clarans in San Francisco.

### Sacramento

On Nov. 1st a number of Santa Clarans of Sacramento and vicinity held a meeting and luncheon with similar purposes at the Hotel Lande. Mareo Zarick was named temporary president

and Gerald Desmond, temporary secretary. A list of names was submitted to the central committee and this committee in a meeting on Nov. 8th made plans for a big meeting for Dec. 7th at the Sacramento Hotel, at which time permanent officers will be elected.

It is estimated that over two hundred and fifty former students are eligible for the Sacramento club, coming from Sacramento, Woodland, Marysville, Stockton, Chico, and other nearby towns.

### San Jose Luncheon

One hundred and seven Santa Clarans answered the call to a luncheon on Oct. 10th at the Hotel Montgomery in San Jose, with the principal object of making the Stanford-Santa Clara game a success, and furthering the Alumni plans for greater unity. The expectations of the committee in charge, consisting of George A. Nicholson, John J. Jones, Robert Syer, Thomas Riordan, and Victor Chargin, were more than realized. Father Collins, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, San Jose, gratefully thanked the committee for the invitation accorded him to be present at an assemblage of "grads" of a University of Santa Clara's caliber, and added the wish of a friend for a Red and White victory in words equal only to those which might come from the lips of the most ardent admirer of Alma Mater. Father President congratulated the San Jose Alumni for their generous response when called to-

gether to support the team. The rendition by Mrs. P. A. McHenry of several vocal selections composed by a former student, Joe McKiernan, charmed the assemblage. The University Jazz orchestra played popular selections during the affair. In conclusion Father Ryan urged those present to continue this manifestation of their support by keeping in close touch with the school and making its activities of special interest to them.

### Los Angeles Plans

Rev. Father Ryan plans to be in Los Angeles Christmas week with the object of forming a Santa Clara Club, and has received encouraging communications from Constantine M. Castruccio, Martin Merle, D. M. Delmas, J. A. Herlihy, and others favoring the plan. The meeting will be in the form of a luncheon at the Alexandria Hotel on Dec. 28th. Four hundred members is a conservative estimate for the Los Angeles club.

### Other Clubs

Father Ryan will also visit Watsonville on Nov. 27th to establish a club there including those from that city, Gilroy, and other points in and near the Pajaro Valley, where there are over twenty former Santa Clarans. Mr. Otto D. Stoesser and Eugene Kelley have already expressed enthusiasm for a club in that vicinity.

Another club will be formed at Salinas to include the Salinas Valley, where

there are many Alumni, especially some of the "old timers" of the '70s and '80s. J. Ramon Somavia, who attended Santa Clara in its earliest days and many years later returned for his degree, has communicated with Father Ryan, as have also Pedro E. Zabala, '86, former District Attorney of that County, and Julius G. Treseony, '09, owner of the great San Lucas Ranch. Fifty members can easily be expected for the Salinas club.

Plans are also being made for clubs in the vicinity of Bakersfield, Fresno, and San Luis Obispo. A meeting will be held in San Luis Obispo late in December. Judge Norton, of the Superior Court, A. E. Campbell, Miles Fitzgerald, and William Shipsey, all former Santa Clarans of that vicinity, have expressed a wish that such club be formed.

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**Georgetown** While on the subject of "Santa Clara Clubs" it is gratifying to learn that the Alumni chain does not begin and end with the Pacific slope. Shortly before the Stanford game a telegram arrived from distant Washington, D. C., extending best wishes for the game from the "Santa Clara Club" of Georgetown University. It was signed by Adrian Prothero, Melvin Heafey, Victor Clarke, Thomas Levy, Capelle Damrell, and Brian Gagan.

### Alumini Lodge

The work of remodeling the Bungalow on the inner campus is nearing completion, and the Alumni Association will shortly occupy its new headquarters. Mr. Michael O'Sullivan is in charge of the decoration and has chosen ivory tinting for the walls and woodwork, with mission ceiling. The electric fixtures will be of bronze fashioned along mission lines.

The new club rooms will be used for the reception of visiting members and will contain the new directory of all former students, now being compiled, a register for the names of visiting Alumni, pictures of College events, general data of past history—in fact it will be truly the "hatraek" of the "old boys" and the fitting headquarters of the central Alumni Association working in conjunction with the newly organized "Santa Clara Clubs".

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**Recognition** Through an oversight last issue, Dr. A. T. Leonard Jr., was not listed as Alumni Association Vice President, nor were he and Raymond W. Kearney placed on the Editorial Page as Alumni Correspondents.

The following is a partial list of Alumni and Former Santa Clarans at the Stanford Game, prepared by Rev. Fr. Ryan. He regrets that it cannot be complete: Thomas Riordan, Warren South, Cletus Sullivan, Louis T. Mil-

burn, Elisha Dana, Frank O'Neill, Tobias Bricca, Craig Howard, Albert J. Brown, Wilkie C. Mahoney, Fred Farmer, James Fuller, Gerald Desmond, William Desmond, Allie McNamara, William Burford, Michael Leonard, Miles Fitzgerald, Bennie Fitzpatrick, William Shipsey, Ervin Best, Dan Gilman, Dan Ryan, Edward Harter, Robert Tremaine, Maurice T. Dooling, Jr., Dr. Rodney Yoeli, Dr. Quinn, Cyril Coyle, Chauncey Tramutolo, Victor Chargin, John J. Jones, Robert Ryan, Brooke Mohun, George A. Nicholson, Edward L. Nicholson, Jack Palmtag, George B. Todd, Oliver Nino, Ray Durney, Claire Nolan, Eddie McKnight, Lester Pierce, Paul L. Beck, Robert Fatjo, George Fatjo, Hon. Joseph Scott, Rev. Fr. McQuaide, Steve Graham, Joe Aurecochea, Joe Dyer, Ray Kearney, Dr. A. T. Leonard Jr., C. Hurd, William King, Gene Sheehy, W. Regan, Howard Kelly, Dr. Felton Taylor, Archie Quill, Steve White, Victor Scheller, Elmer Jensen, Roy Emerson, Judge Trabucco, Tom Hickey, Henry Roth, Gene Don, Joe McKiernan, Dan Flannery, Carl Di Fiore, Dominic Di Fiore, Bourdette Hartman, Jack McCarville, Louis Normandin, Ivor Wallis, Percy O'Connor, Jake Miller, E. Martinelli, Harry McKenzie, Bill Knightly, Dr. Charles Jones, Robert Murphy, Gus Leon, Al. Newlin, Patrick McHenry, Louis Buty, R. M. F. Soto, Orvis Speciale, Robert Syer, Dr. Fred Gerlach, Dr. H. O. F. Menton, Charley Sullivan, Dan Spence, R. H. Mallon, J. B. Buckley, Al. McCar-

thy, Dr. Biaochi, John Ryland, James P. Sex, Leo Shottenhammer, Clarence Coolidge, De Witt Rucker, Harry Wilcox, Richard Pfister, Louis McQuaide, John J. Barrett, Ernest Schween, Alfred Tobin, Louis De Simone, Harry Canello, Adolph Canello, Charles D. South, Edward White, Peter Dunne, J. McGinnis, Richard Bressani, James McGrath, Tom Kelly, Joe Kelly, Neil McCarthy, Hilding Johnson, Gus Eisert, J. B. Enright, Joseph Enright, Ronald Stewart, Frank Stewart, Ernest Allen, Ralph Kroeber, Arvene Boyle, Lamar-tine Kroeber, Ray Rudolph, Gene Donovan, Louis Bergna, Joseph Musto, Roy Bronson, Jack Galt, Howard Lyng, Emil Trabucco, W. B. Hirst, Mervyn Kaney, Paul Muth, J. Hughes, Dan Tadiach.

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**'76** Curtis Holbrook Lindley, of San Francisco, is to act as legal advisor and counsel for the \$50,000,000 wheat corporation through which the United States is to control the price and distribution of the wheat crop to purchasers in the United States and to allies of the Government. It is a case of Chairman Hoover calling to his aid a friend of tested ability and probity for a difficult, and in some ways, unprecedented task. The new Federal law and the super-nationalistic policy are to collide with State law, traditions, and customs of trade, as well as the personal interests of great groups of producers and middlemen. While



the resources of the Federal Department of Justice will undoubtedly be at the command of the Government in enforcing its decisions respecting food control, obviously the commission needs its own wise advisor on points of law. Mr. Lindley is a Californian, an alumnus of Santa Clara and of the University of California. The same year that he was admitted to the bar he served as secretary of the State Commission appointed to revise and shape the code. As a city attorney and a judge he won a reputation in Stockton. In 1884 he was a Supreme Court Judge. He has taught law in the University of California and in Leland Stanford Junior University. His specialty as a lawyer has been in dealing with mining rights and claims, and his textbook on this subject is widely used in the West.

Mr. Lindley made a donation of one thousand dollars to the Law Library a few years ago. He has recently asked to be kept in touch with Alumni meetings and school activities.

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Official recognition of Mr. V. S. McClatchy, B. S. '77, as an authority on the Japanese problem is seen in the fact that he was chosen to write the article in favor of the Alien Land Law amendment which was published, as required by law, for the information of voters previous to the recent election. The "American Legion Weekly", official publication of the war veterans' organization of that name, also recognized Mr. McClatchy as

such an authority in devoting its first page in a recent issue to his article on Japanese Immigration. Mr. McClatchy is the publisher of the Sacramento "Bee" and has made a thorough study of the problem not only in the State of California but also in Japan.

He has taken active interest in the recently organized Santa Clara Club of Sacramento, composed of Alumni and former students residing in that vicinity.

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We have received the following sketch of the life of the late Mr. Alexander McCone from Mr. J. T. McDevitt, '86, who has on several occasions favored the Redwood with information of this kind, and we wish to take this opportunity to thank Mr. McDevitt for his interest in preparing his tribute to his friend, and Santa Clara's friend, as well as for his previous contributions.

"In the death of Alex. J. McCone, in Los Angeles, last month, Santa Clara lost one of its most steadfast and earnest friends, who, from the time of his student days in the old College all through an active life, cherished the fondest memories of the Old Institution, and exemplified through a successful and honorable career, the high principles taught him there in his younger days. On the death of his father he was called from College to assume the responsibility of a large business, at an age when many young men would have hesitated and wavered at the task. Not

he, however. For he unhesitatingly assumed control of the business and made the Fulton Foundry Co., of Virginia City, Nevada, one of the largest and most successful enterprises in that State. His name is intimately associated with the history and development of mining in the West, and few names in California or Nevada are held in higher esteem than that of Alex. J. McCone. He was public spirited and took a deep interest in Governmental affairs. He served the State of Nevada two terms as State Senator. His home district was strongly of the opposite political faith, but his sterling worth and popularity overcame party obstacles. He was urged on several occasions to accept the nomination for Governor of Nevada, but always declined."

"In the bonanza days of the Comstock he constructed and erected a great deal of the machinery used in deep mining. The mining industry, in addition to hoisting machinery, had problems in pumping water out of the mines, furnishing air to the workmen by means of compressors, and these problems were always successfully handled by him. The reduction of the ores always called for specially designed machinery, in order to extract all of the values. He gave special study to the recovery of values from those ores, and was the first man in the State of Nevada to use the Forrest McArthur Cyanide Process in the handling of ores. He was progressive and constructive, and always in advance of his time. He early

saw the future value of hydro-electric development, and formed one of the first companies in the West for that purpose. He was the first to install a Deisel Oil Engine in Nevada, and was also the first one to erect a Quartz Mill in Tonopah, Nevada."

"On the decline of mining in Virginia City, he organized the Nevada Engineering and Supply Co., of Reno, Nevada, and later was one of the organizers of the firm of Harron-Rieard & McCone, one of the largest machinery supply houses on the Pacific Coast."

"His name was synonymous with uprightness and square dealing wherever the scene of his operations may have lead him. The West has lost one of its most useful and honorable citizens, and his demise means a real loss to our State. A wife, formerly Miss Margaret Euright, of San Jose, and four children are left to mourn his sad passing. Our heartfelt sympathies are extended to his loving family in their great sorrow."

"A good man whose heart was big, whose tongue was gentle, and whose hand was open, has gone to his eternal reward. May he rest in peace."

It may be added that one of the beautiful windows in the students' chapel is the gift of Mrs. Aliecia McCone, mother of the deceased. Mr. McCone attended Santa Clara with his brother, the late Dr. James F. McCone '89, who was the first Grand Knight of San Francisco Council No. 615, Knights of Columbus. Mr. John B. Euright, '91, brother of

Mr. McCone's widow, and Mr. Otto D. Stoesser, '87, another brother-in-law, are both active members of the Santa Clara Alumni Association.

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**'07** Among the recent visitors to their old Alma Mater was one Walter ("Steamboat") Schmitz of the class of '07. Referring to the above mentioned Mr. Schmitz the old boys concur with the records of the time on a few cardinal points concerning him: "A regular fellow", "A fine student", "One of the greatest grid-warriors that ever donned the Red and White", and lastly, "a prominent man generally in college affairs of his time".

After getting his sheepskin from Santa Clara "Steamboat" took an agricultural course from Davis Farm School and now he is rated as one of the most successful ranchers of California. He is owner and operator of an immense farm in Madera County.

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**Ex' 11** Few of those who heard Mr. Louis Jennings, the famous operatic tenor, sing at the recent entertainment in the Auditorium stop to realize that he was no other than Louie Jennings of the class of '11. During his college days Mr. Jennings achieved an enviable reputation as a singer and musician, and was one of the most prominent members of the famous old Santa Clara Glee Club. Louie is at present with the Scotti Opera Com-

pany, and is building up a splendid reputation for himself.

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**H.S.'15** Tirey L. Ford, Jr., dropped around last week to say goodbye to his many friends here, before he leaves for the Far East. Tirey has just returned from Buenos Aires and has now accepted a position with the Pacific Steamship Co. in British Ceylon. It is his intention to learn the shipping business from the ground up by means of practical experience. He will later be stationed in the San Francisco office of the company.

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**'16** The Town of Livermore will be competing with San Francisco before long because Santa Clara's former "Political Boss" and Graduate-Manager, Joe Aurrecoechea lives there. Here is a letter Fr. Ryan received from Joe recently:

"Fr. Ryan:

From accompanying photos ('roping' and "bull-dogging" at a Rodeo) you will note that I am still practicing the same art I gloried in while at the University. But to use the old idiom, "be that as it may", and as by your request of this evening and a letter from "Mopie" Moran, I am enclosing a list of some of the "old timers" I have met in my wanderings up and down the state, with a note of their present occupation, pursuit or vocation, with the idea that perhaps you, as Alumni Moderator, might get in touch with

them, and if perhaps they are not as close to S. C. as they should be, then you might temper the old link so that this year's Alumni Banquet will ring out with a clang that will awaken the spirit of which we are so proud, and which may be dormant in some, not on account of negligence but on account of the circumstances of the past few years which separated the "old fellers" to all corners of the globe.

No doubt you know the whereabouts of most of those I will mention, but for fear that I will miss some, I will give you it for what it is worth. Here goes:

Tommy Ybarrando, S. C.'s hero of all heroes and deservedly so, I saw in Los Angeles last week. He asked for the "padres" and wished to be remembered to them. He is an attache of the Los Angeles Ball Club.

Constantine Castruccio, who used to monopolize Fr. Burke's papers in the days of forty foot fences, is a follower of Blackstone in Los Angeles.

Percy Hughes, of the Roman nose and shortstop of the old second division team, is in business in San Francisco. Percy also had perfect control with many a stray apple and consequently Fr. Burke's working ground for the razor strap.

Archie "Satchel" Quill, "All-American hooker," is now an importer and exporter on California street, San Francisco, in partnership with "Bill" White of Watsonville.

"Bill" White is a kingpin in the S. F. office of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha lines.

Frank Yalliano, of Fr. O'Brien's midgets, is a law student at Stanford. Frank's brother is assistant cashier of a Berkeley bank.

Joe Parker is a moving picture director in L. A., but soon expects to return to France to toil strenuously?

Robert Fahrback—Fr. Lonergan's secretary, is assistant manager of Dinkelspiel Co., in S. F.

James "Goat" Curtin, the left-handed forward in the 1916 Rugby team, denies he is a "shyster" at Reno, Nev. He is a specialist in Mining Law. Prof. O'Keeffe take note.

Seth Heney—President of the Student Body '10-'11, is a mining operator in Chihuahua, Mexico. He is still wearing a Senior hat to conform with his dignity.

"Buck" Hogan, Terry McGovern's running mate, bum-out artist and third baseman, is a cruel sheriff in Nevada, and also manages private interests.

Clyde Balfour, ex-'14, is in the electrical business in S. F., newly moved from L. A.

Phil Twohy, who could memorize more lines than he could write in "Letter A" in a single afternoon, is a partner with his brothers in contracting and at present is on location in Arizona.

Ray Durney of Alameda, is connected with a packing corporation in Emeryville.

"Jiggs" Donahue is peddling real estate to Californians who have just arrived from Iowa, down Los Angeles way.



Ernest Schween, decorator de luxe and running mate of Jennings Lyons, now a Jesuit, lives six miles from me in Pleasanton. He represents the Spreckels Sugar Beet Co. and tries to make one beet grow where three or four grew before. But what can he decorate with a beet?

Tom Casey of San Mateo played ball in the International League and was recalled by Pat Moran.

Joe Thomas—First manager of the CO-OP, is a dealer in curios, paintings, etc., in San Francisco.

Andrew Ginoecchio is a student at the Affiliated College in Dentistry.

Bill Shellenbach, forward on the 1915 Rugby team, is the star pitcher for the Vernon Ball Club.

“Coocy” McGinnis is shortstop for Little Rock, champions of the Southern League.

“Chicken” Hawkes played outfield for Calgary and led the league in hitting and goes to the “Big Brush”.

Les Sheehan is playing infield for “Sac”.

Dick and Gus Eisert are real estate men in San Francisco.

Alvin McCarthy is a banker in Oakland.

“Liver” Lebourvean is having a good year with the Philadelphia National League Club.

Mareo Zariek is in politics in Sacramento and at this last election was nearly elected Assemblyman.

Well, Padre, I hope I have reminded you of at least one stray sheep, and al-

though a majority of these names may not be known to the present generation, yet while at Santa Clara were as loyal to the old place as was possible for one to be, and I am certain it would not take much to regenerate the ‘pep’. If you get several lists and entitle them “Those I’ve Met,” no doubt you would get a complete list in readiness before the Alumni Meeting.

Kindly pardon my usual blots and blotches, and hoping this will be of service to you, I remain

Respectfully,

“Joe Sneeze.”

**’17** Beaumont McClaren, with his recent bride—formerly Miss Ruth Donahue of Berkeley,—was around Sunday, November 7th, to see his old haunts. It is well within the memory of the oldest inhabitants how “Mac” won his spurs by breaking the tape in the high hurdles both in ’16 and ’17 against Stanford. He is also remembered as the organizer of the first Pentathlon (1916) ever held in the West. To make this unique affair a success he personally sallied out, and helped by his proverbial line succeeded in bringing back a large number of eups.

This well known “Jine” has proven of great value to “Mac” in his struggle against the cold world, for he is now assistant manager of the Manufacturers Agency Insurance Co. of Detroit. During the war he was a first lieutenant in the Aviation Corps and flew

in France. He left recently to make his permanent home in Detroit.

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**'18** Brooke Mohun, '18, was among the many who visited the University Home-Coming Day, incidentally giving us the news about the Santa Clarans at Georgetown. Brooke is a student at the Jesuit University there and is taking a Post-Graduate course. He is also an active member of the Georgetown Club in San Francisco, having assisted in its organization. The purpose of the club is to keep former students in touch with their Alma Mater in the East. The Secretary receives a salary from both the San Francisco members and the college.

His duties include furnishing information and entertainment to Georgetown men visiting in San Francisco. Brooke experienced the value of such a club while in New York recently.

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**'15** Herbert McDowell writes from Fresno that he has been elected to the State Legislature by a majority of one thousand votes over his opponent. The Redwood extends its sincere congratulations and rejoices in this latest success of one of Santa Clara's sons.

Mr. McDowell is associated with the law firm of Harris & Hayhurst of Fresno. He reports that two of his Santa Clara classmates, Mr. M. E. Griffith and Frank A. Willey, are success-

fully practising law in Fresno under the firm name of Harris, Johnson, Willey and Griffith. They are anxious to form a Santa Clara Alumni club in Fresno, and promise their co-operation in such an undertaking.

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**Ex '19** It was our pleasure to greet Earl Desmond during his visit to the old stamping ground Sunday, the first of November. Rather a delightful occasion for Earl, as he points out with considerable pride his favorite spots on the campus during happy college days to his wife of a day, for just the previous morning Earl and Miss Edna Nichols were united in marriage at St. Ignatius Church, San Francisco, by Rev. Richard A. Gleeson, S. J. Congratulations, Mr. Desmond.

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**Ex '19** Mirabile Dictu! We have it on sound authority that Tracey Gaffey has deserted the ranks of the bachelors, having been married in Mary, Star of the Sea Church, San Pedro, November 8th. "Pope" was the master mind of all things savoring of comedy and pranks among the students.

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**Ex '20** From somewhere in Wilmington, California, comes a note informing us that all is well with Frank and Tom Connealey. Frank writes that although business affairs have demanded his every minute, still it

must be known, he says, that he has never and will never forget the wonderful place. He also tells us that Dr. Justin F. Gibson, dentist, a student here in '14, has offices and an enviable practice in Los Angeles. The Connealey boys are in business in the Southland, whence reports of a creditable nature have been received by us regarding their successes.

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**'20** A letter from Rudy Scholz, written in Lyons, is self-explanatory:

"I sure have been on the go. Just returned from touring Germany, and am going to Italy after the game here Sunday, and Switzerland the following week. Have seen the battlefields and all else interesting, and this is the first time I have had a chance to write since we won the rugby championship. About the game. It started at 5 p. m., (time here for all big matches), and there was a crowd of about 20,000 present, despite the fact that it was raining. At a council of war we decided that because the ground was wet and slippery and the ball likewise, we would make it a forward game. The French tried a backfield game and they lost, although they were fast. The slippery ball and field proved their undoing. Our forwards outweighed the French easily and Bob Slater was a wonder in the lineouts, as was Mahoney, Fish and Tilden. We

in the backfield didn't have one passing rush, but our defense was superb, and Templeton didn't have one tackle to make. Those from Santa Clara in the final lineup were Fitzpatrick, O'Neill, Muldoon and myself. Bill Muldoon and Winston did not play. Score end of first half 0-0. Middle of second half our forwards dribbled to the French's ten-yard line and then we marked a kick directly in front of the goal and Templeton put it over, 3-0. Latter part of second half we dribbled to their five-yard line, and when the French first-five fumbled, Hunter picked it up and fell over the line. Converted. Final score, 8-0."

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Monday morning, October  
**Ex '23** 27th, the Students' Chapel was the setting for the wedding of Miss Eileen Martinna Daly and Mr. George R. Harney. Father Sullivan performed the ceremony before an altar decorated with chrysanthemums and greens by friends of the bride and groom. Miss Catherine Yeager was the bridesmaid and Mr. Emmet Daly, '23, attended the groom. "Dick" Harney was a student here last year, but this year registered at the Hopkins Art Institute in San Francisco. The couple will reside at Newman, Cal., where "Dick" has a responsible position in the Newman Bank.

Fred J. Moran, '22.

Charles F. Daly, '24.



## **Fordham**

One of the first visitors to our Sanctum this month was the Fordham Monthly. (Fordham University, Fordham, New York.) The short story "Way Up" possesses a novel plot, well developed. We found it longer than need be and the ending not entirely to taste. In "A Disastrous Enclosure" the plot puzzled us for a while, but when we grasped it, we found the story and its handling above the ordinary. We are willing to assume responsibility for our slowness in the case.

"State Authority and the Smith Towner Idea" is an excellent exposition of a timely and important topic. The diction is well chosen and the ideas, while not original, are well brought out, and constitute a convincing argument of the present unconstitutionality of the bill, and of the danger consequent on such a measure should the constitution be amended to allow it. The practical value of elocution is eloquently defended by the author of "The Missing Link," a title which is somewhat misleading. "Wild Ducks" contains some first rate descriptive passages. In

fact we were almost led to drop our leaky Waterman and hie us to the marshes with our trusty old hammerlock; but a cursory glance at the poetry which is generously sprinkled throughout the Fordham made us decide to remain at our desk and indulge in a journey to the dizzy heights of intellectuality there promised us.

The verse is really unusually good. "Inspiration," "Until the Dawn," and "To the North Wind" deserve special credit for their splendid imagery and naturalness. We are really sorry to leave you, Fordham. Yours is a publication to be proud of.

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## **Collegian**

Though not measuring up to the high literary standard set by the Fordham, "The Collegian" (St. Mary's College, Oakland) attracted us with its neat cover and concise and well arranged contents.

The first article to catch our critical eye was "Ethics of the Hunger Strike". This is certainly a much mooted question just now and we would like to



have seen a more exhaustive discussion of the topic. Brevity also marks the other articles.

The single attempt at narrative, "Burnt", possesses a rather improbable plot, but the conversation introduced gives promise of talent. The poetry is mostly of the filler variety, of which "A Thought", is perhaps the best.

### Duquesne Monthly

From smoky Pittsburgh comes the Duquesne Monthly. A goodly portion of the reading material is devoted to "Our Drive" for a greater Duquesne. The campaign is evidently well organized and certainly has our hearty wishes for complete success.

The verse is not of the highest order. "Duquesne", the new college song, may be excepted however, for it has a pleasing swing and good meter.

It was in vain that we searched about for a short story or an attempt at one. It seems to us that a magazine without a few narrative pieces is not balanced; undoubtedly this deficiency will be corrected in succeeding issues. A reading of the essays quickly expelled any thoughts which may have secretly possessed us regarding the lack of literary talent in Duquesne, for we found "Advantages and Disadvantages of Organized Labor" to be not only a very common sense article, but well written also. The concluding paragraph is a good summary of the essay. "If labor has attained its ideals and purposes by organization,—and it cannot

be doubted—then organization is an immense advantage. But when their ideals and purposes are not obtained, or when they are sought by illegitimate means, then the organization using such means is not advantageous and should be discouraged." "How Shall the Needy World be Sated?" and well handled departments comprise the rest of the contents.

### Occident

It was with interest and satisfaction that we read the pages of the Occident, the monthly visitor from our big neighbor in Berkeley, Cal. Our interest was doubly aroused on seeing the names of two former contributors to the Redwood—one an editor—in the table of contents. The ex-editor is Buckley McGurrin and the contributor Kevin Casey. "The Dancing Girls of Tilbro," by Kevin Casey, holds the interest to the end; the conversation is spontaneous and the plot is advanced skilfully by its clever use. The humor is genuine and not overdone. In fact it struck us that the story is as good as many we have read over the names of professional writers. The two other stories are likewise of a high literary quality, although "The Curve of Happiness", has the fault of leaving the reader in doubt at the end.

The verse "Sayonara", by Buckley McGurrin, is an excellent example of compression. The unique, suggestive quality of the lines is quite striking. The same qualities, to which we may

add a wealth of color and imagery, are found in "Seeking and Finding Not".

"Some Traditions at the University of California" makes interesting reading, and "Japan and Japan", written

in a racy style, gives us a glimpse of life in a Japanese city. Several well written editorials and reviews conclude this issue of the Occident.

Martin M. Murphy, '22.

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## Home

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There is a love in the hearts of men

No years can mar, no sorrow crush,

Limned by the poet with his pen

And by the painter with his brush

How many the homes the wide world o'er!

And each is blessed with memories sweet.

But of them all, on any shore

There's only one our true hearts greet.

—John M. Murphy, '24.

Cheer up, Murph. Thanksgiving's here and Christmas is coming.

# The God of the Gridiron

(SERVICE TAKE NOTICE)

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I AM the God of the Gridiron  
To my laurels but Men can aspire;  
None but the strongest and bravest  
Feel the thrill of my burning fire.

Send me your strong and your youthful,  
To my goal lines but few e'er arrive;  
Though many are plunged in my caldron,  
Only those who are fit can survive.

My creed is pitiless as Judgment,  
It is always the gold that I take;  
Send not your weakling nor coward,  
For either I make or I break.

My chosen are brave and are tireless,  
Made of grit and of nerve to the core,  
They play on my fields of glory  
As their ancestors fought of yore.

I am the God of the Gridiron,  
This is my deathless song;  
Forever I sing through the nation,  
Forever my game goes on.

CHARLES F. DALY, '24.







*Preps*



*Midgets*



# ATHLETICS

Old King Football held undisputed sway during the month of October and "ye olde pepper ean" was sure spilled within the precincts of the Santa Clara Campus. All that could be heard was football.

The herculean task of putting on the field in the American game a team that could uphold Santa Clara's rugby reputation, and to do so with only a few rugby men as a nucleus was considered by many as quite impossible.

The difficulties Coach Harmon had to overcome in his first year are too well known to be again recounted. Suffice it to say that at the end of the first year, his team was "hitting on all six" and by the time the season was over the people realized that a new team had sprung up, that from thence on was to be fighting for its place in the sun, a team that the other coast colleges might well watch out for.

Such was the state of affairs that heralded Santa Clara's second year at the game of football. The initial turnout witnessed the presence of eight of last year's letter men, a good percentage of 1919's second string, and a large number of new hopeful aspirants.

After a two weeks gruelling siege of training our first real test came when we engaged the widely advertised team of the Olympic Club, whose personnel included many former university and all American men. After the clouds of battle had been dispelled, Santa Clara was seen leaving the field with the game stowed away.

After the Olympic Club game the team again settled down to the old grind, in anticipation of the game against California on October 2. The Olympic Club in the meantime had been trimmed by California to the tune of 21 to 0. Two of the touchdowns were of a decidedly lucky order. After the people and the press got it through their respective heads that the Missionites had a team worthy of any opponent's steel, they began to sit up and take notice of the team which had within the short space of one year fulfilled the predictions of the dopesters. Everything seemed to point to a terrific battle when the teams would take the field on the first Saturday of October, and many columns were written by the San Francisco sporting writers concerning the merits and shortcomings of the

two. Advance estimates placed the expected crowd at 12,000 to 15,000. But here the old dames that are supposed to watch over our destinies, threw a monkey wrench into the machinery, in the shape of an epidemic. It broke out the early part of the week of the game.

"Fat" Ferrario, our 1919 captain, seemed to be the pace maker. His illness was considered nothing more than a cold and sore throat. Riley, Jackson and Mahony joined our portly one in the Infirmary, and the sickness took on an entirely new aspect. More gloom was dispensed, when on the following day, Baker, Captain Manelli, Pecarovich and Carroll were taken down and ordered to bed by the doctor. By Tuesday morning twelve men of the Varsity squad were bed-ridden, and the prospects for the game became more and more remote. Hope however was not given up, and practice was held by the handful of men who were left, in case the rest of the team might be up and in condition on the following Saturday. When however Thursday rolled around and the majority of the team were still in the Infirmary, and three of them had taken a turn for the worse and had to be taken to the Sanatorium, there was but one thing left to do. The California game was cancelled.

This cancellation was much to be regretted. From the sporting standpoint it would have been a thriller. Moreover there is not the least doubt that this game would have been a great

financial success, and would have placed the money end of 1920 football well on the credit side of the ledger. California had not another open date on her schedule.

"It never rains but it pours", some worldly wise philosopher once said, and the immediate consequence of our failure to play California was the necessity of calling off the Multanomah game in Portland. The guarantee did not quite cover expenses and it was felt this would entail a further loss. James B. O'Connor endeavored to arrange a game with some southern school, but without success. Another game under advisement was one with Whitman at Walla Walla for the middle of November.

As we go to press we learn that this game is not possible. Whitman offered us a guarantee of \$2250 and wanted the same of us in California in 1921.

After all had recovered from sickness, preparations had to be made for receiving Davis Farm in a manner befitting Santa Clara's reputation. Coach Harmon had once tutored the Farmers in the fundamentals of football and he seemed willing to show them he was still in the game.

### **Santa Clara 19**

### **Davis Farm 0**

The game was played on a slippery field, owing to a heavy down pour of rain on the preceding night, and was a bit listless during the early part on account of neither team being able to handle the wet ball with any degree of certainty. There was no scoring in the

first half although the Red and White repeatedly rushed the ball within striking distance, only to lose the ball when within a few feet of the line. The Aggies displayed a smashing attack in the opening minutes, but they seemed to lose the drive before the first half was completed. Their style of play was quite novel to the Santa Clara cohorts, as they used the old style tandem formation. Early in the third quarter the Varsity started unlimbering their "big bertha's" in the shape of off tackles plunges by Needles and Baker, and split bucks by Cochrane. "Fat" Ferrario contributed to the joy of the proceedings by obligingly blocking one of the Farmer's punts, and by shaking a mean pair of ankles, succeeded in tucking the ball in his ribs before any of the enemy were aware of his depredations. The ball was then rushed over the goal line by a succession of line plunges, Needles occupying the stellar role. A right end run by Baker did the dirty work. The second touchdown was also made by pursuing the same relentless hammering of the Davis line, Neary carrying the ball over from the two yard line on a quarter back buck through center. Both attempts at goal after touchdown were missed, and the score at the beginning of the fourth quarter stood Santa Clara 12, Davis 0. The fourth quarter witnessed a desperate struggle by Davis to score, but all their efforts were futile, the line performing yeoman service in repulsing their advances. Santa Clara in the

meantime was figuratively "making hay while the sun shone" and succeeded in amassing another six points by the copious use of the inevitable line plunges, and a beautiful forward pass from Baker to Evans. Evans in order to make the occasion more joyous added another point by kicking the ball between the uprights for the seventh and final point of the game. The Varsity played football throughout the afternoon, everybody showing up to good advantage, Needles, Baker, Ferrario and Flaherty, probably contributing the best football on the Santa Clara side.

After the eradication of Davis the atmosphere cleared and the stage was set for Stanford on October 23. This game made good copy for all the City papers, and it was accorded more space than a presidential election. A path was worn by the scribes in front of the coach's door, in an effort to get the real "low down" on the matinee. Everything was hustle and bustle on the campus, everyone was trying to outdo his neighbor in contributing to the success of the game. The Engineers devoted their time and energy to erecting a pyre, the yell leaders had their crew of "leather lungs" practicing daily, the grounds were being manicured to a queen's taste by Student Manager Argenti and his hard working helpers "Ham" and "Rags". All the signs pointed to a gala day in the history of Santa Clara.

The dope as dispensed in the various



sport papers, presaged a victory for the Santa Clara cohorts. For on comparative scores the Mission institution had an edge on the Palo Alto school. The Olympic Club had vanquished Stanford, while earlier in the season the clubmen had been beaten by Santa Clara. But right here "Old Man Jinx" that had dogged the squad's footsteps all season, thought it time to put in an appearance again. Tackle Flaherty was successfully protested by Stanford on the ground that he was a transfer man. While we were weakened, Stanford was strengthened by the addition of Righter and Patriek, two of last year's mainstays, who had just returned from Olympic games in France.

The morning of the game dawned clear and sparkling, with just a little zip in the air, but toward noon the sun was beating down with more than its ordinary fervor. The crowd started to gather shortly after one o'clock, and every imaginable vehicle from an old time horse shay to the latest limousine could be seen wending its way from the Alameda to the scene of activities. By three o'clock every inch of available space from the front of Senior Hall to the railroad station was occupied by countless Fords and automobiles. Around the outside of the playing field were packed automobiles as tightly as they could be sandwiched in. Long before the game started the "Standing Room Only" sign had to be put out.

When the plane swooped down from the sky and dropped the football on the

field, a crowd estimated at 10,000, the largest that ever attended an athletic contest at Santa Clara, waited with bated breath for the festivities to commence. The gray leather trimmed sweaters of the Prune Pickers and the cardinal sweaters of the Palo Altans lined up for the kick-off. Evans sent the ball into the waiting arms of a Stanford backfield man and the game was on.

### **The Game, Play by Play.**

**George L. Haneberg, '23.**

Stanford won the toss and chose to receive with stiff wind at her back.

Evans kicked off for Santa Clara to Stanford's 30 yard line. Patriek for Stanford returns ball fifteen yards. Stanford punts to Santa Clara's ten yard line. Cochrane receives ball. Santa Clara punts on first down. Stanford returns to Santa Clara's twenty yard line.

Stanford makes two yards through right tackle. Line buck for another two yards. Right end run—no gain. Forward pass incomplete. Santa Clara gets ball.

Santa Clara around left end—no gain. Baker punts. Stanford receives ball on Santa Clara forty yard line.

Stanford gains four yards through guard. Loses six yards on left end run—tackled by Ferrario. Forward pass by Stanford, caught by Pelouse, nets 20 yards. No gain for Stanford through line. Stanford left end run—no gain. Forward pass netting 20 yards places

ball on Santa Clara's four yard line. Patrick goes over through line after seven minutes of play. Campbell kicks goal.

### **Stanford 7, Santa Clara 0.**

Stanford kicks off.

Cochrane receives ball and returns it to 35 yard line. Santa Clara attempts play around left end. No gain. Baker gains 4 yards around right end. Baker punts to Stanford and Stanford returns ball to her own forty yard line.

Stanford thrown for 5 yard loss on fake punt. Stanford punts to Santa Clara 45 yard line, Cochrane returns the ball ten yards.

Baker makes right end run and gains three yards. Needles makes line buck for seven yards. First down. Neary makes run around left end for another ten yards. First down. Little rest for Stanford. Needles carries ball around left end for eight yards. Cochrane makes line buck for one yard. Santa Clara makes yardage, on Neary's five yard gain. First down. Needles around left end for three yards. Baker around right end for four yards. Santa Clara—no gain. Baker fails in drop kick. Stanford punts from twenty yard line. Santa Clara returns two yards. Santa Clara makes no yardage around left end. Baker punts to Stanford and it is brought back to 40 yard line.

Stanford punts back to Santa Clara's 30 yard line. Baker around right end and no gain. Santa Clara punts back to Stanford on their forty yard line.

Stanford takes ball for fifteen yards around left end.

First Quarter—Ball on Santa Clara forty-five yard line.

Score—Stanford 7, Santa Clara 0.

Stanford's ball. Stanford around right end—thrown for three yard loss. Stanford makes one yard around right. Stanford attempts forward pass but fails. Stanford punts to Santa Clara twenty yard line. Baker kicks back to Stanford forty-five yard line. Ten yard penalty on Stanford. Stanford has ball on thirty-five yard line. Line buck by Stanford and no gain. Stanford kicks ball out side. Santa Clara gets ball at thirty yard line.

Santa Clara left end pushed back two yards. Line buck for five yards by Baker. Cochrane makes line buck for ten yards, placing ball on Stanford's ten yard line. First down. Santa Clara through line—one yard. Baker makes line buck for three yards. Needles off right tackle, two yards. Stanford man out. Santa Clara's ball between goal posts, fourth down, four to go. Santa Clara attempts pass on fake drop-kick formation. Fumble. Stanford recovers.

Stanford punts and Cochrane receives ball on fifty yard line.

Needles makes left end run for three yards. Right end run for one yard by Baker. Needles makes yardage. First down. Right end run by Baker for one yard. Left end run for two yards by Needles. Santa Clara attempts forward pass but fails. Evans field goal

from thirty-seven yard line, but fails, and Stanford gets ball. Kerekhoff makes spectacular tackle of Stanford man. Stanford punts and Baker gets ball on fifty yard line.

Right end run for three yards by Baker. Carroll takes Neary's place at quarter. Needles run off left end for one yard. Right end run by Carroll—pushed back for one yard. Baker punts ball for Santa Clara and Stanford makes twenty yard run—tackled by Ferrario.

Stanford punts ball to forty yard line.

Schall takes Ferrario's place. Schall punts to ten yard line and Stanford returns to twenty-five yard line. Arnett for Stanford tries left end run, but no yardage. Stanford punts ball to fifty yard line and Cochrane brings ball back to Stanford forty yard line. Stanford off side and penalized for five yards. Santa Clara ball on thirty-five yard line. Left end run by Needles for four yards. Forward pass by Santa Clara incomplete. Santa Clara attempts forward pass but intercepted. Stanford ball on their twenty-five yard line. Stanford makes left end run for five yards. Santa Clara penalized for five yards—off side. First down for Stanford.

Left end run for Stanford—thrown back for two yards. Stanford punts and Baker carries ball back to Santa Clara's forty-five yard line. Clarke replaces Carroll at quarter for Santa Clara. Schall punts. Stanford ball on their twenty yard line. Stanford punts to

Santa Clara fifty yard line and Cochrane receives. Santa Clara punts. Stanford has ball on their thirty-five yard line. Line buck for Stanford—no gain. Line buck by Stanford—makes two yards. Line buck and makes yardage. First down.

Murphy of Santa Clara replaces Di Fiore.

Stanford penalized fifteen yards. Patrick of Stanford makes left run for two yards from punt formation. Line buck and Stanford gains four yards. Stanford kicks to Cochrane. End of first half. Ball is on fifty yard line.

Score at end of first half—Stanford 7, Santa Clara 0.

Santa Clara starts second half with original line up.

Stanford kicks off to Needles who brings ball back to forty yard line. Center buck—no gain. Santa Clara penalized five yards. Cochrane line buck for five yards. Left end run by Neary—no gain. Baker kicks. Stanford's ball on thirty-five yard line. Line buck—no gain. Line buck, gains one yard. End run gains seven yards. Stanford kicks and Cochrane receives and returns to thirty yard line. Needles off left tackle for three yards. Baker off right tackle—no gain. Line buck—no gain. Baker kicks ball to twenty yard line. Stanford makes twenty yards around right end. Stanford makes three yards. Stanford makes line buck—no gain. Santa Clara is penalized ten yards. First down. Left end run by Stanford. Stanford makes five yards around right end. Forward

pass by Stanford, gaining 20 yards. First down. Line buck by Stanford making five yards. Through guard making three yards. Stanford makes yardage through right tackle. First down.

Stanford makes right end run for two yards. Left end run—two yards. Center buck by Stanford makes four yards. Through guard by Stanford, making yardage. First down. Left end run by Stanford making eight yards. Stanford goes over through line.

Crowley replaces Ferrario. Stanford kicks off and Santa Clara fumbles but retrieves on twenty yard line. Santa Clara kicks ball to R. Shlaudeman. Center buck by Stanford, making two yards. Center buck by Stanford—no yardage. Center buck by Stanford—no yardage. Center buck by Stanford—no yardage. Santa Clara's ball. Baker off right end, two yards. Needles off left end for four yards. Off right tackle by Needles—one yard. Baker off left tackle making first down. Cochrane on split buck, ten yards. First down. Baker makes four yards around right end. Neary off left end making four yards. Neary fumbles, but retrieves. Santa Clara makes no yardage on end play. Ball goes over. At end of third quarter ball is on twenty yard line.

Score—Stanford 14, Santa Clara 0.

Schall replaces Crowley. Carroll replaces Neary. Stanford kicks ball to Santa Clara. Santa Clara attempts right end run, Carroll—no yardage. Carroll makes right end run—loses two

yards. Santa Clara punt is blocked. Santa Clara recovers. Carroll makes left end run—gains two yards. Left end run by Needles making six yards. Carroll through center for first down. Needles makes six yards around left end. Right end run by Baker—no gain. Left end run by Needles, two yards. Schall punts to Stanford's ten yard line—fumbled and recovered by Stanford. Stanford makes six yards through right tackle. Stanford penalized five yards for off side. Split buck by Stanford nets twenty yards. First down for Stanford. Jackson replaces Noll.

Center buck by Stanford, gaining four yards. Center buck—no gain. Through right guard, making yardage. First down. Stanford tries split buck—no gain. Stanford makes split buck for five yards. Stanford makes center buck for first down. Stanford makes center buck for first down. Buck through left guard for first down. Off right tackle for four yards.

Center buck making two yards. Needles replaced by Bedolla.

Stanford through center for two yards. Off left tackle for first down. Right straight of way for touchdown. Goal kicked by Campbell.

Stanford kicks ball to Cochrane who returns twenty-three yards. Forward pass by Santa Clara incomplete. Same attempt. Forward pass from spread formation for twenty yards. Cochrane of Santa Clara, attempts forward pass, but fails. Spread formation. Forward



pass incomplete. Forward pass on spread formation to right. Santa Clara penalized for five yards—off side.

Spread formation forward pass, over center, incomplete. Schall punts ball for fifty yards. Stanford returns one yard. Stanford makes nothing through center. Stanford gains three yards off right. Stanford punts ball on third down for ten yards. Spread formation by Santa Clara—Cochrane to Bedolla, for twenty yards over center. Forward pass again, but incomplete. Forward pass over center, but incomplete. Baker punts to Stanford's two yard line. Stanford man fumbles it and Kerekhoff of Santa Clara, falls on ball over the line for a touchdown. Evans kicks goal.

Evans, Santa Clara, kicks off. Patrick brings it back eight yards. Stanford makes six yards through center. Stanford makes five yards through center. First down. Stanford makes one yard through center. R. Shlaudemman, Stanford, goes forty-five yards around right end. First down. Stanford makes three yards through center.

End of game. Score: Stanford 21, Santa Clara 7.

The line-up:

SANTA CLARA		STANFORD
Kerekhoff	L. E.	Pelouse
Manelli	L. T.	McAlpine
Di Fiore	L. G.	Cravens
Pecarovich	C.	Righter
Noll	R. G.	Deems
Ferrario	R. T.	Pershing
Evans	R. E.	Adams
Neary	Q. B.	Schlaudeman

SANTA CLARA		STANFORD
Needles	R. H.	Campbell
Baker	L. H.	Arnett
Cochrane	F. B.	Patrick

Braddock, referee; Huebel, umpire; Marx, head linesman.

\* \* \*

The result of the game was quite a shock to the Santa Clara following, students, Alumni, friends. They had come set for a win and it was hard to take defeat. More speculations have been offered for it than for the Cox reverse. In each case the fact stands. The regrettable part is that Santa Clara's schedule called for no major game between Oct. 23 and Nov. 25. This made it impossible for the Santa Clara team and supporters to prove what they believed, that their team was better than the Stanford game showed.

It is a difficult task to pick any stars on the Santa Clara side, but the players who deserve honorable mention are Jimmy Needles, Harold Cochrane, Snowy Baker and Porter Kerekhoff. The rest of the team, although not playing the spectacular game of these four men, showed the old Santa Clara fight, battling tooth and nail for every advantage. The backfield showed up best. But one fumble was made during the entire matinee. Too much praise cannot be given to Pecarovich's accurate passing, and Jim Neary's handling of the oval. The line was handicapped on account of being shifted at the last moment. In many plays, especially in the first half, Santa Clara's forwards

filtered through Stanford's interference and spilled the play for a loss. The guards, Noll, DiFiore, Murphy and Jackson had their heads up every minute, and they were always in evidence in every play that was shot through the line. Of the quartet Noll deserves the palm on all around playing. The tackles, Captain Manelli, Ferrario, Crowley and Schall, ripped many Stanford plays up throwing the opposing backs for losses. Ferrario contributed several nice tackles, and smeared the Stanford end runs quite consistently. Caesar Manelli played his usual steady game, and his speed in running down on punts was quite noteworthy. Ray Schall, he of the educated toe, helped the team out of several nice holes through his punting ability.

Cliff Crowley, the Butte Buzz-saw, during his brief stay in the game, played good ball. He opened up several nice holes through which the backfield made yardage, and the only punt he went down on, he dropped the opposing runner before he moved out of his tracks.

"Hoggie" Evans on the right wing, was a thorn in the side of the opposition, on the defensive, and his kick-offs were high and far, giving his teammates plenty of time to get under them. To "Andy" Kerckhoff on the left extremity, is to be given the credit for playing the best game of any man on the line, and his defensive work was one of the features of the battle. "Kirk" in this game was a "bear" on defense, repeatedly smashing Stanford's interfer-

ence and nailing the man with the ball. The quarters, Neary, Carroll and Clarke handled the ball faultlessly, and each contributed several nice runs, although they were hampered somewhat by the failure of the line to hold long enough for them to get started. Carroll, the best open field runner of the team, was particularly unlucky in this respect. Cochrane at full, scintillated on the offensive, and by his split backs and return of punts, proved himself the biggest ground gainer among the Santa Clara forces. Needles and "Snowy" Baker besides smashing the line, had to bear the brunt of Stanford's attack. The backing up of the line by Needles was of the highest order, and it can be said without fear of contradiction that without Jimmy behind the line the score might be much harder to look at than 21-7. It has been a rather difficult task to pick out the stars for this game, but in a close perusal of the conflict, it will be easily seen that the facts bear me out.

While we are handing out bouquets we cannot pass up our demon trainer, who has come the closest of any man to fulfilling Lydia Pinkham's boast of having a cure for every ill. Gus Peterson is the gentleman's name, the best trainer and one of the best sports Santa Clara has ever had the good luck to have.

The most criticized and least understood play of the game, was the fumble on the fake place kick when Santa Clara had the ball within Stanford's ten-yard line. The play as originally

intended was to be a direct pass from the center to Evans, who, instead of kicking the ball was to shoot a forward pass. The actual execution of the play did not work out in quite this manner, for instead of receiving the pass from the center Evans thought Neary, who was kneeling in front of him actually intended to catch the ball, whereas he was just trying to fake it in an effort to throw Stanford off her guard. It was then too late for Evans to get his hands down in time to receive the pass, and the result was a fumble which the Cardinals retrieved, and kicked out of danger. This play probably cost Santa Clara a touchdown, but it was excusable, and as luck would have it, the only fumble made by the Missionites, had to be made when it was so costly.

Another little incident at this time, which was not so generally known, but which proved more costly than the fumble, was the fact that the referee refused to allow a penalty to Santa Clara, even after it had been called to his attention. The penalty in question was when the ball was on our four yard line. Three Stanford men came on the field when one of their men took time out. The rule is that only one man from the side lines is allowed on the field of play at one time, and then only after reporting to the referee, and the penalty is fifteen yards. This would have placed the ball on the one yard line, and first down. By his refusal to allow this perfectly valid penalty, the referee certainly robbed Santa Clara of

a touchdown. His excuse was that the Stanford man was badly hurt.

When Stanford a week later defeated the University of Oregon team of Pasadena fame, and then took Washington in tow, Santa Clara felt heartened. It eases our loss for us.

John A. Logan, '22.

### **Hooligans vs. Mare Island Sailors.**

On Sunday, Nov. 7, the Hooligans journeyed to Vallejo to tackle the Mare Island Sailors. These sailors had beaten the California "Goofs" by a decisive score. Owing to the fact that the boat left at 9:45 and the train reached the city at 9:50, the team arrived at Mare Island in a Crowley tug just in time to take dinner and to play the game. The Petty Officer's mess made a few of the fellows groggy for the first quarter, but didn't keep them from fighting. The team lined up: Crowe, center; Miller and Lewis, guards; Murphy and Crowley, tackles; Logan and Bannon (capt.), ends; Carroll, quarter; Riley and Bedolla, halves, and Pigg, full back.

Just as the teams ran out it began to rain. The first half offered a series of punts. The Mare Island team, outweighing the "Hooligans" 10 lbs. to a man, would rush the ball into dangerous territory and then "Vie" Pigg would boot the pigskin for so many white lines that looking at them all at once blurred the spectator's vision. Once or twice Santa Clara threatened the Sailor's goal but the "Gobs" held.

A drop kick was missed by about five yards. The half ended 0 to 0.

In the second half the defense weakened and the Sailors bucked the ball over for the first touchdown. In the last quarter a fumble gave the Sailors a chance to bring the ball within scoring distance. A pass, which one of the "Hooligans" hit, but which lit in a "Gob's" hands gave them their final score. The game ended: Sailors 14, Hooligans 0.

The substitutions were: 1st half: Mahoney for Miller; last half: Mahoney for Miller; Clarke for Bedolla.

Crowley starred for the Hooligans.

John H. Connell, '22.

### **Santa Clara Reserves vs. Stanford Reserves.**

The Reserves, or the Hooligans, as they prefer to be called, landed in the winning columns on Armistice Day, November 11, by defeating the Stanford second varsity at Reed Field, San Jose, by the score of 23 to 0. Five thousand people saw the game.

Stanford kicked off and the Reserves ran back the punt about 20 yards. As soon as they came into possession of the muchly sought pill, Coach Harmon's charges gained yard after yard until they were in the shadow of the Cardinal goal posts. The boys came through with flying colors at this critical moment and half back Fred Riley went over for the first tally. Quarter back Don Clarke kicked goal. After some classy playing on the part of the Hooligans and a lot of useless kicking

by Stanford the whistle blew and the first half was over.

Stanford kicked off again and took the ball up the field for a number of good gains. All was in readiness for the Palo Alto boys to score when the unexpected occurred and the holiday crowd were treated to a sight that is more often read about than actually witnessed. Half back "Turk" Bedolla intercepted a forward pass and jaunted merrily down the field with a half dozen Stanford men hot on his trail. A little interference and some skillful dodging put "Turk" out of harm's way and the Red and White had scored a second time. Bedolla covered in all 90 yards in one of the longest runs ever seen in this neck of the woods. Once again Clarke shot the pill clean through the sticks.

Santa Clara's phenomenal kicker, Victor Pigg, came through in fine shape and completely justified the confidence that has been placed in him. "Vic" made good with a bang and gave the Reserves their third score by booting a goal from the 25 yard line. This made the score 17 to 0 in our favor. At this juncture of the proceedings "Ole Jupe Pluvius" deigned to favor the assembled mob with his moist presence and as a result the field soon resembled a spot in No Man's Land. The spectators refused to be daunted by a little rain, however, and saw the game to a finish. Carroll went in at quarter in place of Clarke and that diminutive individual started right away to make things warm for the Cardinal gang. By



means of a few end runs and some powerful line bucks little Carroll managed to reach the Stanford line to make the last tally of the day. Ray Schall failed to convert. When the whistle blew our second stringers had the ball five yards from the enemy's line.

It was a peculiar game in that every man on our team was a real star. Don Clarke featured at quarter; so did Carroll. Fred Riley was in his element at full, as was Bedolla. Captain Bannon was the last word at the end, and, oh, I could mention the whole bunch, but space won't permit. However, there was one lad in the game for whom every member of the Student Body, from the smallest kid among the Midgets to the biggest man in college, was pulling in unison. That man was "Red" Flaherty, than whom as a right tackle it is hard to find a better. "Red" was denied a chance to play in the big game on a technicality, and he certainly secured revenge on those Stanford Seconds. He was in every play and a great part of the victory can be attributed to him.

To quote Coach Harmon, "You may call them Hooligans. I call them football players."

Hooligans.		Stanford
Crowe	C.	Jarvis
Miller, Mahoney	R. G.	Nelson
Flaherty	R. T.	Wayland
Logan	R. E.	Larson
Lewis, Hogan	L. G.	McCoom
Murphy	L. T.	Pollard
Bannon, Reddy	L. E.	Fullerton

Hooligans.		Stanford
Bedolla	L. H. B.	Culp
Riley	R. H. B.	Kraft
Pigg, Schall	F. B.	Sproul
Clarke, Carroll	Q. B.	Mertz

### FRESHMAN

An effort was made early in October to organize a strictly Freshman football team, but proved abortive. The initiative came from members of the class themselves. They voted to consider only Freshmen eligible and only those Freshmen who had not been in a Varsity game. There was a magnificent turnout, but difficulties lay in the way in the shape of lack of equipment and lack of a coach. These in the end destroyed a very deserving attempt.

On October 11 the Freshmen met and lost to the College of the Pacific Varsity by the score of 9 to 0. The game brought out the fact that there was human material for a team and that they had the fight, but lacked the experience and training which only games and a coach can give.

Those who played in the game were Anderson and Daly, ends; Duff and Ryan, tackles; Lettunich and Ford, guards; Comer, center; O'Brien, quarterback (Capt.); Carey and McCauley, halfbacks, and Hardeman, fullback.

Charles R. Boden, '23.

### PREP NOTES

Several weeks ago Fr. Fabris, capable moderator of Midget activities, set forth with some of his charges resolved to find a suitable hunting ground for

his warriors. With the aid of several men from the Engineering Department he had soon rejuvenated the once rocky field confronting the Administration Building and at the end of three days presented a gridiron worthy of any eleven to the thankful Midgets and Preps.

The latter aggregation, although prepared to the final letter and "rarin' t' go", had hitherto been unable to obtain games to fill its early season schedule. Last Tuesday, however, they flocked to the varsity field and tangled cleats with San Jose High team.

The San Joseans, but a week previously, had tied Mt. View for the championship of the Peninsula by a 7 to 7 score.

Though the Preps were outweighed at the least five pounds to the man it was soon evident that the brand of football they displayed was entirely foreign to their opponents. Five of the six passes attempted by the Santa Clarans were completed. Their interference on end runs, which were the main issue of the day, was the cause of much ground gaining.

In the very start of the game San Jose, after having things their own way for a few minutes, lost the ball on downs and from then on the game was safely in the hands of the Preps. The first tally was hung up in the initial quarter when, after "Ox" Whitfield ran within four yards of the goal line, Nolan carried the ball for the remain-

ing distance. McEneany failed to kick goal. Touchdown number two resulted in the following quarter when, after passes were completed to Temple and McEneany, the Preps again bucked their way over the whitewash. Score at end of first half, Preps 13, San Jose 0.

In the second half Quarterback McEneany, following perfect interference, carried the ball to a score. Captain George Malley completed a pass and advanced the indicator a bit further. Then deeming it fit and proper to make it the end of a perfect day, Jack Haley, Prep tackle, gathered up a fumble and stepped off the distance of sixty yards to a touchdown. Score at end of game, Preps, 33; San Jose, 0.

The outstanding players of the Preps were "Ox" Whitfield, left half-back, Capt. George Malley, who got in some nasty defensive work, and Quarterback McEneany. Jack Haley and Leo Noek featured in the line. For San Jose little Capt. Woods stood head and shoulders above his teammates, oftentimes running back the ball for 30 and 40.

Next Sunday the Preps will receive a real test when they bump up against the Ft. Miley soldiers. Capt. Malley is also angling for a game with University School from San Francisco. So far, so good, Preps. Let's keep it up.

A game was started with Santa Clara High—started, I say,—but in the early part of the third quarter the visitors, from lack of substitutes, were forced

to withdraw from the field leaving a score of 52 to 0. Whose favor? Oh, Oscar, don't be foolish!

The lineup is as follows: Malley and Temple, ends; Haley and Karam, tackles; Nock and Martin, guards; Rhonstadt, center; McEneany, quarterback; Whitfield and Nolan, halves; Tim Burns, full.

### THE MIDGETS

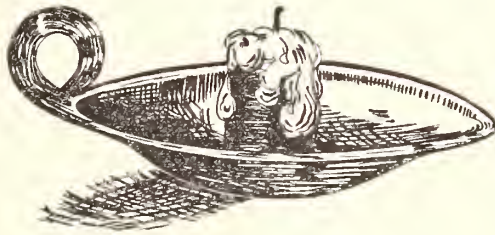
"Let me at 'em, Coach!" That spirited Midget team has the battle cry that has made them winners. Hardly had they been organized about the middle of September when they journeyed northward to line up against the second team of Palo Alto High. The favorable 12-0 score was the beginning of their conquest. The following week the Santa Clara High School Seconds found them a powerful adversary and before the final whistle the score stood 52-0. Then the Palo Alto eleven, breathing fury and vengeance, arrived a week later to even matters. They were disappointed to the 13-0 degree. The next game was the preliminary of the Stanford-Varsity game. The Santa Clara High School's first team minus two or three giants, took the stage with our boys. In the last quarter, played between the Varsity's halves, the Midgets played in A1 form. This day saw the Midgets victorious again—score 38-0. So far the team had tallied 115 points against its opponents and had yet to see an opponent cross its line.

It seemed that Midget fame had gone abroad, for about this time a challenge appeared from distant Centerville whilst growlings from St. Ignatius in San Francisco were faintly borne hither from out the fog. To Centerville the team now turned its attention and to Centerville it shortly journeyed. The challenge had come from the second team of the high school, but to their surprise they arrived to find the first team arrayed in stalwart rank before them. Explanations from the principal followed, to wit: the smaller boys had written without his knowledge; had not been in practice long enough, etc. In the end it was up to the Midgets to travel back home disappointed or try the big fellows. A hasty council of war was held. Should they claim a forfeit and let it go at that? Should they risk their "no score" record in a game played out of their class? But they had come to play a game and play a game they would! Coach "Mike" Pecarovich settled it. "Let's go, Bunch! We'll get them!" Mike's proteges played them inch for inch, and at the end of the first half the score read 0-0. But in the second act the breaks went against the Midgets twice and what should have been a tie game ended 14-0 in favor of Centerville. This was the first time that the Midgets had met an opposition strong enough to make them show their "stuff". Where the boys had been hiding that terrific punch and speed, it is hard to say.

Probably desperation developed it that day on Centerville field. This much is certain—the youngsters have it and know how to deliver it. Their coach was more delighted with seeing the boys show such football caliber than

he was sorry to see them go down to their first defeat. At present two games are being arranged, one with St. Ignatius' 130 pound team and one or two with San Jose High's second team.

Lloyd B. Nolan, H. S., '21.





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## A Christmas Carol


---

'TIS a Radiant Babe in chill Poverty's crib,  
Whom sweet Mary and Joseph revere ;  
And Benevolent Faith chants His praises devout,  
Mid angelical symphonies clear.

'Tis a Rapturous Babe with arms tenderly stretched,  
To win Mary's caresses benign ;  
And Compassionate Hope, long adoring the Child,  
Close enfolds the Redeemer Divine.

'Tis a Reverend Babe, 'tis Divinity's Son,  
Whom Immaculate Mary adores ;  
And Affectionate Charity venerates Him,  
Thus cast from the heavenly shores.

GEORGE W. RYAN, 21







# The Redwood

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## Habits, Virtues and Education

Harold J. Cashin, '21.



HABIT, in the sense of ordinary speech has a most wide and varied significance. We speak of the drug habit, the cigarette habit, the liquor habit, the habit of getting up early, the habit of being prompt, the habit of swearing, the habit of going to church, the habits of foreign races—in short, we term practically anything a habit which is in the nature of an aptitude or inclination for some action acquired by frequent repetition, and showing itself in increased perfection or decreased power of resistance.

The Ethicist, though he somewhat restricts the meaning of the term, does not depart from the general idea of habit. He defines it as a quality difficult to change whereby an agent whose nature it was to work one way or another indeterminately, is disposed easily and readily at will to follow this or that particular line of action. Per-

haps a simpler definition is: "A habit is any quality whereby an agent who is by nature indifferent to a certain course of action or to the opposite course, comes to be permanently inclined to one course rather than the other."

From the definition it is apparent that, as the agent must be capable of acting in two different ways, an agent which must act in one way only is not strictly susceptible to habits. It is evident then that the forces of inanimate nature, the lifeless objects of everyday experience, are incapable of habits. The sun does not shine brighter today for having shone yesterday, and millions of years before yesterday. The wind does not whistle louder from its experience of ages, nor does the sea dash higher. The falling body falls with the same acceleration it has always possessed and no amount of repetition will give it greater facility. It is

true that some inanimate things may take form more readily for doing so often or continually: a piece of iron may become more and more magnetized, a revolving sphere may gradually revolve more perfectly, a river may run more smoothly as the years go by. These things, however, are in no sense habits. They are merely causes where, by the accumulation of small effects the old powers act under new material conditions. The sphere, from continual revolution may wear off its corners or imperfections; the river may wear for itself a more perfect channel; but in neither case is there any dependence on a will in the exercise, which is one of the essential elements of habit in the ethical definition of the term.

A habit, therefore, is essentially a living thing which, though it is not absolutely independent of material conditions, is primarily a thing usable at will. It is not controlled or governed by material things. It is controlled by the will of the agent, and depends in its action on the free choice of the agent.

This being true, many so-called habits are not strictly habits at all. We speak of the "bad-habit" of taking food too rapidly, or of smoking cigarettes. These things may or may not be habits, depending on what part the will plays in their action. In many cases they are strictly habits at their inception but become mere mechanical processes with the passage of time, wherein the will plays no part.

Habit should be distinguished in Ethics from several other terms somewhat

similar in meaning. First of all, habit differs from "disposition". Disposition is a merely temporary mood, a "frame of mind", to use the colloquial. Habit on the other hand is a part of character. One may have a disposition for good humor at some time, but good-humoredness is the habit, and it is very different from the passing fit of temporary pleasantness.

Habit should likewise be distinguished from "facility" or "power". Power enables one to act. Thus man has the power to use his organs of speech, to move his limbs. But it is through habit that he acquires facility in speech and ability to walk. The difference is especially evident in the case of a young baby. If a bright colored ball is placed before the child, the brightness causes sensations in its optic nerves, but instead of the simple movement of reaching, which the thoughtless might expect, we will perceive aimless movements in a large number of the muscles. The face will wrinkle, the hands open and close, arms and legs jerk. More than likely the child will cry. If the ball is brought in touch with the hand, the muscles will involuntarily clutch for it. The child perceives the sensation, enjoys it, and on a second trial voluntarily endeavors to clutch the ball. Thus the movements, at first diffused and meaningless, become after a time more perfect. The power of moving the fingers becomes by habit the ability to grasp.

We should also distinguish between

habit and custom. Custom makes the habit, but in itself it is not habit for it does not imply any skill or special facility. One may have the custom of early rising and may rise daily at "six-ten" for nine months, and still, without any effort whatever he may permanently change the hour of rising to correspond with the custom of other surroundings.

Due largely to heredity and circumstances different persons acquire habits with different degrees of ease and permanence. The conformation of the body, the native temper, in fact, what is called "nature" helps in determining the habits of men. One person is more adapted by nature to literary pursuits, another to mechanics, another to athletics, and so on, and habits are formed accordingly.

"Efficiency", the cry of modern business methods, is based primarily on habit formation. The "Efficiency Expert" has a multitude of little things to be done regularly in a particular manner at a definite time. By the continual repetition of these acts, the doer is able to perform them with remarkable ease and little effort. The same is true with all habits; the formation of habits is an efficient method of saving oneself unessential labor. One acts as he has become habituated unless under some special motive from without or special effort from within. He avoids the necessity of making up his mind anew with every action and he is ruled by his habits.

This saving of unnecessary effort is the chief aim of education. Education is in fact nothing but well-ordered habit formation. Just as we have noticed that with the very small child a disordered power of moving the limbs becomes by habit formation the ability to walk, so do the various powers of mind and body in every individual attain their usefulness through the formation of habits. The word education itself portrays this perfectly. In derivation it comes from "e-duco" meaning to lead out, and education is essentially a leading out of ones powers, and not, as is so commonly understood, a driving-in of facts. Everyone has certain powers of mind and body which, without habit formation, are as disordered as the powers of the baby we have considered. The aim of all education is the systematic formation of useful habits. It may be the child practising on the piano; at first he labors painfully to pound out a five-finger scale; soon he is playing a simple waltz, the pride of his parents and the agony of visitors and neighbors; finally he renders the difficult sonata or perhaps intricate symphony, the triumph of habit formation in using his fingers and reading music. Or it may be the athlete: at first his only merit is ambition and possibly he is derided by onlookers for his awkwardness; gradually tedious practice gives him ease and grace; finally he is the accomplished athlete, the pride of his college and the idol of the grandstand.



Not that every individual's different natural gifts of mind and body play no part in the ultimate product, for it is common knowledge that no amount of study will make a poet any more than any amount of abuse will discourage a natural poet. It is certainly true however, that every man, whether genius or merely human, is what he is according to the habits he has formed.

We have now determined the nature of habits as that whereby an agent whose nature it was to act in one way or another indeterminately, is disposed easily and readily at will to follow this or that particular line of action. It remains to determine the relation between habits and the moral virtues, which is after all the Ethicist's only interest in habits.

Virtue, from the viewpoint of ethics, is a man's habit of moral good, and vice, the contrary, is his habit of doing moral evil. By doing moral good, we mean doing that which it befits his rational nature to do. Virtue and vice do not lie in isolated acts of the agent. One good act does not make a man virtuous, nor one bad act make him vicious. Virtue and vice are strictly habits according to the definition of habit we have determined. The virtuous man has done many acts of virtue; it has become a part of his nature to do good, and the contrary action does violence to him. To act morally, on the other hand, does not harmonize with the nature of the vicious man. By repeated acts he has conformed his nature to acts

of vice, and a good action then does him violence.

Virtue and vice, therefore, are habits in the strictest sense of the term, that is, the will, an agent whose nature it was to work one way or another indeterminately is disposed easily and readily to follow a line of action which is morally good or morally evil.

Virtues are distinguished as intellectual and moral. Intellectual habits induce acts of the intellect, and give one facility in doing a good act. Moral habits, however, not only give one facility, but actually induce one to put the facility into use. If there were not temptations, nor passions, nor appetites, intellectual habits alone would be sufficient. The intellect cannot contradict itself. But as there are in this world fits of passion, and as sensitive appetites sway the will, prompting it to act against what the intellect knows to be the true good of man, there is need of the moral virtues to restrain these powers from breaking away from their natural allegiance and disobeying the understanding.

Moral virtue is therefore the habit of doing the right thing in the conduct of the will and government of the passions; doing right as opposed to overdoing it or underdoing it. We may fail by excess as well as by defect, and the course of virtue lies somewhere between. It is the taking of that which it suits a rational nature to desire, and throwing aside that which is not suitable.

ble. Moral virtue is the habit of acting in the mean, which is that line of conduct leading directly to the good end and failing neither by excess or defect. Aristotle formulated his famous definition of moral virtue thus: "The habit

of fixing the choice in the golden mean in relation to ourselves, defined by reason as a prudent man would define it."

Education which slights these principles and truths, to that extent fails as education.

---

## The Morn

---

In the cold and bleak December  
With the dark clouds hanging low  
Comes the pelting rain the hardest,—  
Rain and sleet and driving snow.

In this dark and gloomy weather  
Yet in contrast do we hear  
Sleigh bells ringing o'er the country,  
Ringing out the Christmas cheer.

'Round the fire-place on the evening  
'Fore the day when Christ was born,  
Gifts are hung for little children  
That great joy may mark the morn.

But amid this joy and laughter,  
When our spirits all are gay,  
Do we stop and think and ponder?—  
Christ our Lord was born this day.

—George E. Carey, '24.

# On the Lookout Trail

Raymond M. Schall, '23.



AS the purple shadows from the mountains were casting their spell of solitude over the trail, a man who was slinking his way along from turn to turn, gave a sigh of relief. These shadows meant night,—night with its mantle of darkness and its aid to the hunted creature. Now that the ever-clutching fear of being seen and recognized was somewhat allayed, the man gazed at his surroundings in awe, almost forgetting what had forced him here.

As far as his eye could see swept mammoth mountain ranges covered with lofty pines. They fought their way heavenward from among the tangled underbrush as if each were trying to outdo its neighbor in sturdiness and height; each stretched out its limbs as if in an effort to win a special blessing from Nature, as if to reach the ever distant sky.

A short distance ahead a large, castle-like rock jutted out from the side of the mountain, and around this rock the trail passed from view. A little to the left lay a fallen pine, once a monarch among its companions, left to wither and decay, just as a man who had been a leader in life is left to memories and is soon forgotten.

At this point the mountain drops ab-

ruptly thousands of feet and in the distance a small valley could be seen. Here and there dotting the valley were green fields of corn that bespoke the presence of cultivation. At the upper end of the valley the mountains came together to form what appeared to be an impassable barrier, but which was in reality a gateway for a small stream that wended its way through the trees.

Near this gateway arose above the trees a column of smoke lazily curling itself into fantastical shapes. Upon perceiving the smoke the man remembered his position and the mantle of desperation descended upon him.

As he was about to pass on, a voice full of friendliness, but still with a touch of firmness, addressed him from a point near the top of the rock.

"Stop! don't go a step farther. You are the man I am looking for."

With a start the fugitive looked up and beheld a man on the rock, garbed in the habit of a forest ranger. Across his arm lay a rifle, carelessly it seemed, but with the muzzle pointed toward his breast.

"I received word today to be on the look out for you, as you were reported to be headed this way," the ranger was saying. "I call this rock 'Lookout Rock' for from it I can see over all this side of the range. I've had my eye on

you ever since you crossed the divide."

Down he came from the rock and when he came up to his prisoner, added, "We might as well be going. It's getting late and the missus is waiting supper."

As they walked along, the fugitive in the lead, the ranger was humming to himself, but in the hunted man's heart there was no room for music. Dejection was written on his face. Caught! The word meant to him the opening of the prison gates, the going back to all that he had tried to escape.

After what seemed to him eternity, they arrived at a cabin from whose interior floated forth a sweet melody. Upon their approach the singing ceased and a woman appeared in the doorway. Her face was beautiful to behold, not so much a physical beauty, as the beauty that is inspired by happiness and contentment.

"George," she exclaimed, "I'm glad you're back." Then when she caught sight of the prisoner, a shadow crossed her face. She knew why he was there.

"And this is Christmas," she murmured.

On entering the cabin the ranger turned to his prisoner. "This is Christmas," he said, "and I expect you've forgotten what that word means. But if you will give me your word of honor that you will not try to escape I will consider you my guest, not my prisoner. We will have Christmas as it should be, a day of happiness."

"Christmas! Christmas!" the prisoner muttered as if it were a new word

to him. "Yes, it has been many years since I have had a Christmas and I will give you my word that I won't try to escape."

"The missus" had been preparing the dinner while they were descending the trail and within a short time the prisoner was partaking of a meal the like of which he had not faced in many years. When they had eaten and some of the fear had left the prisoner's face the ranger called him over to the huge fireplace, they sat down before the blazing logs as they cast grotesque shadows about the room and sent forth a cheery warmth that soon melted all reserve.

"Now my friend," for all men were his friends until they proved themselves otherwise, "tell me about yourself."

"There is not much to tell," answered the prisoner. "It's an old story. I came from a good family and had all the advantages that a man could desire, but I was of a roving disposition and inclined to be a little wild. One night my chum got into trouble and I was blamed. He had left the country and I had no defence. They convicted me and I was sent to prison. I escaped, I had to escape. It was killing me. When you send me back it will be to my death. I have never heard from my friend, and I don't know where he is, but if he knew I was suffering for his wrong-doing he would come and free me."

The ranger sat silently for a long time absorbed in his own reflections.



Finally rising and knocking the ashes from his pipe he turned to the prisoner.

"I believe you," he said. "And it's hard to have to take you back tomorrow. There is nothing that I can say that will lessen your burden. Try anyway to keep up your spirits and perhaps your friend will come and release you."

That night, for the first time in many years, the man slept in a clean soft bed and the unwonted kindness he had met with so lessened the torturing thoughts of returning to prison that he soon dropped off to sleep.

During the night it had snowed and with the coming of day the valley lay under a soft robe of white. All about the branches of the trees straining under their newly acquired burden presented a picture that only Nature, the master painter, can produce. The towering mountains, high above the valley, seemed to melt into the sky and one could barely distinguish between the white of each. Far up their sides the trees began to diminish in size until they looked like dwarfs in fairyland and spoke to all of the fruitlessness of a fight against nature.

A hearty breakfast prepared the ranger and his prisoner for their journey, and the growing light revealed a changed expression on the prisoner's face, a change from dejection to hope. The ranger turned to his wife, "I'll be back about nine tonight. Don't worry, dear."

His wife answered him with a kiss and to the prisoner she extended her hand and said, "You will always be welcome here. Come and see us sometime. Good-bye."

The journey was made without trouble for the snow was not deep enough to obstruct the trail. There was no conversation. The prisoner was deep in thought, and the ranger, realizing, did not disturb him.

As they drew near, the ranger stopped. "I have been thinking that if you go in alone, and give yourself up, you may get off sooner. Good-bye. When you're through, come and see us."

"Good-bye and God bless you," came the thick answer. "I can face them now and see the finish." Each turned and was on his way. From a distance the ranger watched and saw him straighten up as he approached. With head erect he entered the prison gates.

One year later, at Christmas, a man was walking along the trail near "The Lookout". He stopped as a voice from above addressed him.

"Stop; don't go a step farther," it boomed heartily. "I've been expecting you ever since I heard you were pardoned. Come, my friend. Christmas dinner is waiting."

Again they descended the trail. The man, no longer a prisoner, again in the lead. The ranger was humming a song, but in the man's heart the strains now struck responsive chords. He had come into his own, he was free, free to face the world and work out his destiny.

## Raine Bennett '10

---



RAINE BENNETT was a member of the 1910 Class at Santa Clara and later attended Stanford University. On leaving college he became Editor of the San Francisco "Wasp", was also on the staff of the "Chronicle" and in July, 1916, started the "Bohemia". The contributing editors were Jack London, George Sterling, Henry A. Lafler, Richard Bret Harte, Clark Ashton Smith and Peter B. Kyne.

In June, 1918, due to the war, "Bohemia" expired, but it is Bennett's intention to revive it next year.

A few months ago (May) he published his first book of poems, "After The Day" (The Stratford Co., Boston). A second volume of poems will appear in the near future. He has written several dramas, and as a Californian, has the distinction of being the first dramatist of his state, to achieve the production of a manuscript at the Greek Theatre of the University of California ("The Talisman"—first played at the Forest Theatre, at Carmel). His play "The South Sea Idol", made a very decided "hit" when staged at the Columbia Theatre, San Francisco.

George Douglas, Literary Editor of

the S. F. "Chronicle", speaking of "After the Day" says: "Whatever the reader may discover in the poetry of Raine Bennett, he cannot fail to recognize a pronounced individuality and a singular aptitude for dramatic expression. In the detail of form Bennett is not conventional, but his unconventionality in manner is the result of a symphonic cast of mind rather than the pose of a deliberate rebel. Sometimes he appears to be merely improvising with words, but in a few moments we have caught the central theme and are amazed at its magnetic sincerity."

The "Crystal Gazers" pictures the Prophet—a young man, the Philosopher an old one. They are discovered at curtain rise, gazing at once into a larger crystal globe. The young man speaks rapidly. He is buoyant with hope, and the joy of living. The old man is melancholy, septic, pessimistic. He speaks slowly, in brooding vein. The lights are mystical and low. A slight ray shines from somewhere on the globe, across it, or from within. The young man appears in the white robes of a Prophet; the old man is attired in the dark folds of a Philosopher.

"Crystal Gazers" was written expressly for the "Redwood".

# Crystal Gazers

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By RAINE BENNETT, '10

## PHILOSOPHER :

If I were asked  
The meaning of my life,  
I would say ;

To pass a length of years  
Imposed on me  
By the tissue  
Of an unsought body---

Making it necessary to survive,  
Season on season  
An ebb and flow  
Of things against my Will.

Contact with people, enduring  
The must of crowds ; creeds, and the heedless  
Strife of these.

To go, undreamed and undreaming  
Through the drear mists of our morasse  
Finding nothing fair, nor light, nor lustre  
Within the miasmic drip  
Of Destiny.

To hunger, to thirst always  
For the unattainable---  
Tearing the veils, revealing the hypocrisies,  
Searching ever

For the true, and  
Finding it never.

Fruits fall. The beasts,  
And birds of air  
Each, after its own exceeding choice,  
Speeds a slight cycle  
To obscurest end.

I shall meet my loneliest, last day,  
The hour at twilight, tolled by Fate  
The one for which I have travelled years  
Across the solitudes of prayer---

And when Death  
With dark mendacity  
Lays his bone-cold hand on me---

I shall smile  
For the first, and last time.

#### PROPHET :

If I were asked  
The meaning of my life,  
I would say :

Kind faces ; sunshine,  
And the Spring's voice in a valley !

I would say, too,  
The pride of strutting my small role  
In the fine drama of Mankind,  
Heeding the players, and pantomime  
To the last region  
Of encompassed Thought.



There is no month  
Without its inference  
Of fair winds, and the wild theme  
That is Nature. All sounds  
Are joyful, all silences grandiloquent---  
And Space is a purple pathway  
Of spheres rejoicing !

I will look  
On every day  
As an expression of  
Young happiness, romping  
Somewhere in the world ;  
I will know that merriment  
Is silver, and that gold  
Is man's content ; I shall go  
Abroad with laughter  
In my heart, and a gleam  
In the eyes of my Soul :

The hours shall be for play  
Which is labor ; and the nights  
Shall smolder in dreams  
By the flame of a thousand fancies . . . .

My prayer  
Shall captivate one bird after another,  
Becoming their song ;  
They may not feather it to the winds, behold,  
For it leaps in melody from their throats---  
Filling with light the clouds of dawn  
And the dales  
Of the laughing years !

PHILOSOPHER :

When awake---  
Ah, surely  
These may not all  
Abound the garden of your Life!

PROPHET :

But I am enraptured  
To know  
The sun is shining  
Somewhere,  
And that the moon somewhere  
Is mildly mating shadows . . . .

PHILOSOPHER :

After this manner  
You would have the years  
Rolled into one, vast oratorio---  
Lifting with hymnal exultation  
The paltry deeds of men.

PROPHET :

Mine own time  
Shall improvise a prelude, rising  
From a heart in the westering sunset  
To that farther Voice  
Heard by the matin stars.

# How New is the West

Henry E. Baker '23.



THE East is old and the West new. The East has its Pilgrims' Rock, its Carpenter's Hall and its myriad of other monuments and reminders of the past. But here in the "New" West, stretching like the beads of a mighty rosary:

"From the fair Sonoma foothills

South to San Diego Bay

Streams the road the Padres builded

And called the King's Highway."

From within the crumbling adobe walls of the California Missions comes an appeal less stirring, but more persuasive and resistless than even that which issued from the brazen throat of the Liberty Bell. It gently reminds us of an accomplishment far greater than that of the Pilgrims or the Jamestown settlers. They, with fire and sword subdued the warlike tribes of aborigines who opposed their settlement and then established themselves as absolute rulers of their new-found land. The founding of the Missions however, presents an entirely different picture.

While our ancestors were busily engaged in freeing themselves from the British yoke, a solitary brown-robed "padre", armed with the Cross, slowly plodded northward from San Diego.

It is doubtful if ever in the history of the world there was a more degraded or ignorant race of people than the California Indians, yet within the space of few years Father Serra and his intrepid band raised them from their miserable state. He taught them the finer and the useful arts and with their help built the chain of Missions which add so much to the picturesqueness of California. These are now the silent reminders of an achievement which is so unique in numberless respects and which is one of the greatest of monuments to superhuman patience and self-sacrifice.

In many instances these old landmarks have fallen into ruin and decay but one of the best preserved is Mission San Gabriel, located a few miles from Los Angeles.

As I was attending Holy Mass there one Sunday morning I witnessed a contrast which brought a thought to my mind rather strongly and which in turn suggested another contrast.

The old pepper and eucalyptus trees which surround the Mission Church were dreamy with the hum of bees. A faint breeze barely stirred the leaves in the vine-covered arbors of the Campo Santo, wherein lie buried those who

have toiled "faithfully and well". The droning of the bees, broken here and there by the shrill notes of birds, drifted in continually to the worshipers within the church.

Mass was going on at the main altar and a solemn hush pervaded the sacred place. Softly and clearly the old priest sang, "*Per omnia saecula saeculorum*", and after a slight pause, from the rear of the church came the quiet response of the choir.

The wax tapers on the altar shed an unsteady light on the old hand-carved statues, dressed, as was the Spanish custom, in clothes richly embroidered with gold and silver thread. These statues were brought across the Atlantic when the Missions were in their glory and San Gabriel, the "flower of them all". The faint light fell upon the gold-encrusted vestments of the priest and cast weird shadows of the kneeling acolytes upon the tiled floor of the sanctuary.

Upon these self-same tiles had trodden the sandaled feet of the first padres as they assisted at, or celebrated, the same sacrifice which is still ours to revere.

The congregation was rapt in humble adoration and all was peace and quiet.

\* \* \* \* \*

The shrill, drawn out blast of a whistle; a deep distant rumbling which increased into a mighty roar; the clanging of a bell; the regular, thunderous, jarring, soul-stirring reverberations of the mighty engine of the "California

Limited" as it passed within a few paces of the door of the church rudely snatched me from my meditation. Its tremendous and sudden onrush reminded me that we are living in a mighty age of machinery, of commercialism and industry, which spends only a very small portion of its time in the pursuance of simplicity and quiet.

The train growled on with a hiss of escaping steam and the groaning of heavily laden cars, eager to link the East and West and, like a juggernaut, ready to crush anything in its path without in the least checking its mad pace.

Finally, with a last screech of its whistle and a dying rumble of wheels it passed and was gone, leaving me to collect my scattered thoughts as best I might. But listen! Out of the vanishing chaos, clear and strong, like the notes of the sweet-toned Mission bells, came again the chant of the choir, "*Dignum et justum est*" and from the altar, "*Vere dignum at justum est*". I recalled my meditation and remembered that like many before me I had witnessed anew an age-old conflict. That of the present with the traditions and the sublimities of the past in which conflict, unequal at times, the present in its haste pushes on and the beauty and the simplicity remain in odd corners, gentle reminders of the glories that are gone and prophets of a nobler future.

For almost fifteen decades there has been enacted in this same "Forum" the



great pageant of the Democracy of the Church.

Here, side by side, the rich man and the poor, the white man and the red, "peon" and patriarch, the gay "senorita" and the sad-eyed "senora", "nino" and "viejo", have been joyfully baptized, happily married and sorrowfully laid away to rest. All these things have taken place within the shadows of those moss-grown adobe walls which, down through all the years, have listened to the war-cry of the Indian, and the innocent babble of children, to the noise of drunken carousals and the whispered words of the prayerful.

I was sitting where, in days gone by, probably a dashing "caballero" had sat and listened as I had—not to the rumble of a train, but to the rattle of an ox-cart, a noise probably just as discon-

certing to him in those days as that of the train was to me. During the time between his distraction and mine many things have happened. The mode of travel has changed from the burro and ox-cart to the train and the aeroplane. The mode of dress is no longer the embroidered coat and breeches and the wide-brimmed "sombbrero", but the more conservative three-piece suit and the hat or cap. Speech, dress, travel, building, and even the modes of living have changed, but throughout all, constant and unchanging, day after day, despite the disturbances in the outside world, the Church has continued on in the even tenor of its way and remained the same. Father Serra said the same Mass in the same way as it was being said when I heard the train pass and my mind reverted to a time whose other features had gone forever.



## The Ballad of the South Fork

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Y age-old song rings sharp and clear  
From myriad gurgling falls;  
I fill the green with murm'rous sound  
And stir its silent walls.

When early dawn with golden touch  
Begins my morning matins,  
I east aside the cloak of night  
For suit of silv'ry satins.

Neath noon-day sun high in the blue,  
Supreme in all the land,  
My laughing rushing waters foam  
In daneing silver o'er the sand.

Sweet Hesper in the peaeeful eve  
Is mirrored in my waters,  
And twinkling from my pensive pools  
Are the pale Moon's twinkling daughters

E'en though the peaks be capped with snow  
And the highlands bitter eold,  
Eternal summer garbs my banks  
With flowery robes of gold.

I am the stream of Perfect life,  
Of life hard fought by man;  
I whisper soft and low the song  
Of Hope in Memory's van.

And as my roaring rapid tide  
Pours on to pools all fair,  
So does the troubled life of Youth  
Find Peace at last in prayer.

—Charles F. Daly, '24.

# Football—The Educated Man's Game

Martin M. Murphy, '22.



LAD in harness and mail, and lumbering a little in their gait, eleven husky college men trot out upon the gridiron looking fit and eager for the fray, while a crowd echoes thunderous encouragement from brazen throats. From the least unit of the colorful group in the bleacher section to the most dignified college professor in the grandstand, it is distinctly an educated crowd, and contemplating the complete array, spectators and performers, the question may be asked: Is Football the educated man's game?

Without hesitating we may answer that football is the game of the man educated and being educated, just as bull fighting is the pet diversion of the peon, "nubian golf" of the negro, and baseball and boxing the sports of the masses. Being, then, the game of the educated man, we may further inquire: Is football accidentally or necessarily, the educated man's game?

There are many reasons why football is played in high school, college and university, and not elsewhere. In the first place, football can never be a game of the masses because of the financial outlay necessary to equip a team. An

elaborate set of paraphernalia, including jerseys and headgears, shoes, well-padded pants, stockings, shoulder harness, dummies, and the like is needed before the game can be played with any degree of safety or skill. Then of course a coach, who is without exception an educated man and who commands a high salary, is a "sine qua non" of a successful team. For baseball, our great national pastime, any sand-lot not containing too many tin cans is the breeding place of future stars. A few players, a few gloves, a bat, a cork-centered pellet, and presto—the game is on. Not so with the college game. There must be an elaborate gridiron properly marked with yard lines, regulation goal posts must decorate the extremities, and the playing field must be free from any obstructions that might cause injury to the players, for after all football is not a mollycoddle's game and one must expect to occasionally "hit the dirt". This element of danger, too, must necessarily deter many from joining any team which has not a trainer or is not in a position to enforce training rules.

Because of these accidental conditions then, it is patently out of the question to develop a multitude of star players

outside of high school or college. Even in the large athletic clubs practically the only other place where football teams are found, the players are largely college men for the reason that they are the only men who know the game and therefore the only material available.

It is evident that accidental circumstances, at least, make football the game of the educated man, and practically exclude the sport from commercial ventures. But are there necessary reasons why the football player must belong to the "educated" class, or is he a football player merely because he has been exposed to education?

Accidental circumstances largely influence the restriction of the game's devotees to a particular class, but there are other causes which seem to militate against the enlargement of the circle of gridiron enthusiasts. A good football player must have brains. In football there must be a nice articulation of human beings into a sort of corporation in which each plays his most strenuous part with the neatness and delicacy of a cog or piston. The cool, calculating strategy and the fine points of generalship of the player who runs the team are perceived only by expert witnesses of the game. The quarterback is a driver with ten steeds, but he must put his shoulder to the wheel as constantly as they; he is an organist who must touch many keys and pull many stops, his mind full of his repertoire of plays and yet able at any moment to meet

an unlooked for situation; he must spare his own men and yet send their weight against men in the opposing line no matter how much they may try to conceal their symptoms. Such complicated duties require an intellect not only possessing in abundance native acumen and sagacity, but one sharpened, developed and broadened by years of persevering study.

Nor does the responsibility fall altogether on the quarterback. The other players are by no means mere masses of weight which must follow implicit instructions. Each of them must diagnose the coming play; each of them must sway with the rhythm of the contest, original, and yet always adaptable in a dozen directions, heated with the rush of the conflict and yet cool with the discipline of the rules. Given a team of untutored lumberjacks on the one side and a light, but brainy college team for opposition, and the result is evident. Brain will undoubtedly humble brawn.

But baseball too requires knowledge and skill. Equipment, training and brains alone do not make football the game of the college and not of the populace. There must be some other element. Perhaps it is that something which pervades the campus of high school, college and university under the name of "spirit". After all, the motive of honor and glory is greater in most people than the desire for money. Putting aside the obstacles of training, equipment and "brains", there will al-



ways be the element of danger to detract from the work of the professional player. In the average man, life and a complete bodily organism is far dearer than lucre; but is it dearer to the college man than the glory of his Alma Mater? Visions of a clean white room and a pretty attendant hold no attractions for the money-seeker, but watch the college player. Down the field he ploughs with the pigskin under his arm. Directly in front of him is his opponent charging in on him head-on like a mad bull. There is no hesitating. As they near one another both put every ounce of energy into their pace, then—clash! And with the click of a bear-trap the two go down in a heap. No thought of danger there. It is all for Alma Mater, and who thinks of injury? After watching club teams play this becomes even more apparent, for though the players are skilful, strong, and gifted with more than ordinary courage and fight still—well, they're only a club team.

The audience, too, must possess this spirit. At the games there are inevitably two groups of spectators violently and enthusiastically and often boisterously partisan. Like two machines each closely united in a common "drive" for one of the contending teams to win, they sway back and forth as the tide of battle sways. On both sides are the splashes of color ever associated with football, as the rival rooting sections valiantly flaunt their banners at each other. There is and must be this com-

munity of sentiment among the watchers as among the players on the field. They too must sway with the rhythm of organized cheering. Like the players too, they fix their attention not so much upon the brilliance of the individual moment or episode as upon the coherence and solidarity of the entire undertaking; and such a crowd, possessed with such a spirit cannot be found outside the ranks of the erudite.

And lastly comes the question of sportsmanship. Where, but in college can be found that elevating good-natured but tense and hard rivalry, that spirit that can receive a blow with a smile, and that after the game will acknowledge openly and frankly that the better team won? The spirit of "*bonne camaraderie*" does not and cannot in the very nature of things exist elsewhere as it does among the various bodies of undergraduates throughout the country. The discipline, mental and physical, which the student must undergo enables him to always live up to the high code which the "God of the Gridiron" indelibly imprints upon his legion of sons. This code has been well lived up to wherever football is played, from the greatest university even to the most humble institution of learning, and it is my firm belief that among the vast educated concourse of the followers of the greatest game in America today there is not one but will heartily ascribe to a faith in this tenet, enunciated by the poet, and willingly consent to act in ac-

cordance with its high standard of true sportsmanship.

"And when the One Great Scorer comes

To mark against our name,  
He marks not that you won or lost,  
But how you played the game."

## The Right to Salvage

George D. Paneera, '22.



HERE was something almost humorous in the deliberate movements of the sad-eyed, little, old doctor as his unbalanced mind directed him on his imaginary calls.

For many years the townspeople had watched Dr. McConnell draw old Nellie up to a gradual halt before their gates, which act necessitated the piling of approximately six yards of surplus reins at his feet, had seen him climb stiff-leggedly out of the vehicle, reach mechanically for the tie-rope with the large, weighty disc at one end and the patent snap at the other.

It was a gracious act of Providence that the queer old man in his ridiculous redingote-a-cherche creation of years gone by, should depart perfectly satisfied after engaging in a chat with the good housewife for a few brief moments or being permitted to administer to some minor childish ailment.

Late one afternoon as dusk fell over the little village, the aged practitioner turned about and started homeward through the first swirling flakes of a gentle snowfall that seemed solicitously bent on hiding the ugly world beneath a soft blanket of immaculate white.

How cold the little cottage seemed tonight as the white-haired physician shuffled across the threshold. Soon a crackling fire was leaping on the hearth and he settled back in the cozy depths of his favorite chair to enjoy its glorious warmth.

Slowly the care-worn, troubled eyes moved in a sweeping glance across the room until within his range of vision fell the calendar. A striking discovery sends a momentary rigid tension through the relaxed form. Hatred flames in the weary blue eyes and the talon-like fingers fiendishly grip the arm-rests to steady his trembling body, while his voice, scarcely audible, rasps

through his shut teeth, "Christmas Eve, Faugh!—A sham on humanity! There is no God, I say!—there is no God;—'S all superstition!"

How he hated Christmas Eve of all nights in the year. How he dreaded to be alone. Christmas Eve, when memories sacred, memories tragic, memories joyful all come back with a rush to plague or content the lonely mind of beggar and king alike.

Oh! it was impossible now to avoid being enveloped in a rush of recollections—recollections that were a thousand screeching demons to his tormented mind, come to vividly recall the story of his own dismal life, the living of which had been a colossal failure.

Forty years ago—how fresh the time was in his mind! Ah! yes; it was forty years ago, but always regardless of time and place, he found it impossible to forget the fatal night when he had returned from his office to find the little home wrapped in a deathly stillness; and even before reading the folded note conveniently placed beneath his study lamp he intuitively understood that Laura had gone out of his life, perhaps forever.

Still indelibly imprinted on his mind were the written words blotched with scalding tears; "My heart is broken," the note read; "I love you Robert—always, but I cannot remain with a man who knows no God.

Your broken-hearted Laura."

"She did not understand," he moaned. "I am right! It is a living

lie—a monstrous superstition and I—I am an iconoclast. If there is a God, why did he suffer my father to be torn and mangled to death even as my poor mother shrieked her appeal to Heaven to spare him?"

He was only a little boy at that time, but remembered well the appalling days that followed. He did not realize then that the mother who clutched him to her breast and sobbed over and over again, "There is no God, Robert, there is no God!" was a mad woman far beyond the aid of human skill.

Somehow the little heart revolted at the idea of accepting his mother's atheism for always the visionary antithetical figure of the "Man on the Cross" came to the childish mind to give lie to his mother's utterance.

A day came presently when a hushed silence pervaded the house and a woman in white uniform followed a strange man with a black grip, into the confines of his mother's room and something seemed to tell him that his mother was going away—forever.

During the nocturnal hours his little, terror-filled heart cried out to the "Man on the Cross" not to take his mother from him; but when he was awakened on the morning following by a gentle hand stroke across his forehead and found himself gazing into the benignant, old features of Fr. Romley, the parish priest, it was unnecessary for the good padre to tell him his mother had gone during the night.

Time passed. The blackest memories lived. He branded all Christians as fools and hypocrites. If a God existed he could not—would not—permit all this sorrow and misery to descend upon a helpless little boy.

Again he recalled his struggle for existence;—it was not a beautiful story. In the beginning it was rather the account of an ill-used orphan in a charity institution, and later, of a struggling medical student, shunned by his fellows, because of his vehement declarations of atheism coming seemingly from the very depths of his heart. Thus in his cynical doctrine of non-belief he turned his back on the Christian world, and laid the foundation for a life of sordid discontent and unavoidable sorrows.

Laura had been a good wife; he could never forget her,—never cease longing for her return. But, after all, she was misled, a Christian, and this mad, nonsensical belief had taken her from him—broken up his life.

“Laura, Laura!” the decrepit, old man moaned half aloud, as the irrepressible tears coursed down his pale, wrinkled, old cheeks, “I want you, Laura; Oh; how I want you!”

Long into the night the mad, broken-hearted figure sobbed and shook with grief, heedless of the dying fire and biting cold creeping in, until at last the hour was at hand when the mythical, white-haired, old man hitches his reindeer to his heavily laden sleigh and snapping his whip in gleeful anticipa-

tion, starts through this universe of tiny mortals on his mission of happiness.

“What was that?” demanded the aroused doctor starting up, “someone called my name—but no;” he broke off sinking back. “It is only the wind and my ragged nerves playing havoc with my mind.”

“But, yes, there it is again!—the same voice; I heard it plainly.” He was on his feet in an instant and throwing the door open peered into the silent night.

No one was in sight. He was about to re-enter, a forlorn, dejected figure, when a sheet of paper fluttered across the wind-swept porch. He snatched it up in fiendish greed, not unlike a miser clutching his pieces of gold, and bore it into the room. There is handwriting on it. With difficulty he reads: “Follow the Priest.”

A thousand conflicting emotions rush through the flighty mind. “Follow the Priest,” he murmurs aloud. Little caring, nor understanding why, he finds his way into the street guided by a seemingly irresistible something within him. And there not forty yards ahead, trudged a bent, old figure in clerical robes.

“Follow! Follow!” raced through the infidel’s brain, and powerless to resist, the idea came to possess his frenzied mind—became his master, and he fell into the wake of the shuffling, old priest—and follow he must.

Midnight mass was just over at St.



Anthony's as the unconscious guide, followed by the atheist, entered the empty temple of God.

The old doctor hesitates a moment, as the aged father is swallowed up in the shadows of the dimly illumined corridors, and then with hasty decision turns to retreat, a blasphemous oath racing to his lips because of his foolhardiness, but again he hesitates and wheels at the sound of footfalls in the silent church to see a woman stagger and fall into an inert heap.

Immediately he is the professional man—the doctor with his patient. Quickly he kneels beside her and sweeps the worn shawl from her sweet, old face.

Slowly, very slowly, she manifests signs of regaining consciousness and he hears her broken voice murmur, "God have mercy on me for my doubt of You,—but Oh! how I've prayed and hoped You would bring my Robert back to me."

The color has fled from the doctor's face, the nostrils become dilated and his breath comes in gasps as he brushes a cold heavy hand across his dazed eyes. Something snaps in his brain and the smoldering embers of reason burst

into a brilliant flame of understanding. "Laura!" he sobs. "My Laura!"

"Oh! Robert! Robert!—I knew God would answer my prayers."

"God have mercy on me," breathed the man in a voice husky with emotion as he drew the frail woman to him in a fierce embrace.

Together they kneel in prayer, unashamed of the hot tears that stream down their worn faces.

At last they turn to leave. At the church entrance a placard tacked to the wall arrests the doctor's attention; he strains his eyes to read a simple announcement:

"Follow the Priest"

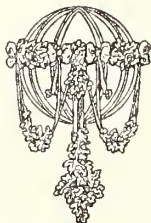
Offered by the Women of the Parish

On Christmas Day

Homeless Children's Benefit.

He draws a sheet of paper from his pocket and smooths its crumpled surface. Again he reads: "Follow the Priest." Half expectant he turns it over and smiles in complete understanding, as he finds there the placard's message verbatim.

"No one is an atheist at heart," he said to himself. "My mind has followed a lie."



# Guide

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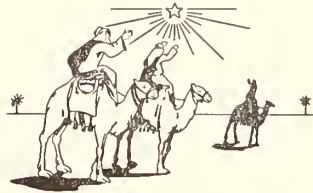


NATURE clad in white,  
Greets her king:  
Men with heads bowed down  
His praises sing;  
Over all shines one bright star,  
Guides the wise men from afar;  
Gifts they bring.

Men have come and gone  
With the years,  
Each with memories  
Of joy or tears;  
Many nations rose and fell:  
Great or small all feel the spell.  
Cold death nears!

Death! We need the light,—  
Christmastide.  
Lo! With brightened rays  
God bids there ride  
Thwart the sky of Faith, a star.  
Beckon men from near and far!  
Truly guide!

—Harold P. Maloney, '23.



# Petroleum

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G. William de Koch, '21.



NATURE has indeed been kind to America and has endowed her with a wealth of resources seemingly inexhaustible. This seeming abundance has led to serious results and this unfortunately in the most important of her natural resources, petroleum. As a characteristic of a young nation we spend and spend much too recklessly. Fortunately, however, we are a young nation and circumstances have developed that have brought us to realize while there is yet a remedy.

Up to the time of the petroleum shortage last April, the average person considered our mineral resources, if he considered them at all, as an inexhaustible bank of sand from which he could dig and dig away endlessly. So men well up on the condition of affairs, seeing no end to the mad rush of reckless squandering, pulled in the reins, and almost by force made the public realize that a resource so valuable, was not to be squandered any longer.

The late war has forced the world to see the extent to which modern advance depends and will depend more and more on mineral resources. It likewise proved that standing singular among these mineral resources as a base for

advance stands petroleum, that mystic fluid that has become of inestimable value to society as an essential to its present organization.

We hear the word petroleum so very often that it has become a byword. But how few know what it really means, where it comes from, how it comes to be, and especially what it really means to modern civilization!

Crude petroleum as every one knows, is an oily substance. It is a mixture of very many organic compounds, chiefly hydrocarbons, that is compounds in which the hydrogen and oxygen atoms are found in different combinations. These combinations seem to be present by the hundred as well as substances containing oxygens, nitrogen and sulphur.

How petroleum really comes to be has been a question much debated. Today two theories seem important, the organic and inorganic.

The organic theory, though challenged freely, is being held more and more strongly by scientists. The organic theory calls for a chemical process that is aided by a living organism such as bacteria, decomposing vegetable or animal matter. The chemical analysis of petroleum aids this theory very greatly, in that hydrogen, nitrogen,

sulphur and oxygen are necessary for the living organisms that are supposed to be present. Moreover, experimentation shows that organic products subjected to heat and pressure yield oily substances similar indeed to petroleum.

It seems reasonable to think that petroleum is in the main of organic origin, and is the product of the natural distillation of plants and animals buried in mud, swamps and seas.

As one wanders over the world he finds huge rocks and geological formations covering vast areas of the earth's crust that are nothing more or less than the accumulation of bones and shell matter, hardened to rock by the processes of nature. These rocks are nothing more than the decomposition of ordinary marine life, such as oysters, corals, mollusks and fish of all descriptions.

Likewise there exist foraminifera, marine animals, minute organisms which furnish perfect matter for oil. Thousands of years ago they existed in vast quantities, for beds hundreds of feet thick have recently been uncovered.

The fossils of pre-historic land animals help this theory. These mastodons and huge beasts dying off were buried deep in earth, others perished in mud and swamps, and were packed away. Fossils that reveal these facts are found continually, and they are always a strong indication of petroleum. These once living organisms were packed away under pressure and heat and by pro-

cesses little understood, an oily substance was distilled and accumulated into pools and fields.

The vegetable theory brings to its support marine plants, land plants and diatoms. Along our own coast there exists enough seaweed to suggest that one time, ages past, there was a great accumulation on every sea. This plant alone, if properly distilled, is capable of yielding enormous quantities of oil. This is just one plant. How many thousands of marine plants have existed and exist that were and are capable of producing oil.

The coal theory is based on the fact that plants by certain conditions of heat and pressure turn into coal. Is it not also possible that similar beds of this material under different conditions of heat and pressure, instead of turning into coal, change into petroleum?

No one can doubt the fact that plants have all the constituents necessary to form oil. As for this, I can do no better than quote Mr. Green, the world-famed horticulturist: "If we only knew a method we could extract oil from thousands and thousands of plants; this oil if properly prepared, would relieve the shortage of oils along certain lines, such as for lubrication, illumination and even for locomotive purposes." He mentions that in India today, the English government is distilling over a million gallons of oil annually from a fruit, the product of the *Mahvia Bassia Latifolia* tree. The fluid has proved every bit as efficient



as gasoline and sells for 40 cents a gallon.

All of these substances, whether they be animal or plant or both, are first laid down in clays and sand, other layers of material are deposited on these, then other layers and so on, until a thick layer is formed.

The water and the upper layers of sediment protect the rapid oxidation and the consequent destruction. In time then, pressure, and the action of heat generated by some means, probably by the pressure of the overlying strata, cause distillation of the organic matter and this distillation forms petroleum.

The inorganic theory is purely chemical. Chemical experiments prove that carbides of iron and calcium and other elements, when coming in contact with water, produce hydrocarbons as found in petroleum. Also the action of water on limestone and gypsum produces hydrocarbons similar to those found in petroleum. The inorganic theories likewise depend on the action of pressure and heat.

Whatever the origin of the distillation, the distilled product gathers into pools or fields. How pools were first discovered no one really knows. We find what seem to be references to petroleum in the Old Testament and in the writings of all the ancient peoples.

The history is a long one. Purification of petroleum was done in the rough way, a rough distilling process was used. However, the first import-

ant refining plant in the world was built at Baku in the Nineteenth Century. It consisted of an iron still having a capacity of forty barrels.

The location, extracting and refining of oil has passed through countless stages and periods until today there exists an industry unsurpassed in efficiency.

Modern oil companies employ huge geologic staffs which determine by detail field survey, drill hole records, water tests and readings in mines, whether or not a certain spot is promising for drilling. A rig is set up and a huge drill weighing a half a ton is pounding its way through rock and sand into the fluid treasure. Taking everything into consideration, it costs in normal times to drill a well from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand dollars or even more.

It may seem strange, but the production of petroleum depends in a very great measure on the "wild cat plan" of discovery.

"Wild eating" means nothing more or less than drilling on an unproved territory, taking a huge chance, a big gamble, on just a hit or miss plan.

The "wild eater" knowing full well the chances are ten to one against him plunges all and hopes for great reward. He usually loses, but when he gains he deserves every bit of the reward. It is to these big-hearted, wonderful sports of the game that the world owes an acknowledgement of thanks for the adequate supply of the precious min-

eral. If it were not for the "wild eater" the finding of new fields and the supply of new oil would fall to a very low limit.

A new field is soon spotted with derricks. Pumps running day and night lift the liquid from its hidden beds into huge tanks and reservoirs above the ground. These reserve tanks serve the purpose of an expansion joint as it were between supply and demand. When there is overproduction, these stocks or the supplies in the tanks are increased. When demand increases, the supply is drawn from the reserve. This fluctuation in the supply of stocks on hand, to a great extent, causes the rising or lowering of prices on the market. The quality of the oil, its distance from market and other considerations, likewise help in computing prices.

Since 1916 there has been a terrible drain on the reserve, the demand far surpassing production. In 1916 the reserve stock in the United States alone was estimated around two hundred millions of barrels. In 1918 the stocks had been drained down to a hundred and fifty millions. This means that usage demanded fifty million barrels more than the fields were able to produce. There has been a drain on the reserve stocks of fifty million barrels. Today the demand compared to production is so enormous that the stocks stand at a dangerously low level. Can we imagine what would happen if these reserve stocks were cut off?

In 1919 the world's production of pe-

troleum reached three hundred and eighty millions of barrels. The demand came well over the four hundred million mark. The difference had to be supplied by the reserve.

From the huge tanks petroleum is transported to all parts of the globe. Thousands of industries terminate their activities with merely manufacturing their products. An agent then sells in the markets.

But the petroleum industry is distinct in this. This mineral product is a liquid and is often transported from the fields to the refineries, markets and ports through a pipe line system. This lessens the necessity of rail transportation and is a great saving. In the United States alone there are thirty thousand miles of pipe lines.

Oil is also transported in tank and in ships, commonly called tankers. The rail transportation largely confines itself to moving the products of petroleum as gasoline and fuel oil.

A little more than a fifth of the crude petroleum is burned as such. This is the utilization of the native product for fuel. The greatest portion of it is refined into a number of products which are of higher value economically and serve needs more extensively.

When petroleum is completely refined it yields four main products, named in the order of priority, lubricating oil, kerosene, fuel oil and gasoline. These products in turn may again be broken up into other products and these again into others and so on. As

at present treated petroleum yields a few hundred substances that are of commercial value.

"Skimming", "straight run" and "cracking" are the methods used in refining and separating oil today. "Skimming" is quite unsatisfactory, as only light oil, gasoline and kerosene, are separated from the heavy oil.

"Straight run" produces the main fractions, that is, gas, gasoline, kerosene, lubricating and fuel oils. These methods are good, but lack efficiency. The separation is not complete and consequently much kerosene and light oil fail to be separated from the heavier oil.

"Cracking" is a recent invention. Today practically all refining is done by the "cracking" process. The process yields the full set of products, but is far more complete, especially when it comes to the gasoline fraction.

The separate products ready for market must be transported separately and it is here that transportation by rail chiefly enters. The mining, refining and distribution of petroleum is a tremendous task.

As has been mentioned, the United States has been gifted by nature in this great resource, and the United States today produces over 60 per cent of the world supply of petroleum. Our yield is estimated at two hundred and fifty millions of barrels annually. Mexico comes a very close second. Her yield for 1920 at the present rate of monthly

production, will be one hundred and thirty-seven millions of barrels.

Yet production is millions of barrels behind current needs. Mr. McBuddy states that the reserve supply of the United States is estimated at seven billion barrels. Last year the consumption of oil in this country was close to three hundred and fifty millions of barrels, the deficit in our production being made up by importing seventy-one per cent of the Mexican production. At this rate the seven billion barrels would fade away in seventeen years. Mr. George Smith, director of geological survey, claims that if the rate of consumption keeps up to the pace of today our resources will be exhausted in nine and a half years. Many other oil authorities have expressed themselves in a similar manner. So even the most incredulous should agree that the situation is serious. We must reduce our liquid consumption. We must find substitutes to take the place of oil in various uses. For it would not be too much to say that the future of civilization depends upon a supply of fuel for all purposes for which petroleum is used, especially in its use for lubrication, fuel and locomotive power. The shortage is serious. Exhaustion is a possibility. Therefore everything should be done to conserve the supply we now have and to utilize what we have to the greatest possible advantage.

Only recently came efforts to prevent waste and carelessness in use. Oil

fields have been abandoned while oil still existed under ground; water has been permitted to enter the oil areas; we have drawn products from oils that were of little value commercially; gasoline was a waste product until the internal combustion engine came into use; the waste has continued until today when the realization of conditions has dawned. Scientists today are working in private and government laboratories to forestall the impending danger.

Scientific methods have, to a great extent, eliminated some of the losses in the fields. A huge per cent of the oil is still left underground and water still enters into the oil sands. Only after sleepless nights and prodigious thinking can these faults be remedied.

The extraction of essential products first is one of the solutions offered. In this scheme of priority the products essential to man are given preference. Lubricant oils, without contradiction, claim first place. No matter what the source of power the wheels of industry could not turn for a fraction of a second without the use of lubricants. Next on the list would come illuminating oils. "The world loves light". Then come fuel oils. Here is one of the largest leaks in the use of petroleum. Transportation is essential, but why use so much petroleum for fuel? The electrification of rail systems is bound to come if we are to conserve our petroleum.

Harness the millions of horse power going to waste each year in our rivers and waterways and use it to replace the reckless use of a resource we can not replace.

In the East factories in the very heart of the coal zones are using petroleum imported thousands of miles. Mr. Smith, the director of U. S. Geological Survey, estimates that there is sufficient coal to last fifty thousand years. Why use petroleum that may last only ten years?

And last of all comes the use of petroleum for automotive purposes. The automobile has without a doubt served to enlarge the possibilities of modern life. The truck, with the increase of good roads, is opening up fields where rail transportation is out of the question. The tractor, likewise, is demanding notice. With a growing population and corresponding demand for food, the tractor offers a solution to the problem.

These are fundamental needs. In them there are chances for correction. A substitution may be found, but it is not yet available.

Co-operation is the only solution, co-operation on the part of the producer, of the consumer, of the government, and of all industries in any way related to the production and consumption of petroleum and its products. This is not a one man's job and nobody's interest. It is the duty of all and to the interest of all.



# The Redwood

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SANTA CLARA

The object of The Redwood is to gather together what is best in the literary work of the students, to record University doings and to knit closely the hearts of the boys of the present and the past

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## EDITORIAL

### Merry Christmas

The Redwood wishes all its readers a most hearty Christmas. We offer the old wish plain and uncolored. We do not even admit that the words have grown trite, as so many of our predecessors and contemporaries have done. Like the warm, but simple handclasp of friendship which needs no accompanying words of assurance, "Merry Christ-

mas", recognized symbol of ages, conveys our wishes for all the happiness and glory of the season.

### What of Asia

Masses of ignorant Chinese "coolies" dwelling in the houseboats and shacks of ancient walls and pagodas; wild-haired, bewhiskered anarchists

waving firebrands in towns of the Siberian waste; mystic, turbaned Hindus leading gorgeously draped elephants; myriads of "little brown men" rushing jinrickshas around islands of volcanoes and cherry trees—is that not the average concept of Asia? Until very recent times Asia has been the immense reservoir of mystery and seclusion, the destination of the traveler willing to brave long seasickness, the goal of missionaries, the setting for novels and scenarios, and, principally, the source of trouble-making immigrants.

Now Asia assumes a new significance. The world discovers that Siberia, the land of snow and ice and bolshevism, is also a land of wealth and possibilities. It begins to realize that the islands of snow-topped volcanoes are the homes of men ambitious to rise above the status of cooks and gardeners—ambitious rather to dominate the vast Eastern continent, and perhaps ultimately the world.

Where will this ambition end? Will Japan become mistress of the Chinese hordes, train them for her own purposes and shake the world? Is the much-heralded California-Japanese problem merely a phase of Japanese ambition, merely a means to an end? Is California to be an outpost for the timely acquisition of the Philippines and complete Eastern domination?

Japan, however, is not the only power in the East. Siberia and Russia, the world's largest expanse of territory,—for a time a bleeding orgy of revolu-

tion and destruction—now takes form. England, exploiter of world resources, recognizes, fears, and treats with her. France and other European nations seek her trade and good-will. All tremble before her armies, recognized as the best-equipped and mightiest in existence today.

Who will dominate the East? The Japanese is credited with being clever and sly, but the Soviet hordes are to be reckoned with, whatever we may think of their political and social doctrines. Siberia, Alaska of Asia, has more than earthquakes, volcanoes and massive idols.

What of Asia? It is a question the Californian must consider above the din of local politics—above the shouting of political propaganda, on the one side, and the moaning of sentimentality on the other side of the Japanese question in this state.

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### College Men

"Do College Men Think?" is the title of an editorial recently published by a prominent Columbia University professor. If they do, here is something to think about.

Three billions a year during the next five years in the United States is the demand of education as estimated by P. P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education. The large amount needed is largely due to increased teachers' salaries, lack of new buildings and repairs during the war, and the or-

dinary requirements of naturally increased attendance. Beyond this natural increase, however, there is evidently a distinct "boom" in education which will produce effects other than the immediate financial problem. Attendance has increased in much greater proportion than population, and education is definitely assuming its place as the rule, not the exception.

Public institutions are not alone in this demand for increased financial aid—our "exchanges" from Catholic Colleges throughout the country are all announcing "drives" and endowment campaigns. That Catholic institutions are advancing with the tide of more universal education is most pleasing to us who have definite ideas concerning the relative merits of Catholic and other education. Totally aside from that question, however, the enormous increase in the spread of education and particularly "higher" education, of whatever shape or form, is of deep significance to all of us as college students and prospective bread-winners.

Among the Universities with greatly increased enrollments the University of California leads with 11,893 students last year, an increase of over six thousand from 1914. The College of New York shows an enrollment of 9,071, an increase of 6,767; Columbia has 9,144, an increase of 2,210; and all others in proportion. The total number of college students in 1919-20 was 294,000, as compared with 187,000 six years ago.

What do the figures mean? Only

that father prospered during the war so that after buying shoes he can send son and daughter to college?

Three billions a year and bigger enrollments mean not only that everyone can now receive some education, but that most will receive a substantial education and no small few a "higher" education. The college man is no longer one of the select few—he is merely one of many. He is to compete with those who have enjoyed advantages similar to his own; he will not have the handieap over his competitors, but he is their equal providing he has used his time as they have.

If the college man thinks, here is something to think about when the monthly scores are passed around.

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### Periodic Tinkering

The old question, the favorite question of American politics, again assumes its place in the forum. Hollywreaths at Christmas, peanuts at the circus, yelling at a football game—nothing is so inevitable as "timely tariff tinkering" is with a new presidential administration.

"Protection" or "Free trade"—the question of which should be followed in the United States is purely academic and only the school-boy debater, the ranting orator of single-tax calibre, and the unbalanced professor of Economics now demand one or the other unconditionally. The question of a Protective Tariff is purely a question of time,

place and circumstances. The policy of England in this matter (and others) is not the policy for the United States. The policy of '97 is not that for today. The South, which, in the days of Calhoun threatened to secede on the issue of a protective tariff passed in the interest of Northern manufacturers, now seeks protection for its cotton.

What most of us desire, then, is not a "Protection" or "Free Trade" policy, but, as patriotic citizens and most of all as the inevitable bearers of the burden, we desire a scale of tariffs revised according to latest expert investigation. What we desire is not a tariff to benefit New England, or California, or the Northwest, or the South, but a judicious tariff to benefit the United States,—a judicious tariff.

Fundamentally the Protection policy of the United States has undoubtedly been beneficial, though often in individual cases, where fostered by sectional interests it has been criminally unjust. In a country as extensive and diversified as the United States and inhabited by human beings, sectional contention is always to be expected. The needs of one section conflict with the needs of another and selfish human nature is not always able to drown selfish local interests for the general good. Congress, however, will be doing its duty only if it removes protective duties where no longer necessary, places new ones where infant industries seem to require it, and generally revises the tariff schedules. Tariff ad-

justments will always be needed periodically as long as Protection is the policy of the land.

At this time another element enters prominently into the situation. During the war and after we built a large merchant fleet and according to recent disclosures we did not obtain the ships at bargain prices. No more disgraceful scandal in our war program has so far been discovered. We needed the ships, however, and so built them. Like anything which is obtained by strenuous efforts and immense cost, we should appreciate them now and keep them.

Foreign trade is essential to maintain a merchant fleet, and our foreign trade, never too substantial, now wavers at its highest crest in history. Protective tariffs are at best antagonistic to foreign trade. Unwise tariff legislation at this time will work havoc with our expensive merchant fleet by impairing our foreign trade, and there is therefore much reason to hope that Congress will forget its sectional "constituents" when it begins its periodic "tinkerings".

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It is strange how one little piece of the world will assume great prominence at intervals. We all watched the marvel of Ohio, producer of 1920 presidential candidates, baseball cham-



pions and football teams. And now comes Switzerland.

Holding a convention of delegates from forty-one nations of the world representing eleven hundred million people, a "Parliament of Man", its advocates term it, should be almost enough fame in one week for one little rugged two-by-four nation. Whether we still insist on maintaining our splendid "iee-olation" and consider the League assembly as an International War-Makers Convention, or whether we consider the gathering as the first serious step towards a lasting world peace, a "Parliament of Man", is no backyard affair.

But little Switzerland, always famous as the home of one historic applesplitter as well as the originator of the perforated dairy product, is not content with this new notoriety. To add to her

fame one of her beloved mountain peaks, Mt. Blanc (known to the school-boy as Mount Blank and to his teacher as Mon Blawng), now upsets the geographies and tourist guide-books of the world by allowing a few hundred feet of its peak to prosaically slip into Italy.

Even this is not enough. The little land of ridge and range now threatens to mutilate one of the world's durable international jokes, the one about the Swiss Navy! Switzerland, like the United States, now awakens and sees that world commerce cannot be carried on successfully in foreign ships, so she plans a little merchant marine of her own to be operated through the ports of her maritime neighbors, a lofty ambition for a small inland nation.

Switzerland is indeed coming into her own.

Harold J. Cashin '21.

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## Home of Sunshine

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From your skies, O land of sunshine  
 Never henceforth shall I roam;  
 Though I've wandered o'er creation,  
 This is home,—sweet home.

O, eternal land of summer  
 Where the skies are always blue,  
 Where the honey bees are bathing  
 In the early morning dew,

Life is really worth the living  
 In this paradise on earth,  
 California, California,

Home of sunshine, joy and mirth!

—George E. Carey, '24.

# University Notes



## Student Body

The College Department has been separated from the Preparatory Department in Student Body affairs. At a meeting of the college men in the refectory on the noon of the twenty-ninth of November, ere the turkey and "fixins" had been well digested, it was decided that the two departments should in the future act as separate organizations as far as Student Body activities of a parliamentary nature are concerned. With scarcely a dissenting voice to be heard upon the campus, the present outlook is surely a bright one. The Preps may now handle their affairs as they, and not an oratorically inclined group of college men, want them handled. While on the other hand the scheming politician will find that sound reasoning appeals more to college men than does the art of attaining soap box supremacy. No longer will the last speaker be so sure of the success of his side of the question, nor the majority be outshouted by the leather-lunged minority. This separation will also extend in part, to the athletic organizations. Whereas in previous years, some

men of the Preparatory Department by reason of their exceptional abilities have been admitted to try for positions on the varsity teams, they will in the future be eligible for Prep teams alone. It is understood however, that the Preparatory students will give their support to all those university activities where they shall be required, for example at varsity games, and that their games and activities shall be subservient to those of the college men. They cannot schedule games for dates on which the varsity is to have games, except where such shall not detract from the varsity game or shall act as a preliminary contest.

Those articles and amendments in the constitution of the Student Body, which deal with the interests of the Preps are to be stricken out. The Preps have organized themselves under the name of "The Associated Students of the Preparatory Department of the University of Santa Clara", with Mr. Fabris, S. J., acting as faculty moderator. The following officers were elected to attend to the drawing up of a constitution for the new organization:

President, Lloyd Nolan, San Francisco; secretary, George T. Burns, Colorado; sergeant at arms, George Mally, Nevada; treasurer, Russel T. Haviside, San Francisco. With the aid of Fr. Sullivan, who kindly offered his assistance, and the mistakes of the present Student Body constitution to profit by, these men should obtain for the Preps a real constitution of the type that does not require amendment several times annually.

Taking everything into consideration this separation at this time is surely a commendable one. So let's get together, fellows, and with enthusiasm and co-operation we'll work for the betterment of Alma Mater.

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### Fr. Ricard

The many friends and admirers of Fr. Ricard will be glad to know that arrangements are under way for the golden jubilee in his honor to be held next June to celebrate his fiftieth year in the Jesuit Order. It is to be conducted under the auspices of the school authorities in connection with the regular commencement exercises, and Alumni reunion. The affair is to be carried out on a grand scale and announcements of the particulars may be looked forward to in the Spring numbers of the Redwood. Not even all of the friends of Santa Clara and of Father Ricard realize what he has done for the University and the State, and it is intended that the details of that

part of his life which he has spent here in Santa Clara shall be emphasized at the time of the celebration in 1921.

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### Supper Rally

The varsity football season was concluded by a short rally in the refectory on November thirtieth following the festive menu of ice cream and cake. Coach Harmon delivered a brief address thanking the Student Body for their support during the season, and complimenting the members of the team for their excellent showing. He made particular mention of the second team, whose work in giving the varsity practice he declared to be indispensable. After some yelling under the direction of "Pop" Rethers and his assistants, the rally was concluded by the singing of the anthem.

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### Orchestra

Perhaps one of the least appreciated organizations on the campus is the University Orchestra. Always expected to play on all occasions, and with little or no notice, yet seldom thanked or even mentioned, we feel that its members are to be complimented for the work they have done and for the school spirit which they are exhibiting. Every noon, immediately following dinner, they meet in their barren little room for half to three-quarters of an hour of practice. Music is one of the arts that requires practice as well as skill. The fellows are willing to apply





THE ORCHESTRA





themselves, and, aided by the commendable efforts of Professor Mustol they are trying to meet difficulties and furnish music,—and are succeeding. Let's get behind them fellows, boost them whenever we can.

### Senate

On the night of November sixteenth the members of the Philalethic Senate convened for a banquet and celebration in honor of the new members of the society, and we have no hesitancy in saying that it was one of the best in the history of the organization. An abundance of the latest Jazz selections rendered by Ernest Bedolla and Edmund Zan Coman coupled with several well rendered vocal solos by Fred Moran kept the Senators entertained during the refreshments, after which the following program was given. "Love and Honor" (skit) by "Frenchy" McCarthy and "Pop" Rethers; dramatic recitation by Thomas Sperry; parodies by "Zeke" Coman and Tullio Argenti; anecdotes by Fr. Ryan; dramatic recitation by Michael Jean Pecarovich; and a Jazz Revue by Bedolla and Coman. The president of the Senate, Mr. Sturdevant, acted as master of ceremonies for the occasion. The committee in charge, Senators Pecarovich, Trabucco, and Coman, are to be complimented on the success of their efforts in assuring their fellow Senators such a pleasant evening, and will be kept in mind when future like entertainments are contemplated. It is to be regretted

that the high standards of the organization will not permit the entertaining of new members oftener.

A second meeting was held on the evening of November thirtieth, when a debate upon the advisability of combining the University of Santa Clara with St. Mary's, and St. Ignatius, to form one large Catholic University in California, was held. Though Moran, substituting for Sperry on the affirmative argued most fluently for his side, little Joe Fitzpatrick convinced the majority of the Senators present that the existing condition of affairs was the better. A call for discussion of the question from the floor brought some well founded arguments from Senators Trabucco and Coman. A Senate basketball team to compete with one from the House was also discussed, and Senators Connell and Coman appointed to look into the matter and report at the following meeting.

### House

The addition of five new members to the House brings its membership up to forty, which is the maximum allowed under its constitution. The new members include Brunetti, Boden, Robidoux, Holstein, and Pereira. Both Stanford and Southern California have been corresponding with the House regarding debates.

A debate with the Nestoria Debating Society of Stanford University is to be held at the Community House in Palo Alto, on the evening of January

seventh, on the following question, "Resolved: That one of the great reconstructive measures to meet the present social unrest in the United States, would be the enactment by Congress of more stringent and comprehensive Immigration Laws". The following members are to represent the House: Emmett Daly '23, of Santa Clara; James B. Comer '24, of Los Angeles; and John M. Jackson '23, of Seattle, Washington. The Nestoria team is made up of Lowell Gerson '22, Martin De Vries '21, and V. E. Cappa '23. The House will defend the affirmative of the question. Great interest has been raised by this debate.

The following questions were debated during the month, at the regular weekly debates: Resolved: That the Asiatic phase of the Japanese question is more important than the California phase; Resolved: That in the event of a war between the United States and Japan, it would be to the best interests of Great Britain to remain neutral; and Resolved: That the lack of coal and iron in Japan must permanently handicap that nation in becoming a world power. Though Representatives Toner and Martin for the affirmative, and Conners and Geoffrey for the negative, capably argued their sides of the first question, there was no vote taken due to a misunderstanding of the point at issue. Representatives Lettunich and Friedberger carried the affirmative side of the second question by a vote of twenty to eight as against Repre-

sentatives Smith and O'Brien for the negative. The affirmative of the third question as presented by Representatives Neary and O'Shea obtained a vote of twenty to thirteen over the negative as argued by Representatives Dempsey and Dunne.

In the House notes for November Representatives Daly and Haneberg were reported as losing a debate which they won.

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#### J. D. S.

The society held a very interesting session on the evening of the twenty-seventh of November, discussing a question compelling the immediate attention of every true American youth. It read, Resolved: That baseball is a better game than football. The sextet of speakers who debated the question represented the best of those, whose abilities have been developed this year under the energetic tutelage of Mr. Donovan, and delivered the arguments which they had prepared in a most convincing manner. The speakers were Messrs. R. Haviside, L. Geoghegan, and Carney, for the affirmative, and Messrs. H. Martin, K. Koch, and Burnett for the negative. The vote of the house was cast in favor of the negative. The speaker of the evening was Mr. S. Martin, and a criticism of the previous debate was given by Mr. George Mally. The work in the debates this year has been of such a successful nature that it has been decided to hold a prize debate

in the coming semester. Contestants in this debate are to be chosen by a vote of the members of the society upon their merits as shown in the coming debates. The hearty spirit of competition thus aroused promises to make this year one of the best in the history of the society.

### Prep Football Banquet

On the evening of December eighth the entire squad of Prep football men sojourned to Chargin's Grill in San Jose to stage "one grand feed" as a fitting close of their successful season. Speeches were delivered by the following: Capt. George Mally, Manager Russell Haviside, Mr. Fabris, S. J., and Leo Nock. Several short talks were given by men who starred during the past games. The occasion was concluded by the election, by a unanimous vote, of Jack Haley as captain for the coming year.

### "Dope"

Gus Peterson, our most efficient trainer during the past football season, is leaving us for a sojourn to the Hawaiian Islands. It's all right Gus, but get back for the beginning of the season next year, for your work is ample evidence of how badly we need you to apply the bengue and tape.

John Carrol, who was injured in the game with Nevada, is on his way to recovery in St. Mary's Hospital, San Francisco, and it is hoped that he will be back with us inside of a few weeks.

"Jiggs" Donahue, former student at the University of Santa Clara, returned recently for a few day's visit. "Jiggs" was wont to creep around the cinder path at no mean gait in his days here at Santa Clara.

"Andy" Kerekhoff was away for a few days just before Thanksgiving to act as best man at the wedding of his sister, Miss Rosita Kerekhoff to Mr. Robert Walter Lovell of Montreal, Canada, which was held in Covina. On his return Porter admitted having felt somewhat uncomfortable without his "cords", but further states that the deficit was well made up at the wedding supper, where he shone at his best.

The Student Library is attracting a considerable number of those amongst us who hunger for intellectual food, and a warm fire to spend the afternoon by.

At the funeral of Ernest Beehis of San Jose, whose untimely death came as a shock to all, the following members of the Preparatory Department acted as pall bearers: George Mally, L. White, K. Koch, F. Halloran, and G. Griffin. The deceased was a student in the Preparatory Department last year.

Thomas Crowe, '22.



## Meteorological Report

Jerome S. Ricard, S. J., Director.

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### NOTES ON JANUARY WEATHER.

**Jan. 1** will initiate the first storm of the New Year and let it roam freely along the Coast until about Jan. 3.

**Jan. 4** both a pressure rise and fall will occur at the same time, each striving for the mastery. Generous rains expected and strong winds to boot.

**Jan. 7**, same predicament as on Jan. 4th, but with far less energy.

**Jan. 9, 11**, new storms to drive in, with a break on the 10th. One may naturally suppose that means "one fair between two fairs". Our original draft singles out those two dates for strenuous weather.

**Jan. 12, 14, 16**, high pressures will fall on land and sea, make fine weather and pleasant nights under blankets.

**Jan. 17**, high and low barometers to start simultaneously and divide up the Coast: one part wet, the other dry territory, which is going to be which depends on which shall arrive first, within a small fraction of a day.

**Jan. 19, 20, 21**, high pressures once more over both the north and the south coast: fine days and cold nights, frosts black and white.

**Jan. 22**, new storm arriving via north, to be ousted on the 23rd by a barometric rise.

**Jan. 25, 26, 27**, bad storms rushing over British Columbia and heading for the South, even as far as San Diego. Some relief vouchsafed on the 24th and the 26th by a fall of cold air from on high and final disappearance of distressful weather by another barometric rise on the 30th.

**Feb. 1**, will resemble Jan. 1. Other resemblances and discrepancies belong to a forthcoming chapter.

## Law Notes

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### People vs. Moore.

Due to the prevailing weather of the past week, replete with holidays, and on account of other pressing business which had temporarily clogged the court's calendar, the celebrated case, discussed somewhat at length in the recent issue, made little noteworthy headway, and consequently the great question of the defendant's guilt or innocence long hung in the balance. It was rumored about the offices of the district attorney that the valiant prosecutor had left no oratorical stones unturned in order to present a masterpiece of eloquence when he should proceed to address the jury. The ominous silence of the attorneys for the defense lead to the suspicion that they too were putting forth their supremest efforts to preserve for the defendant the inalienable rights of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Now, with the first session of the month of December, the famous case has passed into history. During the entire evening period the old walls, lined with musty and muchly used and ill-used volumes of forgotten legal lore, resounded with the long cavalcades of rhetoric and passionate display of oratory which engulfed the meek-eyed jury, overflowed the spacious hall and reached even unto the far distant re-

cesses of the campus. When the smoke of battle had finally dispersed and the last reechoing sentences were lost in the black reaches of the night, the jury retired, only to return in a few minutes with a beneficent verdict of "not guilty"—thus to remove once for all the black stigma of crime from the innocent pate of the guileless defendant. Sic transit gloria mundi.

### Randall O. O'Neill.

During the past month Mr. O'Neill has been honored by the appointment to the position of deputy county clerk under Henry A. Pfister, one of the oldest Santa Clara grads in these regions. His appointment came as a pleasant surprise to his class mates, his teachers, and many friends in the community. It is an honor which Mr. O'Neill, however, knows well how to carry—with dignity, but not ostentatiously. It is, indeed, unusual to see one appointed to such a position while still enjoying the hospitality of the class-room. The "Redwood" wishes Mr. O'Neill all the success possible in his new field.

### Judge W. A. Beasley.

With the beginning of the new year Judge W. A. Beasley will retire from the bench, and the bar of Santa Clara County will lose the services of one of the most distinguish-

ed and able judges who has held such an exalted position in the last half century. The record of Judge Beasley is an open book, and requires no reiteration in these columns. All his friends and practitioners of the local bar will miss him in his usual place in Department Three of the Superior Court, and the characteristically faultless manner in which he disposed of his cases is something which it is hoped his successor will also be able to emulate. His retirement was in no small measure due to his state of health, which for some time past has not been entirely the best. When the Judge returns to his private practice, the "Redwood" joins with his host of friends in wishing him many years of success in the profession. *Prosperes ad multos annos.*

#### First Year Men.

Every student has his difficulties. Such is the expected and accustomed status of everyone who undertakes to develop his cerebral propensities beyond the mere high school days. But the Junior Letter men who are initiated for the first year into the intricacies of the law find that, just as Longfellow said under similar circumstances, law is real and law is earnest. No signs of discouragement, however, mark their youthful

countenances, which, under the added burden of Philosophy and Political Economy seem to have assumed a tinge of silver amid the erstwhile flowing locks. Some industrious professor, very likely Mr. Bressani, has reminded them, in the language of the poet, that "large streams from little fountains flow, tall oaks from little acorns grow"—or words to that effect. Surely, nothing could be more encouraging.

#### Condolences.

The "Redwood", and in particular the members of the Law Department, join in extending to Mr. Nicholas Bowden and his son, Archie, both of whom are our esteemed professors of law, our sincerest sympathies on the occasion of the death of Mrs. Nicholas Bowden. The loss which they have suffered in the decease of wife and mother cannot be over-estimated; and we, the Law Students, in no small measure feel the loss and sorrow which our esteemed professors have felt in this their great bereavement. As a mark of sympathy the members of the Department presented a beautiful floral piece in remembrance of the passing of one of the most noted figures in the history of Santa Clara county.

Peter F. Morettini, Law, '21.

## Engineering Notes

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On Tuesday evening, November 30th, the Engineering Society had the pleasure of hearing a very interesting lecture on the steel and iron industry given by Mr. J. A. Kinkead of San Francisco. Mr. Kinkead is an eminent steel manufacturer of this district and is at present engaged as a consulting engineer. He is an authority on the economic uses of iron and steel. A great part of his life has been spent inquiring into the secrets of his hobby, so his lecture was full of interesting first-hand data concerning this very important industry.

In brief he related the history of iron telling how our ancestors in years gone by termed it the "magic rock". He contrasted the crude methods used by the ancients in extracting the metal from the ore with modern methods and told of the slow but steady progress towards the present high state of perfection. He also related in careful detail the whole story of iron from the time it leaves mother earth until at last it finds its place as a mere rivet in the side of a huge dreadnaught, or as a beam on the fifty-second story of one of our modern skyscrapers.

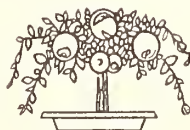
The lecture was interesting and well

chosen and the evening counted very beneficial indeed.

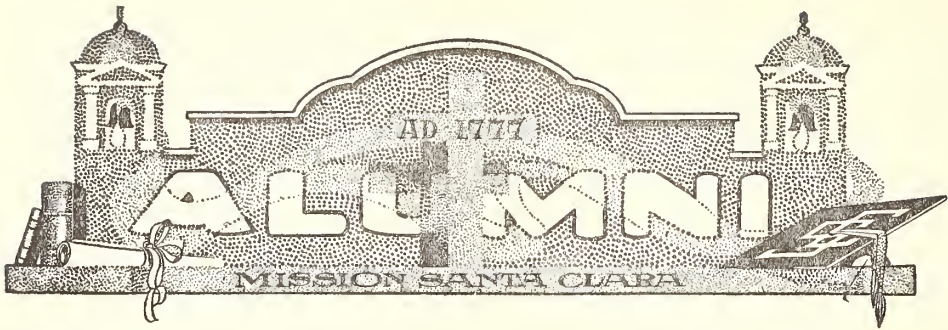
As everyone on the campus knows, the Engineers deal in figures to a very great extent, but that does not mean that all their energies are directed along those lines, not by any means. Not even the Seniors, traditionally dignified, are content to confine themselves to the technicalities of mathematics. To show that dignity has not buried them, they decided to start the interclass basketball series by a game with Senior Letters. The game, which is described in the Athletic Notes, was a hard-fought and spirited one and said to be the closest ever played in the precincts of the Mission Institution.

The Society as a whole has also organized a team which will compete with other quintets of University organizations. It is hoped that games will be arranged with the Senate and House of Philhistorians. Alfred Abrahamsen has been chosen Athletic Manager. The line-up of the prospective team will probably read as follows: Manelli and Fowler, forwards. Bannan and Ferrario, guards; and Miller, center.

G. William de Koch, '21.







The bonds of affiliation among the individual Alumni and with Alma Mater are growing closer throughout the State, and the union being effected will undoubtedly be a permanent one. The Alumni of Santa Clara will soon be able to join hands with each other and with Alma Mater from all points in California through the medium of the several clubs already organized and those about to be established. Father Ryan has devoted every free moment to the bringing together of the "Old Boys" and the cooperation they have manifested has been a source of the greatest satisfaction.

#### San Francisco Club

The meeting of the San Francisco Club of the Alumni held November 24th demonstrated the determination of its members to make their organization the kingpin of the Alma Mater societies. The gathering took the form of a luncheon at the St. Germain Restaurant and a splendid number were present. The principal business for dis-

cussion was the getting of names of Santa Clarans residing in the city, that they might share in the advantages of their fellow Alumni and revive a spirit that perhaps has remained dormant since their separation from the school. Mr. Kieferdorf '90, was elected chairman of a committee to supervise and promote the movement planned.

It was also decided at this meeting to give a banquet at the St. Francis Hotel in honor of Colonel Stanton, recently retired from the United States Army. A date was not mentioned, but it was proposed to hold the affair immediately after the coming holidays. Following are the names of those present. Ervin S. Best '12, J. J. Bradley '87, T. J. Bricca '18, J. J. Barrett '91, Jos. J. Curley '05, F. E. Copeland '12, J. J. Collins '04, Adolph B. Canelo, Jr., '15, Lawrence Degnan '03, Maurice T. Dooling Jr., '09, A. P. Diepenbroch, M. D., '08, M. P. Deetles '12, R. N. Eisert '21, John V. Fillipini '00, Basil Hirst '10, Fred O. Hoedt '12, Dian R. Holm '12, Robert Jeffries '12, W. J. Kieferdorf

'90, J. Griffith Kennedy '10, A. T. Leonard Jr., M. D., '10, W. S. Muldoon, T. J. McDevitt '86, W. J. Maher '05, Walter J. de Martini '92, Frank T. O'Neil '18, John O'Gara '92, R. M. F. Soto '76, Thomas A. O'Connor '15, C. F. Tramutolo '12, W. B. Warden.

'06, T. A. Farrell '07, Marco S. Zarick Jr., '12, John Hoesch '61, Harry W. Hall Jr., '15, William McElligett '15, Wm. A. Griffith '19, Geo. C. McGinnis '15, Dr. P. E. Meyer '11, J. H. Hogan '10, Chet Allen '15, W. H. Hanlon Jr., '11, L. J. Waddock '06, R. S. Foster '10.

### **Sacramento Club**

The first important meeting of the Sacramento Club took place in that city Saturday evening, November 27th, with a remarkable attendance. At this time the officers were elected for the coming term. Those honored by the Capitol City men were as follows: Marco Zarick '12, President. Gerald M. Desmond '18, Secretary; George Casey '07, Treasurer. We are proud to note from those attending that there was more real Santa Clara spirit displayed than has been in evidence at a similar function since the Alumni Banquet last year. The Sacramento Club is anxious to have it known that it is not to be outdone in loyalty to Santa Clara by any of the Alumni Societies and their initial affair confirmed the desire.

The following attended: Gerald M. Desmond '18, Ray Caverly '08, Geo. Joyce Hall '08, Porter McLaughlin '11, Steve E. Graham '07, A. I. Diepenbroek '12, George H. Casey '07, J. F. Sigwart '07, C. A. Coyle '18, F. D. Williamson '23, F. G. Schaap '20, A. Chenu '21, G. E. Fitzgerald '24, T. J. Moroney '20, W. M. Desmond '21, F. L. Rooney '20, M. B. Peterson '03, James L. Atteridge

### **Los Angeles Club**

Mr. C. Castruccio is acting as president of the Los Angeles Club pro tem, until their regular organization meeting at the Hotel Alexandria, December 28th. There are a goodly number of Santa Clara boosters in the southern city and what is being accomplished in the other principal cities on the Pacific Coast will no doubt be repeated there. We are waiting to hear from you, Los Angeles!

### **Alumni Lodge**

The opening of the Alumni Lodge on the University Campus has been postponed until the next semester. While we are deeply interested in the organization of the outside clubs, the occasion that more intimately concerns us is the formal opening of the Central Club here in our midst that is to welcome every last son of Santa Clara. No expense has been spared in remodeling the Bungalow to suit the convenience of our visiting Alumni. It is our expression of friendship to those who have gone before us.

**Fr. Ricard** The attention of Alumni is called to an announcement in the University Notes regarding the observation of Fr. Ricard's fiftieth year as a member of the Jesuit Order.

'65 The November issue of the "Redwood" outlined the career of Hon. Curtis H. Lindley. It now becomes our sad duty to chronicle his death.

His services as legal adviser to Herbert Hoover told heavily upon his health. Still he continued a man of action to the last. He left a sick bed to try an important case in Salt Lake City, went to Arizona on another case, when he was obliged to return to San Francisco and there died November 20.

The following is a brief summary of Judge Lindley's life. He was born in Marysville in 1850 and took great interest in mining during the early years of his manhood. Later he studied law in relation to the industry, and his book, "Mines and Mining", is considered an authority. He was educated at Santa Clara and the University of California. After admission to the bar in 1872 he was appointed secretary of the California Code Commission, was Stockton's city attorney in 1883, later became Superior Judge of Amador County and still later came to San Francisco, where he became associated in the practice of law with Henry Eickhoff.

While serving as president of the San

Francisco Bar Association he was elected a director of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. In 1917 he went to Washington as Herbert Hoover's legal adviser in the food administration and drew up the bill creating the United States Grain Corporation.

The Board of Supervisors, the Superior, Appellate and Supreme Courts adjourned in his honor. Rarely has the funeral of a citizen attracted such a gathering of distinguished men as did his.

The formal eulogy was delivered by Warren Olney, Jr., Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. Justice Olney recalled to mind his early years as a lawyer, when he first learned to appreciate the sterling qualities that marked Judge Lindley.

"I got then the vision of the ideal of a great lawyer. That vision he made plain to many another young lawyer, and not the least of his many contributions to the world about him was his doing this. Young men are hero worshipers, and according as their heroes are, so will they be in large part. As the years have run along since my first meeting with Judge Lindley, I have time and again observed the affection and admiration which the young men in his office and at the bar have had for him. They, too, received the vision of a splendid ideal, no matter how far they and I may have failed actually to realize it."

"He was a master of his chosen specialty of mining law. For years and

years he has been the leading mining lawyer in the West. While employed as an advocate, he had the true idea that he was employed to assist and not to mislead the court. There is many a just and sound opinion upon the books, serving now as established and conceded law, which had its origin in Judge Lindley's clear and convincing exposition to the court of what the law ought to be."

"His activities were many and varied. He interested himself in politics, not for office or gain, but purely for good government. He contributed his services toward solving the various problems which have from time to time confronted us."

"Truly, we owe him much. The young men who have grown up under him and have been inspired by his example and encouraged by his friendship; the followers of the law, lawyers and judges, among whom he played so fine a part; the community at large which he served so unselfishly, so faithfully, so ably, with all the powers at his command."

The following resolutions were drawn up by the San Francisco Club, Santa Clara Alumni Association:

Whereas, Almighty God in his all-seeing wisdom has removed from our midst our true friend and inspiring associate, Curtis Holbrook Lindley; and whereas, in the midst of his active and invaluable career as a leader among men in his profession and in the wider sphere of public service in which he played such a prominent

and influential part, Judge Lindley never ceased to take a devoted and affectionate interest in the university where he received his early training and instruction; and whereas, we, his fellow alumni of the University of Santa Clara, have, in addition to the sense of public loss which is common to all who knew and loved Judge Lindley, a feeling of personal bereavement in the death of one who had taught us to consider him in a special sense our counselor and friend. Now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the alumni of the University of Santa Clara express our deep sorrow at the passing of one whose greatness of mind and human sympathy was such that his loss can never be replaced, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of Judge Lindley as an expression of our sincere and deep sympathy in their great bereavement.

The following verses in his honor were written by E. R. Taylor, formerly Mayor of San Francisco and Dean of both Cooper Medical College and Hastings Law College of the University of California.

There are some men of great-abounding  
store,  
Who live forever in our memory's day,  
Who, when fell death has taken them away,  
Rise up in trancing grandeur more and more.  
Behold our Lindley, one of those to soar,  
With steady wing no passion could allay,  
Till life's persistent, iron-hearted sway  
At him with unexhausted power tore.



See his great book that men in wonder read,  
 Our Bar Association, where his lead  
 Sat on the shoulder of a grand success;  
 Duty was his each instant of the time,  
 And moments were but things to seize and  
     bless,  
 And make beyond all mortal things sublime.

Judge Lindley is survived by his wife, formerly Miss Elizabeth Mendenhall of Santa Clara, a daughter, Mrs. Vernon Rood and a son, Curtis H. Lindley, Jr.

At their last meeting the Judge said to Fr. Ryan, Alumni Moderator, "I'll be at the Alumni Banquet in June, if, please God, I be alive."

Santa Clara mourns the loss of one of her most eminent sons.

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On Dec. 1, Colonel Charles E. Stanton retired from the  
 '76 Army. In a simple service at

the Ninth Corps area headquarters in San Francisco, the Colonel signed his closing reports and the order from Secretary of War Baker was read raising the retiring rank to Colonel.

During the war Colonel Stanton served on the staff of General Pershing as chief disbursing officer in Paris. He was responsible, in this capacity, for the expenditure of 180 million dollars. He is a veteran of the Spanish-American war and wears the Distinguished Service Medal.

Few Santa Clarans realize that this is the man who "made Lafayette famous".

The words "Lafayette, we are here!"

so often attributed to General Pershing are the closing words of an eight minute speech delivered by Stanton at Lafayette's tomb at Picpus cemetery, Paris. July 4, 1917.

We had often heard this story and read magazine articles to that effect, but found most convincing proof of it in "Town Talk" (San Francisco), for Aug. 30, 1919, in an essay contributed by Helen M. Bonnet. The writer in person interviewed Stanton and the Colonel modestly pleaded guilty. He and Pershing had been together in the Philippines, where, on a similar occasion Stanton was delegated to speak for his superior. In 1917 Pershing called him and said, "We are to celebrate this great Fourth in Paris. As I am no orator, I appoint you to deliver the address. If you do as well as you did in the Philippines, I shall be satisfied."

The same number of "Town Talk" publishes the translation of a poem, too long to quote, "Au Colonel Stanton," written by Paul Ferrier, honorary president of the French Society of Authors and Dramatists. The opening lines are:

"I love the clear, brief, unadorned  
     words

Which, as a sword clash, send forth a  
     spark.

I love among all words the "La Fayette, we are here "

Uttered at La Fayette's grave."

"It is America's most thrilling salute,  
 And what could all the flowers of  
     speech

(In this most fraternal of tributes),  
Add to these words of this colonel?"

The concluding paragraphs of Colonel Stanton's address, now inscribed on the Paris tomb are:

"Never can be forgotten the fidelity, the courage, the loyalty of the women of France, who bore her sons uncomplainingly and gave them up unflinchingly. Their presence here, in the sombre garments that denote their loss of loved ones, should cause the pulse to quicken, the arm to grow stronger while declaring the sacrifices were not made in vain, and they shall not be called upon again to endure them.

At some future time, another genius of your country will compose an anthem which will unite the moving cadences of the Marseillaise and the quickening warmth of the Star-Spangled Banner. This Hosannah will be sung, in martial strain, with glad acclaim by a liberty loving people, the melody rising to a diapason, sinister to tyrants but soothing as a mother's lullaby to a people who cherish honor for itself and their posterity.

America has joined forces with the allied powers and what we have of blood and treasure are yours.

Therefore it is with loving pride we drape the colors in tribute of respect to this citizen of your great Republic, and here and now, in the shadow of the illustrious dead, we pledge our hearts and our honor in carrying this war to a successful issue.

La Fayette, we are here!"

The following interesting extract is from an article likewise appearing in "Town Talk" and contributed by Mr. Edward F. O'Day, esteemed alumnus of our sister school, St. Ignatius.

The article was written when Colonel Stanton had the rank of Major.

"Major Stanton has been eighteen years in the army. Eight years he spent in the Philippines, two in Chicago, and eight in our town, though not continuously. But those eight years are only a small part of Major Stanton's local experiences. He came here first at the age of eleven. Major Stanton was born fifty-eight years ago in Illinois, and crossed the plains to Denver, a baby in arms. His father followed the Union Pacific roadbed as it was built westward, and was running the Railroad Hotel at Promontory, Utah, when that spot achieved fame as the site of the driving of the last spike that united the Union and Central Pacific. Ten-year-old Charlie Stanton was no mere spectator on that historic occasion, though you won't find his portrait in Tom Hill's picture. Charlie was a friend of Big Jule, the Frenchman who drove the U. P. engine, and had the freedom of the cab. He was in the cab when the two engines bumped their cowcatchers in token of the linking up of the two systems.

"Sharlie, you ringa da bell," said Big Jule; so when the champagne bottles were broken over the noses of the engines, Charlie started ringing the bell, and kept on ringing. Governor Stan-

ford was making a speech a little way down the track, but nobody could hear him on account of the clanging of the engine bell.

"Somebody kill that damkid", said somebody. And a strong arm yanked Charlie Stanton through the cab window and sent him flying through space.

"If I hadn't landed in a cinder heap I'd have broken my neck," says the Major.

When he was eleven Stanton made his first acquaintance with San Francisco. He entered the fifth grade at the Lincoln school. Miss Roper was his teacher, and "Old Whiskers" Marks was the principal. For further particulars consult any of the old Lincoln boys.

After a term at the Lincoln grammar school Stanton went home—home was Nevada then—and in '73 he passed through San Francisco on his way to Santa Clara College. He stayed there three years. Father Varsi was president, and his teachers were Kenna, Dosella, Raggio, Leonard, Kelley and Penaseo. If you think these are unimportant names, ask Downey Harvey, or Charlie Ebner of the Crocker National, or Billy Schofield (son of the general), or "Buck" (otherwise Romolo) Soto, the lawyer—they were schoolmates of the Major's, as were Mervyn Donahue, Alcide and Billy Veuve of San Jose, the Ryland boys, and Bob and Jim Enright.

From Santa Clara Major Stanton went back to Nevada, to no less a place

than Pioche, where he mined at the Raymond and Ely, doing a little of everything from running the elevator to timbering. And then he went to Yale.

At Yale Stanton's roommate was Will Harper of the publishing house. One day Will Harper and Charlie Stanton dined with Will's uncle, Fletcher Harper.

"Are you related to Edwin M. Stanton, Lincoln's Secretary of War?" asked Fletcher Harper.

"He was my father's brother," said Charlie Stanton.

"Is that so?" said Fletcher Harper. "Well, your uncle came near hanging me once."

And he told the story. It was during the Civil War, when Fletcher Harper, a young man, was assisting his father in the management of Harper's Weekly. One day father and son were summoned to Washington to see Stanton. The War Secretary was in a towering rage.

"Are you two responsible for that?" he demanded, showing them a cartoon of Lincoln in Harper's Weekly.

"That's treason," Stanton continued, when they had acknowledged responsibility, "and I warn you that if it ever happens again I'll hang you both higher than Haman's cat! Now get to hell out of here, and remember what I say."

\* \* \* \* \*

We wish Colonel Stanton many years in which to enjoy the peace which retirement from a strenuous and active army career will bring.

'83 On Sunday, Nov. 28th, we were pleased and honored with a visit from the Hon. Frank A. Meyer, B. S. '83, LL. M. (Yale) '86, "silver-tongued orator" of Sonoma County. He was the first Grand Knight of Sonoma Council, K. of C., and for three years Grand Advocate of the Supreme Council of K. of C. of California. With the keenest delight he went over the old haunts of his school days here in the early 80's and showed us with pride the gold watch chain the boys then presented him for furnishing them the dance music for their evening "stags". Four times he has been obliged to have the gold recast into new links in this treasured keepsake which he has worn for forty years out of memory for the "old school days at Santa Clara." We hope that Mr. Meyer may often find time to repeat his recent pleasant visit.

'83 William L. Robertson, owner of the Highway Garage at Salinas, Calif., and a student at Santa Clara during 1882-83, visited the college recently. Mr. Robertson greatly enjoyed his short stay and was especially pleased with the new Alumni Lodge, now nearing completion. Mr. Robertson in his trip around the campus pointed out the changes that have been wrought in the college since the old days.

'92 When Mayor Rolph of San Francisco appointed William F. Humphrey to succeed

Judge Lindley as Park Commissioner, one able Santa Clara man was named to succeed another. The new commissioner is a very prominent lawyer and has proved his ability in many a legal battle. He is also the president of the Olympic Club and acts as the editor of the Olympian, organ of the club.

Ex '98 Herman E. Berg who attended Santa Clara during the late nineties underwent quite a novel and interesting experience Armistice Day at his home in Marysville. According to the press the story runneth thus: Ty Cobb was to be the star of the Armistice Day baseball game in Marysville. As a result everybody within many leagues came to town with their wives and families to see the Georgia Peach in action; not so Berg. He was under doctor's orders to stay in bed on account of sickness. As Berg is a rabid fan, he felt rather gloomy about his absence. In some way word reached Cobb who then showed that he was a "Peach" in other ways than baseball by visiting his unfortunate admirer and chatting for quite a while with him. When Cobb had to leave, both were highly pleased and Berg's sickness was noticeably lessened.

Although Mr. Berg was here a long time ago he is still remembered by the "old boys". He played center on the football team, and as a token of his interest in dramatics his name is inscribed on the back of the stage in the Auditorium where all may see it. He is mar-



ried and has four children. His nephew, Ken Berg, is Varsity pitcher at present and is a popular student in the school. Although Mr. Berg undoubtedly deserves our sincere sympathy because of his sickness, yet under the circumstances it turned out to be not so bad a thing at all. We all hope that Mr. Berg gets well soon.

A recent press dispatch thus refers to Mr. Berg, then visiting in San Francisco.

"Herman Berg of Marysville is a big rancher, has a big family and is a big man physically. He is probably the biggest graduate of Santa Clara University, and certainly one of the biggest Native Sons in that big order."

'98 "Here's a fellow who comes all the way from Peoria to see the game." "Just got a wire from Jake way off in Walla Walla telling us to give 'em ——." Sounds fine to hear these and other similar expressions around the campus and shows that the "Old S. C. Spirit" is very much alive and kicking. But let's not give all the laurels to our far off supporters. There are plenty of Alumni right here in Santa Clara County who back their Alma Mater personally whenever possible.

One of our most faithful and enthusiastic rooters is Mr. William Cushing, who bade good-bye to the fair portals of Santa Clara long, long ago. Bill in those days played tackle on the football squad and achieved considerable notice

as a student. He is ranching near here and has a son who may be material for some future Varsity. Bill is a pretty regular attendant at all our games and we hope that he will have as much success and good luck in the future as he has so often wished our teams in the past.

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Thomas F. Feeney '04, and  
'04 Arthur E. Navlet, ex-'17,  
are keeping bachelor apartments together in San Francisco. Navlet has recently been appointed manager of the Reliance Trailer and Truck Company.

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Reginald Leo Archbold '09,  
'13 on October 31st, became the  
father of an eleven pound  
daughter—Ellen Frances Archbold.  
Santa Rosa is hardly big enough to hold  
"Archie" now.

---

Byington L. Ford '10, and  
'10 Miss Marion Boisot were mar-  
ried recently at Pebble  
Beach Lodge on the 17 Mile Drive near  
Del Monte, where the groom is engaged  
in business. After graduating with the  
highest honors of the Class of 1910,  
Ford attended the University of Cali-  
fornia, where he won two degrees and  
a position on the Varsity. On the out-  
break of the war he enlisted in the fam-  
ous California "Grizzlies" and later  
was commissioned a lieutenant at the  
Second Officers' Training Camp at the  
Presidio of San Francisco. While

aboard the *Tuseania* en route to France, his ship was torpedoed, however, he was rescued and later, while in command of a battery of field artillery of the 26th Division, was severely wounded and gassed in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. He returned to California a captain, with several decorations. At present the "newly-weds" are on a motor tour through the southern part of the state and will later locate at Del Monte.

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Reports from Broadway tell **Ex '12** us that Desmond Gallagher is having a splendid year on the stage. He has starred in several productions and is building up a fine reputation for himself as an actor. Desmond, while at Santa Clara, took a very prominent part in all school dramatic activities. He played the leading part in "The Fool's Bauble", '08, and seintillated in the play of '09, "Constantine". He was also a star rugby man. Although Mr. Gallagher is a native of Australia, and lives in New York at present, he has not forgotten Santa Clara as is evident from the following letter received by Fr. Fox, dated from the Green Room Club, New York City, Nov. 26:

November 26th.

My Dear Father Fox:

I can't take the credit for this epistle. It is just one of those inexplicable happenings whereby fate (or eall it what you will) deecides what is to be or not to be.

I was sitting in the club when a

friend of mine came in and introduced me to his companion, a Mr. Joe McKiernan.

In the course of conversation he mentioned he was from San Jose. For the moment I passed that by unnoticed, but later in the evening when I was alone with Mr. McKiernan I mentioned that I was a Santa Clara man, and a very wonderful smile lit up his face as he lifted up his vest and showed me a silver belt buckle with that name standing out in bold relief.

Then the years were swept away, and we were back again inside those dear old "Mission" walls. I kept him busy answering questions for an hour as I sought information about things that had happened in the intervening years.

Kindly give my best wishes to all.

Sincerely yours,

Desmond Gallagher.

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**'16** Friends of Joseph Herilly will be delighted to know that he joined the ranks of the Benedicts Nov. 10th. Miss Estelle Nace was the lucky girl and our own Father Ryan tied the knot. The wedding took place at the home of George Nicholson, also of the class of '16, who acted as best man.

Joe Herilly while at Santa Clara was one of the most prominent undergraduates. He was an active member of the Senate. During the R. O. T. C. he rose from the ranks up as high as Captain. Joe also organized the still-remembered bonfire of '16. At present he is

affiliated with Ford, a big lawyer of Los Angeles. He was admitted to the Bar in '17.

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**Ex' 16** Friends and former classmates of Harry Canelo will be overjoyed to know that he is now the proud father of a pretty baby girl. Report has it that Harry is still passing out the cigars and treating the San Jose gang to chocolate fudges in honor of the event. Canelo married one of the Auzerais girls of San Jose and is a prominent auto man of that city.

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**Ex '07** Just as we were going to print news arrives that Joseph Martin, ex-'07, is also passing round the strawberry frosted sundaes in honor of the birth of a son.

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**Ex '22** Ignatio Foster is married. He is now the loving lesser half of beautiful Mildred Marsh, the sister of the famous screen star, Mae Marsh.

The nuptial mass was celebrated by the Reverend A. J. Quevedo, S. J., of Los Gatos, the personal friend of groom and bride. Ignatio will be well remembered by all his friends at Santa Clara for having been the possessor of the most artistically decorated room the University ever saw. Rumor has it that he is the great grandson of Ramona, whose ranch is his own personal property. Shortly after leaving college, he enlisted in the Artillery and was the

youngest in his company and one of the youngest who ever went to France with the A. E. F. He spent nearly two years fighting in the trenches and was decorated on several occasions for gallantry. At the signing of the Armistice he returned to civil life and to his far famed Ramona ranch. His bride received a convent education and is accomplished in every way.

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**Ex '23** "Hank" O'Neil was a recent visitor at the University on the occasion of his coming all the way from Idaho to be the best man for Ignatio Foster. Every old Santa Clara man knows "Hank". He is loved by all for his great big heart and during his college days was a great favorite on the campus. "Hank" was gassed and wounded in battle over in France and as soon as he was dismissed from the hospital went back to his old business of taking care of his father's sheep. After leaving college he took complete charge of seventy thousand of these sheep and has been blessed with such abundant success that his flocks are almost a hundred thousand in number. "Hank" always had the makings of a good shepherd even in college.

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**'14** Joe Parker returned for a brief visit after having stood by Ignatio Foster to the bitter end. Joe's huge smile made him a popular idol on the campus and it has never worn off. It has won for him a rare place in the business world and

much of his success is due to his constant jovial disposition. There are whisperings around the campus that Joe, too, has his eye out for one of the "marrying Padres".

**'15** Among recent visitors was Charles S. Hillis, Jr., of 2833 Ashby street, Berkeley. He attended Santa Clara from 1915 to 1916, was a member of the House and of Father Whelan's famous "Bulldogs". He was accompanied by his mother, wife and baby.

From far off New York City news has come announcing the marriage of Cyril Louis Fuller who attended Santa Clara in the early years of this century, to Miss Carrie Reid Ledoux of the same city. The wedding took place at the Gotham and was a very pretty affair.

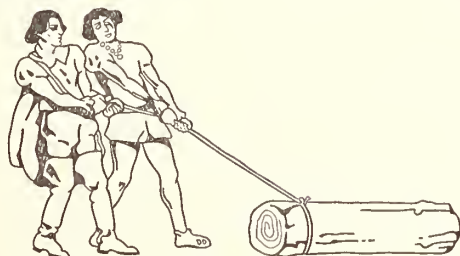
Marriages seem to be quite popular of late among Santa Clara alumni. Cards have been received announcing the wedding of William Harold Kelly of the Class of '16 to Miss Harriet Grey Wood of San Francisco. The wedding ceremonies were held in St. Dominic's Church of that city last November 24.

### Chief White

San Francisco suffered a heavy loss when her brilliant, kind-hearted Chief of Police, David Augustin White, died recently. Although Chief White never attended Santa Clara, his loss has been felt deeply here. Mr. White never refused to do anything to help Santa Clara, and always showed, whenever possible, his great friendship towards her. Many a big game we have staged in San Francisco owed its success to Chief White. Whenever there was a Santa Clara gathering around the Bay Region, you would be certain to find "Gus", as he was known to all, among those present, and generally he was one of the moving spirits behind these gatherings. Albion White, a brother, is an alumnus of the class of '96, and Father Victor V. White, S. J., another of his brothers, was instructor and adviser of Sophomore Letters Classes for a long time here and on two occasions was faculty moderator of athletics. We feel sure that we can speak for all Santa Clarans in extending our sincerest sympathy to the bereaved relatives and friends of Chief White.

Fred J. Moran, '22.

Charles F. Daly, '24.





## Come With Me

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WILT thou, O Memory, come awhile with me  
Return and tread the Campus by my side;  
Wilt stop with me at each recalling step  
Lighting the shadows where old memories hide?

No need to hallow, for each musing paece—  
A benediction of remembered days,  
Each one a link, till on my heart a chain  
Drew me again here, where my mem'ry strays.

Ye shadows from across the football field,—  
Ye striven goal-posts, battled miles between,—  
Ye warriors, and ye hoarse cheering men—  
Hold my heart here where it has ever been.

And ye, old mem'ries, call anon to me,  
And when the hours are heavy-wrought with care,  
Take ye my hand, and follow ye my heart  
And wander with me on the Campus there.

—An Alumnus.



### De Paul Minerval

Because of our going to press shortly before the arrival of the De Paul Minerval (De Paul University, Chicago, Ill.), we were unable to include a review of this interesting magazine in the last issue. However, the long interim has given us time to peruse its pages more at our leisure, which we did from cover to cover without once losing interest. Confess, we must to a little "wooziness" after wandering through nine pages with the "Woozy Wanderer".

First of all, "Idea" caught our eye. the essay certainly manifests on the part of the author a thorough grasp of the truths of Scholastic Philosophy and of the arguments used in refutation of opponents. An excellent article indeed and well worthy of a place in any college magazine.

Next we turned to "Influences on the American Literature of 1840-1876", and found it too, unusually erudite, well-prepared, and withal interesting. "The Selection of Judges", an exhaustive discussion of an important topic, is

likewise to be commended; it indicates much diligent research and earnest effort. We found it, as we did the others, very instructive and profitable.

The short stories were of the same high standard. "The Test" is well developed, chiefly through conversation. We were pleased with the plot of "The Price", as well as the characters and setting. It is one of the best handled stories that has come to our notice thus far in a college publication. The quaint plot of "A Matter of Life", caused us several "eachinnatory disturbances" and tended to lessen our vexation when we turned the pages for a glance at the Exchange Department—all in vain. The editorials are above the ordinary.

You pleased us all the way, De Paul, and we do not hesitate to say that you are quite the best exchange we have had the pleasure of reviewing this year.

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### University Symposium

comes the

Next, bearing in its train a generous fund of stories, essays, and verse, University Symposium

(Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.)

The story "The Lion and the Mouse", is longer than the ordinary, but the interest is well sustained to the very last. "The Mystery", though inclined to brevity is also good. We heartily sympathize with the tea drinker in the latter but are rather inclined to question the keenness of his gustatory powers. For us personally this sort of sugar is easy of detection and, far from being a mystery, is one of the unmistakable but necessary evils. We did not allow this acrid theme to sour us, however, but passed on to the other two articles, "The American College Man", and "The Nineteenth Amendment". The former contains much common sense and it could be read by thousands of high school and college men much to their profit. We quite agree with the author: "Always true education has been the hope and measure of civilization." For the civilization of a country advances only in proportion to the number of men of real education which it may boast.

The two Alma Mater songs are dignified, stately, and imposing. "How do You Do", is in lighter vein, possessing a pleasing swing and teaching a lesson. The several departments, which are quite extensive, complete this well balanced issue.

### The Laurel

The uniform excellence of the contents of "The Laurel", (St. Bonaven-

tura's College, St. Bonaventura, N. Y.) makes it hard on the Ex-man to choose out any one- as deserving of special praise. "American Ideals", trite only in theme, is an excellent elucidation of our ideals expressed in pleasing diction. "Valedictory", which seems to us to be out of season at present, contains much food for thought and fulfills the oratorical requirements. The two remaining essays, "Christian Democracy", and "Atmospheric Electricity", are interesting, instructive and best of all, concentrated. We regret that the same cannot be said for "Daylight Saving, a Monstrous Fallacy". This essay rambles on for a page and a half of introduction before reaching the point, and then we could not see the force of the arguments. However, it may be prejudice on our part. The sole short story, "The Trick That Failed", rather disappointed us with a crude plot development, but still the climax contained a surprise and, had the last paragraph been shortened to a word or two of explanation, the tale would be passable. The editorials are timely. One is an eloquent arraignment of the English type of Kultur.

### The Xavierian

In "The Xavierian", (St. Xaviers College, Antigonish, Nova Scotia), we recognize an old friend whose visits we have always looked forward to with pleasure.

First to greet our eye was a beauti-

ful cut of the interior of Somers Chapel and across from it an inspiring and appropriate verse, "In Chapel".

The lines:

"Alone in the hush of this holy place,  
Our soul finds bliss and sweet release

From Earth's dark ways; and a sacred peace

In the conjured wraith of God's  
Holy Face".

are perhaps as good as any we have read in our brief experience as Exchange Editor.

"Stories in Words", caught our fancy at once. The author manifests a keen knowledge of words and their derivations and it is our only regret that he did not mention some of an encyclopaedic character that we might the better praise his work.

We cannot find fault with "The Responsibilities of the Returned Man", for the author refers to Canadian heroes. Had Uncle Sam's fighting men been included, the argument that they should endeavor to repay the government for the fine treatment they received from its hands might, unfortunately, seem rather ironic to many. "Misguided" is the only story, and, in spite of the handicap of a rather weak plot, proved very readable. In our estimation the verse on Lord Mayor MacSwiney is entitled to a separate page.

The editorial appeal for a Catholic Press Movement in Canada meets our hearty approval.

**Georgetown College Journal** Rich in the quality and tone of its contents and imposing as usual with the effective purple and gray of its cover, the October number of the "Georgetown College Journal," Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., impressed us deeply indeed. It is a rare treat to review such articles as "Poetry, The Maker of Men", "Homer Cumming", and the excellent stories and verse. The former evinces deep study of his subject on the part of its author, as well as meticulous care in the choice of quotations. His philosophy is cheerful and he quotes extensively from Browning, one of the most optimistic of bards.

"The Tar's Lament" with its pleasing swing and appealing thought is a noteworthy contribution to a magazine of noteworthy contents. "Autumn", and "The Golden West", contain some good descriptive passages and well uphold the high standard of the Journal. Under the somewhat trite and anything—but—catchy title of "An Old Story", is contained a narrative of merit. We would choose "What You Don't Know" however, as the better story; the easy conversational style, and quiet humor are executed in real professional style. The departments are short and readable.

Of our October issue, "The Xaverian" (St. Francis Xavier College, Antigonish, Nova Scotia), has the following to say:

"Our old acquaintance from Santa



Clara, 'The Redwood', has appeared once more, and the October Number, besides being highly attractive, shows considerable literary merit. In addition to the departments dealing with college life, this number has a well balanced supply of short stories, essays and verse. Of the former, 'Deviled Ham' is rather 'powerful' in execution, despite some incredible situations. The pomp and oratory of the story are well sustained, but we are principally indebted to the author for a lurid picture of his Satanic majesty.

"The article 'Casey Follows Up', is inspiring and timely, not only for its constructive tone, but for the valuable information thus dispensed regarding the activities of the Knights of Columbus. The phases of their latest program, embracing as it does Scholarships, Council Schools, and Evening Schools, reflect highly on the sound educational principles of the K. of C."

Of the same number "The Collegian", St. Mary's College, Oakland, Cal., remarks:

"In the first order, we feel in duty bound to congratulate the editor of

'The Redwood' on his clever idea of slicing a neat inch and a half of printed matter from each page in order that his paper retain its usual bulk. The issue has a pleasing uniformity of stories, essays and poems. 'To a Tiger Lily' and 'Youth' are both delightful bits of verse possessing no small degree of ease and charm. 'The Passing of Charles M. Lorigan' proved apropos. Possibly the best essay in this number was the one which was called by its writer, 'Casey Follows Up'. In an easy but vigorous style the author gives us a digest of the work that the Knights of Columbus have undertaken in their educational program.

"We liked the style of the editorials. They were particularly well written, each abounding in literary sense and also giving witness to the editor's journalistic promise. The Redwood has several pages of solemn University Notes in style not conducive to interest. We received the 'Hail' of the Ex-man with pleasure and we, in turn, 'Hail' him. We should be good friends, both being so very bland."

Martin M. Murphy, '22.





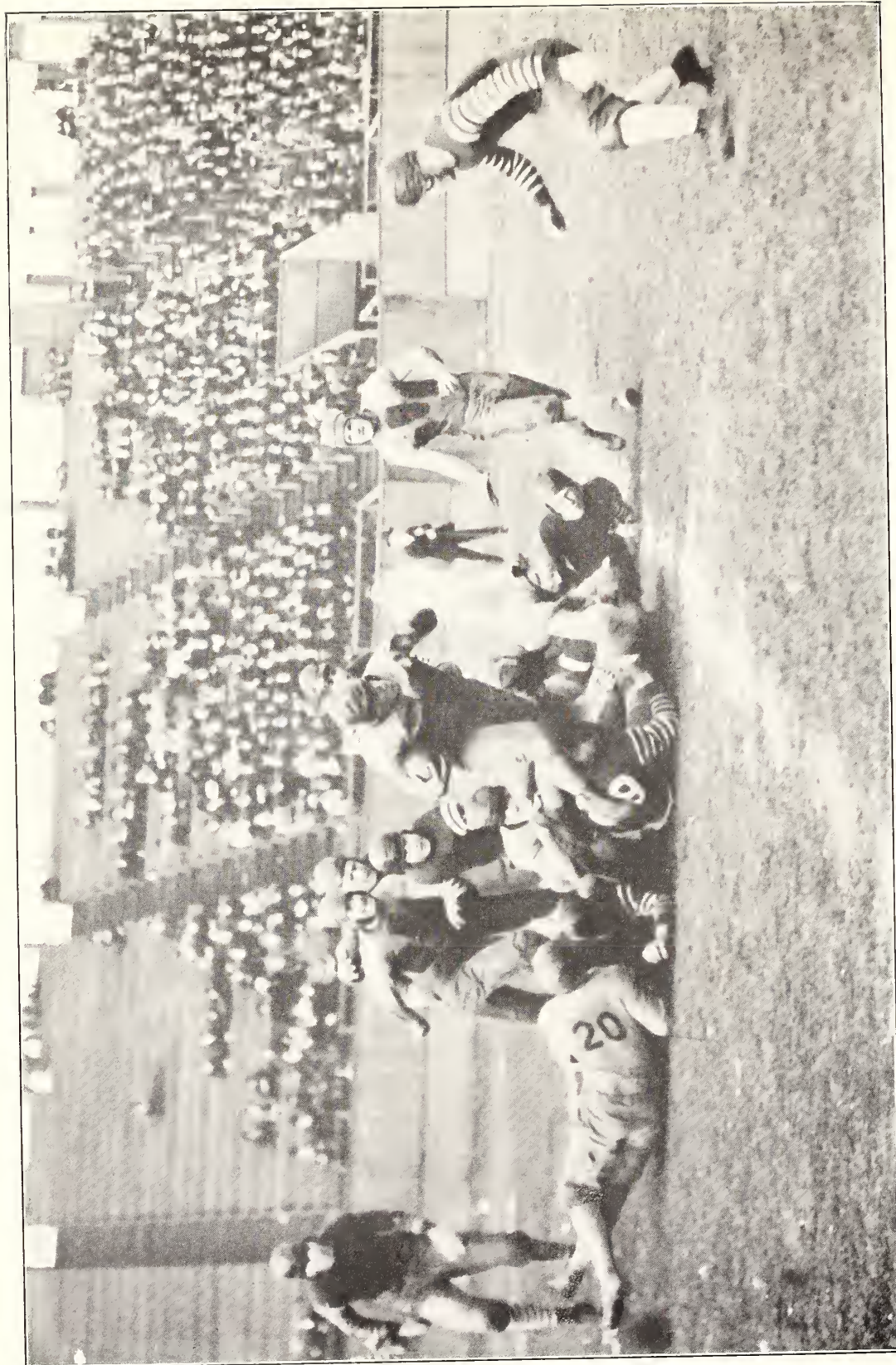


PHOTO BY H. M. SMITH, SAN FRANCISCO

COCHRANE (20)

NOLL

FLAHERTY

BAKER

SCHALL  
EVANS

MANELLI

## SANTA CLARA—NEVADA GAME



# ATHLETICS



According to Webster, "Thanksgiving day in the United States, is a day, usually the last Thursday in November, set apart as an annual festival of Thanksgiving for the year's blessings". But is it not also the ending of the football season? For Santa Clara it was the curtain of a play that started on August twenty-fifth, and may we call it a success? Wait—

## Varsity 48      Mare Island Sailors 13

November thirteenth marked the last appearance of the Red and White upon their own field. Nineteen husky lads in blue arrived in time to partake of the food that the training table offered, and two hours later twenty-two men were lined up for the kickoff. It was to be the first battle that the Varsity had engaged in since the Stanford game on October twenty-third.

Santa Clara received and with line bucks placed the ball upon the Gobs' seven yard line. A split buck was next in order, and without touching an opponent, Cochrane slipped through the line. Evans kicked goal. On the next kickoff the Varsity opened up, and on the very first forward pass attempted, Cochrane tossed thirty yards

to Evans, who ran over for the second tally, and then added another point with his right toe.

The second round again goes to "Hoggie" Evans. Receiving a long pass he stepped over the chalk, and duplicated his previous acts, by kicking goal. Clarke was taken out, Shorty Carroll filling his place at quarter, and on the second play he tore loose on a beautiful end run swerving twenty-five yards through his opponents, and touching the ball down behind their line. Evans sent the leather through the posts. A few minutes later Jim Needles plunged through right tackle bringing the total to thirty-four points, and with the help of Evans, another number was added, and here the first half ended.

Early in the second period Roy Baker stepped around right end so quickly that before he was stopped he had covered twenty yards, while the ball rested behind the goal posts. Hoggie's toe was tired. He missed goal.

The sailors chose to kick off, and a beautiful kick it was, sailing through the chilly air, into the arms of Cochrane, on his own two yard line. There



were ten other men on the Varsity, and those ten formed an interference that caused someone on the sidelines to smile. But through, over, and around the eleven sailors ran "Coeky", until he had completed the ninety-eight yards to the other end of the field. While he caught his breath, Evans again converted.

The last quarter belonged to the Navy men. Jim Needles, the tower of strength behind the Varsity line on defense, was absent, and they took advantage of the fact. Their line was of the charging variety, and charge they did, until two touchdowns were marked to their credit, but only one goal was converted, and as the Red and White held the ball under the lengthening shadows of the Sailors' goal posts, a sound from out of somewhere ended the game. The line-ups:—

Varsity	Mare Island Sailors	
Pecarovieh	L. E.	Simmons
Manelli	L. T.	Milliard
Ferrario	L. G.	Sequest
Di Fiore	C.	Radford
Miller	R. G.	Yandoel
Flaherty	R. T.	Williams
Evans	R. E.	Toner
Clarke	Q. B.	Hungerford
Baker	L. H.	Olsen
Cochrane	F. B.	Simpson
Needles	R. H.	Remer
Green, Referee.	Boyer,	Umpire.
Ryan, Head Linesman.		

**Varsity 24****Nevada 21**

Although it has never been the policy

of this department to quote the writings found on sport pages, yet we have exceptions, and the following article is from the pen of Mr. Warren W. Brown, of National fame, and was found in the November 26th edition of the "San Francisco Call".

It has been given us in the past few months to attend several sporting functions, each and every one of which developed the sort of thrillers you read about, would like to see, but seldom do. We saw Walter Mails strike out Babe Ruth in the pinch on three pitched balls; we saw Elmer Smith wallop a home run in a world's series with three men on bases; we saw Bill Wambsgans turn a line drive into a triple play unassisted; we saw over \$300,000 worth of fight fans stand with bared heads as the band played the "Marsellaise" as Georges Carpentier, the "idol of his people, the hero of France", clambered through the ropes for his first—and possibly only—American appearance; we saw Stanford University hold Oregon within the five yard line and a few moments later carry the ball across the Oregon line for a touchdown; we saw that same Stanford team a few weeks later gamely fall before the savage onslaught of the best team—in our opinion—that ever trod a Western gridiron; all these were thrillers, the like of which neither Frank Merriwell, nor any of the paper-backed novel heroes of the kid days ever turned in as part of the afternoon's endeavor. But the palm goes not to any of these, but to that game played yesterday at Ewing Field, the last intercollegiate football game of the season, the meeting between Santa Clara and Nevada.

If any one missed that game yesterday for the sake of punishing a gob of turkey or because the winning or loss of the game didn't "mean anything," let him kick himself where it will do the most good. The Santa Clarans won 24—21. Oh! What a game!

Santa Clara started it off with two touchdowns, Cochrane taking both across, and the Nevadans didn't appear to have a look-in. The Blue and White jerseyed athletes do not know what "quit" means, however, and they kept plugging along until before the Santa Clarans knew what was up the score was tied, little Bradshaw, the great Nevada

quarter stumbling over for the touchdown that evened matters up.

At evens the game stood for a long time, so long in fact that more than one of the thousands present decided the score would remain at that 14—14 point when time was called.

Santa Clara, however, had some other ideas on the subject. The leathern pill was jockeyed up and down the field until it finally rested within booting distance of the Nevada goal. Baker dropped back, and with a nifty kick, sent the egg sailing through the cross bars for the three points that made the score read Santa Clara 17, Nevada 14.

"It's all over now," chorused the Santa Clara rooters, and the Nevada sympathizers, of whom there was a surprising number present, mournfully agreed.

There couldn't be very much longer to play. Already the fog for which Ewing Field is famous, was creeping over the same back fence which three hours before had been stormed by every kid from Divisadero street to the ocean beach. It was getting dark, too, but black as the afternoon was, the outlook for Nevada was darker. Those three points for Santa Clara were big, oh, so big.

And then out of the fog and the gloom Bradshaw shot a forward pass almost to the goal line of Santa Clara. Fairchild, Nevada right end, reached out, grabbed the ball, bowled over the lone Santa Clara man who stood in his way, and fell across the line. Nevada, one minute before a beaten team, was in the lead. The goal kick added one more point. The score was 21-17 in favor of Nevada. There couldn't be more than a few moments left to play. Santa Clara, apparent winners, was a beaten team.

Writhing on the ground where he had fallen from the jolt Fairchild gave him, was a Santa Clara lad. His mates packed him over to the bleacher wall. The crowd, surging out on the field, interfered with the process of packing. A Santa Clara player rather sharply demanded that the crowd fall back and make room for the injured player.

"What's the difference?" jeered a spectator. "You're licked. They've got it on you fellows!"

Lest he might be given ten lines of Horace to commit to memory—and we know from experience what punishment that is—we'll not tell who the Santa Clara player was who answered. But what he said is

the best bit of repartee, in view of what happened later, we've heard on the gridiron or anywhere else this fall.

"Like h—— we're beaten!" he cried.

He was right. It doesn't seem possible that with such a short period of time at their disposal, coming after the sensational touchdown of Nevada, that Santa Clara could rally. But rally they did. Line bucks and forward passes carried the ball straight across the field, and "Snowy" Baker dove across the line for the six points that gave Santa Clara the game. The goal kicking was a mere formality. It made the score 24-21 instead of 23-21. That's all.

And with Nevada rooters watching anxiously, half praying that another one of those marvelous, yes, miraculous breaks would come along and enable Nevada to snatch back a game they had lost and won and lost and won again, only to let it slip finally, and forever away, the pistol shot sounded the end of the game.

As an intercollegiate championship, we'll grant you that meeting yesterday between Santa Clara and Nevada didn't "mean anything."

But as a football game, of the sort the man who wrote the book had in mind when he picked up his pen, the "little big game" was the "biggest big game" of this or any other season. Ask any one who was there. He'll tell you, if his yell-worn voice enables him to speak above a whisper today.

All that's what we saw in the "Call", but on that gridiron during those last three minutes there were plays pulled by the Varsity that puzzled the newspaper men, the spectators, and Nevada. Santa Clara received the kick-off, and Cochrane was stopped on his own fifteen yard line. And then a signal was called, and from sideline to sideline stretched the Red and White, while the Blue and White were bewildered. They had never seen this formation, but "Watch the pass" were the words they shouted. The ball was handed from Mike Pecarovich to Neary, who

then slipped it to Needles, and through center he dove, making three yards. Snowy Baker added three more on an end run, while on the next play a forward pass was incompletd. And so the Varsity stood seventy-nine yards from a touchdown, with the fourth down, four yards to go plus two minutes of playing time. To punt would place Santa Clara on the defensive, and here real strength was shown as Jim Needles plunged through right tackle for five yards. Again the spread formation that Coach Harmon had taught, was used. An end run, a wide pass, another end run, a pass over center, and the goal but twenty yards away. With twenty-three seconds yet to play Snowy Baker skirted left end for the final score. Hoggie Evans found goal, and as Santa Clara kicked off, a shot from the sidelines ended it all.

The line-ups:

Nevada	Position	Santa Clara
Martin	L. E.	Kerekhoff
Howard	L. T.	Manelli (capt.)
Buekman	L. G.	Ferrario
Howard	Center	Pearovieh
M. Fairehild	R. G.	Noll
Colwell	R. T.	Flaherty
T. Fairehild	R. E.	Evans
Bradshaw	Quarterback	Clarke
Reed (capt.)	R. H.	Needles
Johnson	L. H.	Baker
Dunne	Fullback	Coehrane

Score by periods—

Navada .....	0	7	7	7—21
Santa Clara .....	14	0	0	10—24

Nevada scoring: Touchdowns—Dunne, Bradshaw, T. Fairehild. Goals from touchdown—Howard 3.

Santa Clara scoring: Touchdowns—Coehrane (2), Baker. Goals from touchdown—Evans 3. Goal from field—Baker.

Substitutions: Nevada—Church for Bradshaw, Bradshaw for Church, Waite for Martin, Reese for M. Fairehild, Middleton for Dunne. Santa Clara—Bannon for Ferrario, Ferrario for Bannon, Di Fiore for Ferrario, Pigg for Di Fiore, Carroll for Clarke, Shaw for Pigg, Murphy for Shaw, Neary for Carroll, Crowley for Noll, Bedolla for Needles, Miller for Flaherty.

Referee—Humphreys, Amherst; umpire—Korbel, Washington; head linesman—Boyer, Idaho; timer—Marx, Pennsylvania.

Thus we have told of the last game, the completion of the second year of restored American football at this institution. Rugby was instilled into the minds of many of us, but Coach Robert Emmett Harmon has transformed the squad and the Student Body into his idea of the "game of games", and in future years, if misfortune so has it that he shall no longer be with us, we must always remember that it was he who built our foundation, and the past season is but one example of its strength.

In a speech delivered at the official closing of the football year, he bestowed due honor upon those men who gave their all, with only one purpose, the

betterment of the Varsity. "Call them Hooligans if you will, but I call them football players." To practice for a month without a game took courage, but backed by an ever-willing Student Body, eager to place their last Gaddi upon their Varsity, success could not be lost. The importance of the Preps in building up the Varsities of the future, was dwelt upon, and from the spirit shown by these younger men, and the results obtained through the coaching of Mr. Kenney, the road to future years is smooth. Our squad contained no shining stars, nor was our team composed of one man, but every member played his part to the best of his ability. Training rules were strict, they must be, and Gus Peterson can not be given too great a praise.

Looking back to that twenty-fifth day in August, and glancing at the following, there enters into our mind but one word, Success.

Varsity 7, Olympic Club 0.  
 Varsity 46, U. S. S. Boston 0.  
 Varsity 19, Davis Farm 0.  
 Varsity 7, Stanford 21.  
 Varsity 48, Mare Island 13.  
 Varsity 24, Nevada 21.

### BASKETBALL

The prospects of a winning quintet in this popular winter sport are bright. Although Coach Harmon has allowed football men to rest until their return from the holidays, there can be found baskets shooters upon the historical court each afternoon. "Zeek" Coman,

"Stub" Kenney, "Nuc" Baker, "Mish" de Cazotte, Austin Enright, Mike Antonacci, Harry Maloney, "Red" Culleton, "Shorty" Harrington, "Owlie" Maggetti, "Ray" Shelloe, "Ollie" Anderson and Adair McCarthy are but a few of the promising lights. After the habits of holding the ball, body hurling, and ploughing through the line have left the minds of the gridiron men, Ferrario, Manelli, Needles, Baker, Noll, Flaherty, Logan, Clarke, Pecarovich, Riley, Kerekhoff, and many others that usually loom up at the last moment in the role of dark horses will don the lighter garb and Coach Harmon should find no difficulty in picking a champion five.

While this is in press, a decision shall be reached regarding the fate of the California-Nevada League. Graduate Manager Jim O'Connor has never allowed anything to get out of his grasp, and if this league continues, or merely becomes a thing of the past, he can easily arrange games that will mean a busy season.

Never have we heard of class spirit as keen as at the present writing. From the dignified Seniors down to the humble Freshmen, teams have been formed, defies have boldly adorned the bulletin boards, and competition runs high as argument after argument floats over the campus.

The following is an account of the first game, written by one whom we shall give you three chances to guess.

"The Senior Engineers issued a chal-



lenge to the Senior Letters men for a game and the latter called the bluff. Everyone who witnessed the spirited tussle came away fully satisfied that it was one of the best and most exciting games witnessed on the home court in many a moon. The game started off in a series of whirlwind rushes on the part of both teams and the Letters men dropped three baskets in quick succession from the hands of Coman, Burke and McCarthy. The Ditch Diggers then braced and at the end of the first half the score stood twelve to twelve."

"The second period only added to the excitement and for a few moments the construction men gained the lead due to the nifty shooting of Abrahamsen. However their efforts proved futile due to the clever passes of Burke and Coman, aided by the nifty guarding of Marcel Antonioli, who continually fed the forwards, and the prodigies of Father Hayes again obtained the lead which was never overcome. "Prexy" Fowler showed his old time bursts of speed, but was guarded closely throughout the melee. Abrahamsen was the scoring star for his team, while "Stepper" Ford showed some neat headwork in defensive play. It was a tossup as to the choice of the rival centers for "Blushing Diek" McCarthy and "Dangerous Dan" Minahan grappled to a standstill to gain possession of the ball and furnished most of the thrills to the large crowd. "Tomby" Cashin, our modest Editor, discarded the pen for the time being and shook a mean tennis

shoe at forward. The real stars for the Letters men were Zeek Coman and Don Burke. Throughout it all, only one casualty resulted, when "Wild Bill" Osterle was given time out, on account of the absence of a tenderloin grinder."

The lineups:—

Letters (18)		Engineers (16)	
Cashin	Forward	Fowler	
Coman (capt.)	Forward	Abrahamsen	
McCarthy	Center	Minahan	
Burke	Guard	Ford	
Antonioli	Guard	Osterle	
Referee—Manelli.		Time Keeper—	
		Crowe.	

### Juniors vs. Sophomores

Another ambitious writer collected the following words and figures together: "The second game of the interclass series between the Junior and Sophomore Letters men proved to be one of the most exciting clashes seen here since the Santa Clara-California tangle in 1918. A large throng turned out to witness this much advertised game and the interest ran high, due to the great rivalry between the two aggregations. The spectators left the court feeling satisfied. It was a thriller and they had obtained their nickel's worth.

"The game started with numerous mixups, and every man seemed eager to get his hands on the ball. One could plainly see that it was a fight to the finish, and only when the game ended and the score rested 13-7 in favor of Father Boland's warriors did hostilities cease.

The two teams were evenly matched, and the Junior guards, "Mathias" Pecarovich, and "Cupid" Kerekhoff proved an almost invincible barrier between the basket and the opposing forwards, while merely the mention of "Jim" Needles and "Carrot" Flaherty, the Soph guards, explains the difficulty of the June bugs in likewise reaching their basket. For a time it seemed to be a real defensive battle on both sides, and the score at the end of the first half stood five to five. The second spasm opened with the same aggressive tactics and "Houdini" McCarthy and "Senator" Logan found the hoop with long shots, which put the Juniors in the lead. Likewise "Man o' War" Noll assisted by "Rags" Mollen, and "Migs" Neary did some clever passing for the second year men. The Junior guards however, broke up the charge, and time and time again the ball was heaved out of danger by "Andy" Kerekhoff and "Mike" Pecarovich. At this juncture "Philosopher" Kenny sped around the floor like a skater on a pond of new ice. Jimmy Needles for

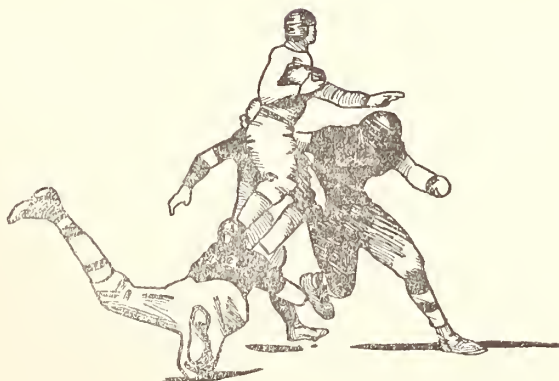
the Sophs seemed to be mixed up in every play, and again showed his strong defence. The Sophs often reached the rim of the basket, but fate was not with them. Coach Fitzpatrick when interviewed after the game said, 'I am proud of the boys. They won without me'. Captain Pecarovich stated, 'Just as I expected'. Coach "Jawn" Lewis of the Sophs elucidated as follows, 'Well, we didn't win, but we come durn near it, b' gosh'. Captain Needles spoke up, 'Bring 'em on again'."

"It is impossible to pick the shining stars, for every one contributed equally to the splendor of the Milky Way."

The lineups:—

Juniors (13)		Sophomore (7)	
Moran, Kenny	Forward	Neary	
Logan	Forward	Mollen	
McCarthy	Center	Noll	
Pecarovich	Guard	Needles	
(Capt.)		(Capt.)	
Kerekhoff	Guard	Flaherty	
Referee — Coman.		Timekeeper —	
Coach Harmon.			

James E. Neary, '23.



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BANQUET IN HONOR OF  
 THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY  
 OF THE UNITED STATES  
 HELD AT THE HOTEL MANHATTAN

STANTON BANQUET

# The Redwood.

Entered Dec. 18, 1902, at Santa Clara, Cal., as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

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## In Memoriam: Curtis H. Lindley, '65

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THOU wert a mountain peak that towered sheer  
Above thy fellows, as the winds that blow,  
Raging about the mountain, come and go,  
And leave it all unscathed, devoid of fear,  
Thou stood'st serene through many a changing year,  
Untroubled by life's turmoil. As the glow  
Of sunlight blazes on the mountain, so  
The light of wisdom burned about thee clear.  
  
The granite of the mountain was thy will;  
The grandeur of the mountain dwelt in thee;  
Thy bounty spread about thee, as are rolled  
The waters from the mountain snows until  
They spread in mighty rivers to the sea;  
And at thy heart a mine of purest gold.

MAURICE T. DOOLING Jr., '09  
Formerly Editor-in-Chief  
"The Redwood"

# Angelici Diaboli

## AN ORATION

By Randall O. O'Neill, Law '21



THE war is over; won; a part of history, and in this regard our one fervent prayer should ever be, that history, at least in this instance, should not be allowed to repeat itself.

The League of Nations has been both avoided and rejected—even to, as has been said: “The breaking of the Heart of the World.”

And we suppose that when the many national pawns of Europe have been sufficiently shuffled and strangled to suit the diplomatic whims of “High Contracting Parties” that the multi-varied rays of peace will be permitted to filter themselves benevolently upon us.

But at the present time there exists a period that commends itself to our very serious consideration—and this period is: “The Period of Reconstruction.”

Now in the face of Prohibition that has purified us—apparently; in the face of numerous Reforms that have perfected us—theoretically; in the face of various Uplifts that have mentally

and morally pasteurized us—imaginatively; we might ask in all sincerity—and simplicity too—“Isn’t there anything left to be done?”

And immediately we are told: “Why, yes; Americanize!—Americanization is your crying need!”

And so it is. But when we ask the further question as to “whom”, we are again immediately told, in accents loud and eloquent: “The foreigner, the man who came to your shores illiterate, uncultured and unlettered;—educate him; make him one of your own; Americanize him!” And this seems after all to be the salient point: “Educate him!”

Now do we feel so sure of ourselves; does our position make it so safe; that we can assume the role of imperial judge and pass decision upon our “stranger guest”?

Benjamin Franklin once said: “Don’t point your finger at my spot unless that finger be clean”; and that after all might contain pretty good logic even to-day.

Because, should we issue forth on a campaign of educating, transforming and revising our immigrant brother, along lines peculiar to Americanization, we might politely but none the



less firmly be told, to commence such charitable and commendable lines of endeavor by brushing the cobwebs from our own ceiling first.

Now therefore, could we not act ourselves before we ask the other man to act? Could we not perform before wreaking performance on him from another land? Could we not relieve both the distress and unrest of both our foreign guest and ourselves? Could we not in some way lend emphasis to the invitation of our shore? What is it, after all, that makes him sit and gape in wonder?

Now Socialism with its many and varied barbed avenues of access—and excess too—might be an awful thing; I. W. W.—ism, terrible; Sovietism, wholly intolerable; Bolshevism totally unbearable; or in a word Revolution might be anything from bad to worse, a thing to be both dreaded and avoided—but, there is one thing that is just a trifle worse—and that one thing is Reaction.

Yes, Reaction!!—Why?—Because it is the very incarnate and infernal co-sequel of Revolution and Radicalism. A thing to be avoided as we would the fangs of a viper—be careful where we place the burden; be careful where we lay the blame—because even the worm has been known to turn. Hence our own watchword should ever be: “Be careful; avoid Reaction!”

Standing to the strains of the “Star Spangled Banner” or waving an American flag does not make the citizen

and before we ask the man from another land to love and cherish our land and obey the laws could we not well purge ourselves of some of our own grosser irregularities? This country rightly and needs must be a glorious melting pot; a refuge for the oppressed of other lands; a haven to which may come the harborless of other countries; it might be a grand fusing place for the wounds and inflictions caused in other climes; a fit palladium to which may come the persecuted from lands afar where the despot and autocrat hold undisputed monarchical sway; but before we ask him to accept our institutions or share our traditions could we not in righteousness to ourselves and in justice to him do away with many of our practices and customs which in themselves do him no good, are a hardship and handicap to ourselves and a blot upon our national escutcheon?

Could we not, for instance, with great benefit to all, Americanize the great conflict between Capital and Labor before we ask him—or any one—to view it in its nakedness or deal with it in its red-handedness?

How about our Profiteers? The High Cost of Living? Our industrialized, commercialized, pseudo-mercenary, mercenary enterprises where “all save lust is crushed to dust, in Humanity’s machine”; where even the sweat of little children is made to trickle to the earth as the moisture that furnishes growth to their “Almighty Dollars”!

Our social castes? Our racial classes?



Our press? And politics! Ah, there indeed is needed the fiery blast of the fuming flame!

And again as to laws.

What a beautiful thing it would be if we could only enforce the laws we already have; and on the other hand repeal those that uselessly besmear our codes and statutes and prevent the law's majesty from occupying its exalted plane and lastly make and construct only those laws that are vitally and absolutely necessary—and constitutional.

And in this regard I would say a word in reference to the Kenyon and notorious Smith-Towner Bills, the aim of which is not alone the degradation of the foreigner, but likewise the enslaved degeneracy of ourselves and posterity to come.

They would place, if you please, under Federal Control, the divinely authorized and delegated, inviolate and inalienable right of parents to educate their children.

They would have the Federal Government settle and determine all such matters as: schools, academies, universities, professors, courses, programs, curricula, text-books, vacations, vocations, examinations, degrees and every other what-not pertaining to education.

Thus by imperial decree, volition, intuition and initiative are to be at will either beatified or anathematized! Thus they would trample in the dust and mire the finer instincts and sensibili-

ties of the soul and chisel and distort our minds to suit a Federalized sculptor's craze and fancy!

"To the State belong the children"; is the cry of the Revolutionists, none the less of a Trotsky or a Lenine. But its a lie!!! Because to the parent belongs the child; and aided and assisted and encouraged as far as possible by the State, it remains with him, and him alone, to say where his child shall receive its education and what sort of an education that education shall be.

It is a fundamental principle of Political Science, that Civil Society is invested with authority and jurisdiction to rule for the common good, and its duty—bounden duty—is to duly secure Liberty, Law and Order, but the right to impose its particular brand of earmarked Education or ilk of Knowledge, Art or Science upon an individual is entirely aside the purview of its domain!

No prerogative, legislative, judiciary or executive gives a State the right to usurp this power and whether such monopoly occur under a Julian or a Napoleonic dictate or under this Stars and Stripes it is nothing more nor less than pure unadulterated Prussianism through and through, a travesty on right and a nullity of justice!

The State is to serve the people, not the people the State, and the minute this idea is lost sight of, or that God, religion and ultimately, morality are thrown out, or revised by statute, just so soon has that particular State gone

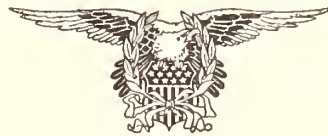
far amiss in functioning toward its fundamental objective!

Now if we are to preserve our inherent right and privileges and God-given endowments; if we are to keep for ourselves and cherish for coming generations the principles which draw the stranger to our sanctuary; if Freedom is to be naught but a phantom; if Liberty is to be naught but a myth—with its statute but a relic of the ancient lore of knightly days—if Fraternity and Humanity, if Justice and Right are to furnish naught but satire for the cynic; if our boasts as Americans, are to be naught but idle and empty air; if Americanization is to be something more than a vision and a wisp, then it is high time we take ourselves in hand; think properly, act rightly—and quickly—purging ourselves lest Reaction set in to undo in a day what only a century has been able to erect.

It is then that Americanization will come to its own; being something more,

something better than a name, and it will be then, if ever, that we can most surely welcome the man who would come to our gates not with hands across the sea, but rather with arms around the world, in loving fraternal embrace.

This done and we have triumphed and America and her cause will rise to the heights of their supremacy far from the vultures' swirl and the fangs and pangs of viperous encroachings upon our rights and liberties by ophidian reformers and groundlings who masquerade under the guise and pretext of sublimial sanctity, when in reality they stab in the back and cut in the dark!—but this neglected and they have conquered,—and America and her cause will lie a withered mass on the bleaching desert of their perfidiousness—a thing inept, inane, inert—but they won't—they can't!—because there are 110,000,000 freemen in this United States who are willing to affirm as a man:—"I thank God, that I too, still, am, an American!!!"



# Have We?

---

## I.



THE cannon are silent  
The red clouds are gone  
Where many a khakied lad  
Gave up his all  
Still true to the call  
That the world might rejoice and be glad.

## II.

Their troubles are over,  
They've gone to their rest.  
But what of the halt and the blind?  
Whose hopes were so clear  
In a near yesteryear,—  
Have we lightly lost them from mind?

## III.

In the high flare of battle  
They fought and they bled.  
We swore that we'd never forget  
Those friends indeed  
In hour of need;  
Do our memories serve us yet?

## IV.

Have we thought of their sorrows  
Their dreary tomorrows  
Who gave all they held dear in life?  
Have we lessened their pain  
Have we eased the dread chain  
They have worn since the dark hour of strife.

EDWIN E. DRISCOLL, '24

# The Arrow Tree

D. E. Mahoney, '24.



ANY years ago in Northern California, before the advent of the white man there lived two powerful tribes of Indians known as the Klamath River and the Mad River Indians. Many minor tribes there were who allied themselves with one of these two stronger ones. The Klamath and the Mad River Indians lived in a state of continual warfare. Each sought the mastery of the other, neither would admit that the other was the more powerful or braver. Thus they would carry on until both were greatly weakened and a truce would be arranged. But during these short times of peace each tribe was preparing for war. The younger men were being trained in the ways of Indian fighting, the stocks of dried meats and fish were replenished, more arrows, knives and tomahawks were made, new alliances were entered into with smaller tribes.

The last war came. Each had a large number of hardy braves, its provisions renewed, everything in readiness for the supreme effort. As was their custom, each tribe held a big war dance. Here for two weeks they feasted on fresh venison and bear meat, danced their queer war dances, dressed in their

war paint and feathers, and listened to the frenzied exhortations of their medicine men prophesying victory and urging them on to subdue the hated foe.

The war commenced in earnest and lasted longer than any previous struggle. At first the tide of battle favored the Klamath Indians, but the Mad River Indians, by means of a new alliance, gained additional strength. The war dragged on with all the atrocities known to Indian methods. Each was constantly on the lookout for the other. Seldom they engaged in open warfare but had recourse to ambush. A band of warriors would swoop down on an unprotected village whose braves had gone forth on the warpath, and put the inhabitants to death by every conceivable form of butchery and torture. When the others returned they would find nothing but a mass of ashes where once stood a large village.

So it continued until the fighting strength of each tribe was almost gone. The best of their men had been killed and they had no younger ones to replace them. Their supplies were almost used and they no longer had the time to hunt or fish. No longer would they go out in bands, but a lone warrior would steal into the enemy's country, wait in hiding for some unsuspecting foe, send an arrow through him and return with his scalp. Many a brave



went forth and failed to return. Another scalp had been added to the collection of the enemy.

Suddenly a terrible pestilence came upon them, the like of which they had never known before, and hundreds died from day to day. It was even worse than the war, because once it came into a village, few survived. Old and young, squaws and papooses were stricken down and the ranks of the few remaining warriors were swiftly depleted. Added to this there came a drought, and no rain fell for a year. The streams dried up, fish could not be had, game became scarcer and scarcer, harder to get. It seemed that every one would perish either from the scourge or from starvation.,

Then one day the wise old medicine man of the Klamaths called his surviving tribesmen together and addressed them. "Last night the Great Spirit spoke to me in my sleep. He is angry with the Indians because there is not peace among us. He has given us these beautiful valleys and hills to live in, he has filled our streams with fish and our woods with game in order that we might have food to eat and furs to keep us warm. But he did not mean that we should fight among ourselves and seek to kill each other. There is plenty for all of us and we are foolish to be always fighting. So to warn us he has sent this sickness and has taken away our game and our fish because we have proved unworthy of his gifts. He commands us to cease this fighting and make peace with the enemy."

Greatly moved by his words the Klamaths sent a messenger to the enemy. They too, gladly agreed to make peace because they were in the same plight.

So the few remaining chiefs met beneath a huge redwood tree which stood at a point midway between the territory of the two. There they solemnly agreed to cease fighting and as long as that redwood should stand, to live in peace. To bind this agreement each one solemnly shot an arrow high up into the big redwood. Thus they ratified their treaty. From then on every time a Klamath River or a Mad River Indian would pass the tree he would shoot an arrow into it in commemoration of the pact. Within a few weeks the pestilence began to leave them, the gentle rains fell again, the woods were filled with game and the fish came up the streams.

Many years have passed since that time. The white man has robbed the Indian of his heritage. He has gradually been deprived of his lands until today he is but a remnant. The redwoods are rapidly being cut away and in a few years they may be as the Indians, only a memory. But still the Arrow Tree stands. Closer and closer came the inroads of the lumberman until all its companions were tumbled to the ground. But out of respect to the Indians this tree was left untouched, and it remains this day just as it was when those chiefs gathered beneath it and swore perpetual friendship. Surrounded by the decaying stumps of its companions, it towers to the sky in sol-

itary grandeur to be seen and noted for many miles.

The Indians are dwindling. The few who linger have learned in part the ways of the white man; yet they retain many of their old customs and traditions and even today have their deer-skin dances, their gambling and their quaint games.

Whenever one of them passes the Arrow Tree he will stop and in lieu of the ready arrow that once leaped aloft through its branches, he takes a little twig and slowly fixed it in the bark of that ragged and lone monarch of a fall-

en forest, and then, wearily, goes upon his way.

Here was a Peace Conference whose proceedings no Hall of Mirrors, with the glint of its confined magnificence, housed. Beneath "the chancel of the sky" they met and "under the arches of the Sequoias."

Those who called the late war "The Suicide of the White Race" may find food for thought in the passing of the Indian and may believe that the peace these California Indians have kept so well has been kept from a consciousness of exhaustion rather than from any sense of fidelity to "a bit of bark."

---

## Conscience

---

(After Macbeth)

Fierce Thunder, Lightning, Rain, and Hail,  
On Night's black bosom vengeance wreak;  
The cold, bleak North-winds moan and wail,  
And hell-born Witches howl and shriek.

Frail Conscience vacillating hears,  
The jangling of Temptation's gold,  
But Heaven sheds Her prayerful tears,  
And breaks the vicious Tempter's hold.

Then Golden Dawn smiles sweet in bliss,  
On Mother Nature fair and meek,  
And solemn Zephyrs gently kiss,  
The fleecy Cloud's encrimsoned cheek.

George W. Ryan, '24.

## Time Runneth On

---

Time runneth on. Thus now and then  
We meet among the mass of men  
One whom short years ago we knew,  
And find the marks of days that flew  
Writ clearly with a steady pen.

He recked it not; passed out and in  
Foul or fair weather, thick or thin,  
Saw not as hour to hour grew  
Time runneth on.

And so it is. What e'er we've been  
Wax we older. In all this din  
And bustle---life---that's false or true,  
By many loved or sought by few,  
What we must, lose; what we may, win---  
Time runneth on.

# The Assimilation of Immigrants

John M. Jackson, '23.

The following is the address of the Second Affirmative in a debate between The House of Philhistorians of Santa Clara and The Nestoria Debating Society of Stanford, held January 13th at Stanford, on the question, Resolved:—That one of the great re-constructive measures to meet the present social unrest in the United States would be the enactment by Congress of more stringent and comprehensive immigration laws. (See under University Notes, "The House".)



THE first speaker of the affirmative has ably shown you, that at the time of the formation of the present immigration laws the social conditions were normal. But now the conditions are abnormal and the laws dealing with immigration are as we shall show, inadequate. Therefore, legislation of a more stringent and comprehensive nature is in order.

There are thousands of immigrants in this country today who are yet to be assimilated. That is, they are to be vested with a knowledge whereby they can more easily intermingle with the other social classes. Permit me to state that true assimilaion cannot adequately be effected by the drawing up of federal statutes; but rather it can be brought about to some reasonable degree through a legislation affecting environment and education. An alien cannot be legislated into the frame of mind or

into the possession of sentiments making him an American in the real sense. Commissioner General of Immigration, Mr. A. Caminetti, remarks: "The three things, which, perhaps more than any others, impede or prevent assimilation of foreigners arise directly from language, namely:—(1) The tendency to congregate in particular localities where association with people of their own national or racial origin is possible; (2) The tendency to continue to read only such newspapers and other publications as are printed in the language to which they are accustomed; and (3) The desire to attend, and even to have their children attend, schools making a specialty of teaching the language of their fatherland."

These tendencies and desires can not be legislated out of existence, but it is possible to encourage aliens to learn to speak, read and write the language of this country and to familiarize themselves with its history and its form of government, and to the extent that aliens are trained along these lines will the tendencies and desires arising from



their natural inclinations to adhere exclusively to their native tongue be offset or overcome. This in a very real sense is the promotion of assimilation.

The three impediments to assimilation as just stated are remedied by distribution, naturalization and Americanization. Therefore I shall endeavor to show both by fact and statistics that the present laws do not encourage alien immigrants to any desirable degree to overcome this difficulty in their being assimilated.

Perhaps the greatest aid to the country at large in the matter of assimilation is the distribution of immigrants. This has not been satisfactorily accomplished through the present laws. In the past we have let the imported Americans come in through two or three closely related points. As a result they remained near to their place of landing, where most of all they were not needed. The last big immigration year ended June, 1914. The following statistics are compiled from those given in a recent article by Cambell McCulloch, published in *Leslie's* magazine. Up to that time 1,218,480 immigrants had arrived in the previous twelve months. A few of the Eastern states got half of that number and of this half New York and Massachusetts took half a million. This means that 90% of the half million settled in New York and Boston, in the cities themselves, just where they were not wanted, and where they complicated the labor and industrial situation to the point where

municipal officials were frantic. Another half million went a little further west, but they mainly clustered in Pennsylvania and Illinois. That means that Pittsburgh and Chicago got nine-tenths of them. They were not wanted there, either. As a matter of fact, almost the whole alien group of that year, over a million, settled down in five big cities, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Chicago, and the portion of the tide that swept to the land—the rural districts—was almost negligible. Those that went to the eleven South and Southwestern states numbered 21,346, or about 2,000 immigrants to each state. The four Southwestern states got 16,935, and of this number Texas took 12,000. In the fourteen or more Western states, approximately 80,000 settled. In short, outside of a few Eastern states the number of immigrants finding their way to other portions of the country was practically negligible and nine-tenths of the evils of immigration in this country have arisen from the massing together of the immigrants in great colonies, mostly in cities and industrial centers.

A notable object-lesson, more acute, it is true, in some ways, is presented here in California where the "Japanese Question" arises directly and solely from the massing together of some scores of thousands of Japanese. If there were no more Japanese in California than there are in New York, there would be no more objection to

them there than here; and if all the Japanese who are massed here in California were evenly distributed among all the states, there would be no objection to them anywhere. The Japanese people have a national peculiarity which is in consonance with a long history. They think and move collectively and this is the main factor underlying their racial solidarity. In other words, the individual does not understand the meaning of intelligent initiative as Americans understand it. He follows the traditional method of thinking and acting as a family, as a village and as a corporate nation. The collective reasoning of the Japanese operates in California in the collective intensive concentration on her richest lands. This is the method by which the Japanese now numbering in the neighborhood of 100,000, are getting a strong foothold through peaceful penetration. The utter impossibility of these 100,000 Orientals ever becoming an assimilable element is easily apprehended. The Japanese advance to the very doorways of the whites, but there is an uncrossable social chasm between them. They have nothing in common. The barrier of racial difference and racial prejudice aggravates the situation. Therefore to overcome this evil which present legislation cannot remedy something must be done by legislation more stringent. What we see so clearly in Japanese concentration exists to a lesser degree in other forms of immigrant concentration elsewhere.

In dealing with the second impediment to assimilation, naturalization, let me explain:—There are those who insist that the immigrant be forced to learn the English language, and there are those also who insist that he be forced to give up the use of his mother tongue. Calm thought will of itself demonstrate the unwisdom of the latter course. We have been too prone to blame the foreign born for not learning English, since only a very few of our communities have made any provision whereby they might learn it. Only a few cities have provided schools for adults conducted at such hours that an adult may attend.

The minor child, however, is the future citizen of the state. Let us therefore see that no boy or girl reaches majority without being able to read and write and think in English. Let us also make the facilities for adults to secure an education in English so general that they will be available to all. Properly organized effort and the co-operation of all agencies concerned can then be depended upon to bring, of their own free will, the non-English speaking element into the classes.

Naturalization and Americanization are terms which practically commingle, for they both deal with the education of the immigrant. The only Americanization work which the Federal Government has been actually carrying on is that which it has been conducting in cooperation with the public schools throughout the United States. But

this is entirely inadequate, for the field of illiterate aliens that can avail themselves of these schools, is negligible. I shall insert here a few statistics given by Mr. Raymond T. Christ, Director of Citizenship, Bureau of Naturalization, Department of Labor. Seventy-five per cent of the 200,000 aliens who are annually admitted to citizenship have been found to be unaware of the responsibilities of American citizenship and unequipped to discharge those duties and responsibilities. For example:—In Chicago 100 dialects and languages are spoken, according to the report of the school authorities there, and this city is said to be one of the largest Polish cities in the world. There are probably more people who speak foreign languages in Chicago than there are who speak English only. Again. An examination was made at Ellis Island a few years ago at the request of Senator O’Gorman, and it was discovered, that of all the arrivals in the country during that year, 30 odd per cent of the women could read. Of the men 18% could read no language at all. This shows the great number of illiterates who seek admission to this country. Mr. Christ’s estimate of the number of unnaturalized aliens in the United States is as follows: There are approximately 11,000,000 who are not citizens; there are probably 2,000,000 and maybe 2,500,000 of these who have declared their intention of becoming naturalized, leaving in the neighborhood of 8,500,000 to

9,000,000 who have taken no step toward American citizenship. The conclusion to be inferred is that the Naturalization and Americanization departments are, because of the inadequacy of the present legislation authorizing them to act, unable to cope with those who are already here and are yet to be assimilated.

Remember, so far I have dealt with assimilation only in so far as our present laws are concerned, and I have shown how, under these laws, formulated when conditions were normal, those already here and yet to be assimilated, have not been satisfactorily dealt with. From this great laxity in assimilation a large amount of present day social unrest has come. It is clear that where there is not desirable, but rather deplorable distribution, the economic conditions are going to be in an unsettled state. Again, where we find the immigrant unable to speak or understand the English language sufficiently and yet mingling in labor circles, the result is going to be misunderstanding and dissatisfaction. This evil in our present legislation gives rise to what is called the “Sovietizing of American Labor”, for cheap labor pouring into this country offers the most fertile soil for un-American propaganda.

Today the conditions are most abnormal and we are confronted with a flood of immigration that is appalling. Of course this inpouring will be limited by the amount of tonnage available for

transportation, but when the immigrants do arrive, over and above the assimilation question of today is to loom the far greater assimilation question of tomorrow.

The "Far Famed Melting-Pot", has proved to a great degree a delusion and a snare. No pot can melt its contents when more is being shovelled in all the time. We feel it is now high time that we were beginning to look after those of our own household, rather than to open our ports to the many who know nothing of our laws, our customs, our standards of living, and who in many cases do not intend to learn of them.

What is this country going to do when the lid of the melting-pot is left off and millions will enter annually? We have at present an alarming condition of unemployment. When more immigrants flood our gates this evil will be magnified rather than minimized. Still once they are here, we shall be unable to dispose of them and as a result they will fill the slums of our larger cities and thereby add to our social problems. We have seen that

under present laws due justice cannot be done ourselves, therefore new legislation is necessary to cope with the abnormal status of today. What concretely this new legislation may be, it is not our province to determine in this discussion.

Neither do the present laws deal to a sufficient degree with the question of racial differences. Because of this, is it any wonder that the American will not farm the land? At one time he did, but since cheap labor came in he found that he could not successfully compete. Is it any wonder that there is a flocking to the cities.

These evils born of unsatisfactory means for assimilation, of the "Sovietizing of American Labor", of driving the white farmer to the cities and of racial differences that cannot be sufficiently met under present legislation, formulated as it was when conditions were normal, convince us that the only way to lessen the present social unrest inasmuch as it is due to immigration, is for Congress to enact more stringent and comprehensive immigration laws.





## What Happiness?

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HAT happiness does each day bring  
As it slips by on unseen wing  
To build the year? What memories  
Remain, as leaf by leaf, like trees,  
Age strips the beauties grown of spring?

Life's youth are we. We dance and sing,  
We love. But what of these will cling  
To age, to comfort and to please?  
What happiness?

Build not on joys that from you swing  
And leave you groping with the sting  
Of loss. Seek Love as deep as seas,  
And finding, guard it well. For these  
Need never fear at questioning  
What happiness?

HAROLD J. MALONEY, '23

# Sal

Martin M. Murphy, '22.



IT from hyar, Sal, you old sinner," growled Ezekiel Hephzibah to the humble straw-colored mongrel which had become involved in his bean-pole like underpinnings.

"Git from hyar, now," he repeated, as a vigorous boost finally cleared his path of the canine intruder.

Sal wiggled, stuck out her tongue, grinned a little and in a moment was again trailing behind her lord and master.

There was little of similarity between Ezekiel and Sal. Ezekiel was long, rangy, phlegmatic and quarrelsome. Sal was inclined to brevity in all three dimensions, was energetic and was as meek as she could be and still keep alive. Ezekiel had long hair, a beak-like proboscis and a fiery vocabulary. Sal had short hair, a straight nose and a vocabulary which consisted only of a wiggle and a grin.

And yet there was a bond of sympathy between the two. For years they had paraded the streets together plying their humble trade. Daily they searched for those among Sal's brethren who dared venture within the vil-

lage precincts without salvation hung about their necks in the form of a circular disc. It was Sal's province to inveigle such as these into her master's proximity by manifestations of friendship toward the victim. With unvarying precision the unfortunate stranger would return Sal's hypocritical advances,—then swish! a rope would encircle his unsuspecting neck, and that night the village pound became alive with his plaintive and soulful howls.

"Git from hyar, Sal, you old reprobate," protested Ezekiel as his mate again interfered with his forward progress.

Sal wiggled, stuck out her tongue, grinned a little, and the two proceeded as before.

"Reckon we won't be a doin' this much longer, Sal," chuckled Ezekiel as he roped in a big, mushy, pudding-like poodle. "Not if Luke Nickols comes to our side, anyhow," he qualified as Sal grinned up at him.

"Reckon he will, too, 'fore the week's up," he added, encouraged by Sal's hearty wiggles and broadfaced grin.

Sal made no response other than a wiggle and a return of the grin, but she understood full well the import of her master's words.

Dog-catching had its uses and was all right in its way, but twenty-five steady years of it would make the finest job in the world seem irksome and monotonous. So one day Ezekiel had confided a wonderful secret to Sal. He was going to run for judge!

Sal had wiggled, stuck out her tongue, and grinned a little, by way of showing her whole-hearted approbation and from that time on both had gone into politics head over heels.

For instance old Squire Higginbotham's dog had one day escaped his bounds and had foolishly sought to enjoy his new found freedom upon the public street. Sal, unaware of his identity, had cajoled him almost under her master's very legs. Instead of the stern treatment and incarceration which ordinarily would have followed, Ezekiel had whistled gently to the dog and led him home to the Squire's doorstep.

"Nice dawg ye got here, Squire," he had said diplomatically, "one of the finest in taown. We found him down the street runnin' loose, so we reckoned as how we might bring him home."

"Hear old Jedge Middleditch's goin' to retire. Too old, anyhow. Might run myself, Squire, seein' that old Marshal Dade's the only one after it."

"I'd like to see a good considerate man in myself, Zeke," the Squire had said. "Better see Luke Nickols about it first, though."

Luke Nickols was the only hurdle to be leaped before the laurel should rest

gloriously upon Zeke's brow. Luke was the superintendent of the local "Haven for the Weary, and Refuge for the Afflicted Colored Folk", and the saying went that "as goes Luke Nickols, so goes the election." Luke wielded a mighty political power in the village for if his patrons did not vote right they were sometimes known to cast about for other havens in which to rest their weariness and sooth their afflictions.

Now Luke, like all who possess great power and genius, was temperamental. It took but little to unsettle him. So it was with fear and trembling that Ezekiel and Sal tramped the road leading to the colored paradise, to seek him out a week before election.

"Git from hyar, Sal, you old backslider," he muttered ominously, as Sal wound herself from out her master's path.

Then she wiggled, stuck out her tongue, grinned a little, and followed meekly behind as before.

"Mornin', Luke," the dog-catcher greeted cheerily as he approached him whose action meant victory or defeat.

"Thought as how I'd drop in to visit ye, seein' that 'lection for jedge's pretty near. I'll 'low I might run myself, if you hadn't nuthin' agin' it."

Luke gazed at him for a moment with a keen and hungry look in his little pig-like eyes. One side of his jaw was swollen noticeably.

"Reckon your'e a business man, Zeke," he said with a leer.

"Reckon I am."

"Wal, the dentist's goin' charge me a mint o' money to treat this here tooth o' mine."

"Reckon so, Luke."

As Sal and Ezekiel travelled back to town both were lighter of heart and one was lighter—very much lighter of purse. But the judgeship meant a fat monthly payroll and Luke Nickols could swing sixty votes, a decisive majority, whichever way it suited him. And at present it suited him to favor Ezekiel. Furthermore he had promised to attend his candidate's speech near the end of the week and add a word of endorsement after the latter had finished.

For the remaining part of the week, village dogdom roamed, scampered and howled in gleeful abandon through the main streets. Ezekiel and Sal were preparing a barrage of words which would completely swamp Marshal Dade, then leave him high and dry while public opinion would like a tidal wave sweep Ezekiel Hephzibah into the judiciary. The speech was almost unnecessary. Luke Nickols was sufficient, but somehow Ezekiel longed to go before the people and feel the pulse of the shouting mass, to hear them cheering him, to see them sway before his magic words. To that end his speech had been prepared, and to that end he had come to Dingberry Hall that night.

Now Dingberry Hall is not as other small town halls. It is distinctive in

that it possesses a tub-like speaker's stand which is located in one corner of the stage and is entered by a narrow stairway. Toward this objective Ezekiel and Sal nervously fluttered.

"Git from hyar, Sal, you old critter," Ezekiel stage-whispered just before he began the ascent, "and ef ye bother me tonight I'll kick ye clean to kingdom come. Now git "

Sal wiggled, stuck out her tongue, grinned a little, then slowly strode to a corner, where she lay down with her head on her paws, ostensibly asleep, but with her right eye cast plaintively upward.

Luke Nickols, fussy and nervous, paced about in the wings. Occasionally he peeked through the hole in the wall at the restless crowd which had gathered.

"Hurry up and git your windjammin' speech off your chest, ye ornery swashbuckler," he growled, as Ezekiel hesitated at the bottom of the stairs, "an' git through in a hurry."

So up went Ezekiel. First his head, next his shoulders appeared to the eager throng, then pandemonium broke loose.

"My dear friends," he quieted them, "I won't call ye ladies and gentlemen, secin' as how I know ye so well. It is my dooty and privilege to address all of ye this evenin' as candydade for the great office representin' the jidoociary of the United States of Americy in our little hamlet of Irvinborough."

Thus did Ezekiel epitomize the purpose of his presence, and thus did he ex-



pound, elucidate, and expand not only upon his own preeminent qualifications for office, but upon his opponent's egregious shortcomings as well. Two hours and fifteen minutes sped by.

Behind the scenes in the meanwhile Luke Nickols fumed and swore and spat tobacco juice. His tooth ached as only a swollen tooth can: he craved for the poultice and smooth warm sheets which awaited him at home. Behind the scenes likewise Sal snored and grinned and dreamed perhaps of that one glorious day in the dim future which the very atmosphere had assured her would be hers. The one was miserable, the other happy.

Finally Luke could stand it no longer. He would go home without saying his word for Zeke. But yet Zeke had a fat purse! Then a thought struck him and for a moment he staggered under the impact. He would crawl up the stairs unseen by the audience and pull Zeke's leg. The orator would take the hint and gracefully retire; Luke would say a few words; the audience would go home, and Luke would follow their example.

Slowly and steadily he began to put his idea into execution. With cat-like softness he crept up to the speaker's box. With twitching fingers he gently tugged on Ezekiel's trouser leg.

"Now, my friends," the orator was saying, "when I git into office," he shifted his feet with an inward curse—"there won't be no more winkin' at the law of the land."

A quick shift freed his trouser leg.

"I intends to absolootly crush the band of evil dooers"—another shift was imperative—"of evil dooers that are infestin' our township."

Zeke was slowly losing his nerve and temper.

"Ef ye cast yer votes—" a gentle rubbing interrupted him for a moment.

"Ef ye cast yer votes fer me," he began again, "an' I'm elected, I'll say to them what extends their tainted cash to prevent the coorse of Justice and hoomanity, I'll say—" a jerk more violent than before quite unbalanced him—"I'll say—get from hyar, Sal, you old buttin' in hypocrite!"

A titter broke through the audience at the explosion.

"I mean I'll say 'Git thee behind me Satan'."

Another jerk more potent than the rest unsteadied him.

"Ef you good people," he commenced, but the jerk and pinch that followed was of greater violence than any of the previous efforts. Then, goaded by the snickers and the ever-increasing disturbance about the region of his lower extremities, Ezekiel lifted his leg high and wide. With force born of wounded pride he concentrated his every musele. Whish! went his mighty limb as he let fly at his tormentor.

With a roar of pain Luke Nickols fell to the bottom of the stairs. In his hand

he clutched his agonizing jaw. In his heart was black murder. Dazed and dizzy he arose.

"You wall-eyed, bucktoothed, spindle-legged, sawed-off bribin' son of a hippererite," he bellowed. "Ef one of my niggers ever votes for you tomorrow I'll hang him up to the highest tree in the whole consarned country. Take yer blood-cursed money and git!"

Glazy-eyed and fear-stricken Ezekiel slipped down the stairs. Back in the corner where he had left her was Sal, lying with her head on her paws ostensibly asleep, but with her right eye cast plaintively upward.

"I'll be gosh-swiggled," he mumbled.

"Come on, Sal," he added simply. "Let's go home and feed them dawgs. Reekon we'll get a good batch o' new ones, come Monday.

"Marshal Dade ought ter be the next jedge for this county," a passionate voice was squawking on the stage. "Zeke Hephzibah's a briber an' . . ."

Together Ezekiel and Sal crept out and soon the darkness swallowed them.

Silence for a moment, then—"Git from hyar, Sal, you old bonehead."

Sal wiggled, grinned a little, stuck out her tongue and followed the pound-master.

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## The Evening Star

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Enshrouded high above God's earth  
In cloak of night serene,  
Beyond earth's touch of gloomy mirth  
Reigns heaven's sparkling Queen.  
A faithful sign to weary man,  
To fastly sinking sun,  
To all earth's mighty caravan  
That day and task are done.  
And calling forth in all their glory  
Her countless children true,  
She whispers each a secret story  
Till glistening day is due..

—James Leonard, Jr., '24.

# The Redwood

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SANTA CLARA

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The object of The Redwood is to gather together what is best in the literary work of the students, to record University doings and to knit closely the hearts of the boys of the present and the past

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## EDITORIAL

**Waves** "Waves" seem to be a necessary part of our national existence. The magazines and newspapers tell us that we are in this or that kind of a wave—now it is a high price wave, or an influenza wave, or a bolsheviki wave, or a wave of unrest, or a wave of prosperity, or a wave of depression. We are always in some kind of a wave. Like the waves of the sea and of light and of sound, one wave is always following another. That is the most striking thing about undulation.

Among other waves, just now we are having a "crime wave". Kidnappings, murders, assaults on women, hold-ups, burglaries—all these news notes, formerly interesting, have lost some of their spice and are falling into the pro-

saic depths of weather reports, society notes, and Irish killings.

“Who or what’s to blame?” comes the natural question. Is it prohibition, the war, lower prices, or that easy solution of unfathomable troubles, “unrest”?

Now and then we blame the most conspicuous person the law provides to prevent crime and bring its perpetrators to justice, the policeman. Is the uniformed man of our cities as black a political intriguer, grafter, co-partner in vice, blackmail artist, bootleg assistant and inefficient servant as he is often painted?

The facts concerning crime in America are interesting as well as shocking, even when we are not in a “crime wave”. Mr. R. B. Fosdick in his book, “American Police Systems” demonstrates that crime in the United States in proportion to population has for years and years greatly surpassed that in England, France and Germany—before, during and after the war. He points out moreover that this preponderance is great not only in crimes which efficient police protection should prevent, but also in those which are generally unaffected by police protection, such as premeditated murder and commercial frauds.

We should not therefore be too quick to throw the burden of blame on the policeman. There is one factor in our national make-up which renders the policeman’s task most difficult. The immense number of nationalities with

different languages, different standards of conduct, different habits, customs and traditions, all thrown roughly together here, puts a burden on the American policeman of which the European is free. Moreover the greatest proportion of crime is found in the negro and mixed element of the population.

But the foreign population is not the only reason for more crime in America, and is not the only cause of more trouble for the American policeman. Even if we entirely eliminate the foreign and negro element of our population our crime record still greatly exceeds that of Western Europe and still shames us. We must seek the cause elsewhere than in the character of our population and the inefficiency of the policeman. Is it right to blame, unnecessarily, the man who carries the club, the man who faces constant peril when his presence is inconvenient to fiendish plans, who is the target day and night of the blood-thirsty felon? Should we not look first to the entire operation of justice. The policeman is but a link in a chain. His part is important but his work is lost if the other parts fail. Look to public opinion, where weak sentimentality and misplaced sympathy has destroyed the binding force of just laws. Look to the disrespect for law and authority, and the multitudes of unnecessary and unenforceable laws which create hypocrisy and disrespect for all law. Look to the character of legislators, executives and judges and see that the in-



duancements to office are such as may draw the nation's or community's finest, not its weakest nor its failures. Look to the procedure of the criminal courts which require years to give the verdict of justice.

We are in a crime wave, but recall elections, hurried trials, limited pardons and paroles, severe sentences and aroused public opinion give evidence of another wave, one of reform. Will it be merely a wave, attracting a little attention, adding a little legislation, and passing on as another "wave" takes its place?

### **Mental Athletics**

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"Basketball is played by good-looking young men whose sweethearts once told them that they looked just too sweet for anything in their bathing-suits. The cruel flattery so completely turned their heads that they immediately set to work devising some scheme whereby they would be able to show off their lovely shapes in the winter time, when it was too cold to pose on the beach. Somebody suggested basketball and the problem was solved. \* \*"

So runs the account of a newspaper humorist twenty years ago. History says that basketball started as the result of the psychological experiment of a Y. M. C. A. student and for that reason perhaps it was much ridiculed until a few years ago. No one today looks upon basketball as the gentle pastime of the delicate fashion plate—it is a

real intercollegiate sport requiring real fight, strength, endurance and speed. In a recent account of a game in Minneapolis it is said that three teeth were extracted from unaccustomed parts of the head of one player, and found missing in that of another. Such incidents are to be expected in a fast game of modern basketball.

But basketball is over for the season. Baseball and track will follow naturally as they always do. And while on the subject of intercollegiate athletics it may be well to mention another variety—"mental athletics", or intercollegiate debating.

There is little need of mentioning the advantages of debate. Argument keeps the world from perishing of monotony, writes a poet. Everyone debates, not formally, but they debate nevertheless. From the earliest years every boy debates: debates with father about the necessity of buying a new bicycle; debates with mother to prove that getting his feet wet couldn't be avoided; debates with other boys as to the merits of his school or his gang's team. Out of school and facing the conventional bread and butter problem he must debate; if a lawyer, that is his business; if an engineer, he is primarily a first rate business man and no one must debate more than the business man; even if a doctor, he who is supposed to say little and do much, he will have to uphold his opinions. Whatever he is, he must debate. He may be a lover of silence, but even so he will be better

for training in formal debate, for debate not only aids in accurate expression but conduces to logical, clear, independent thinking. Who does not need to think?

But why intercollegiate debate? Interecollegiate debate is to other debating and to studies what intercollegiate athletics are to the ordinary formal monotonous exercise which in big universities and high schools is compulsory as "physical training". In the words of Andy Smith, coach of the California football champions, "Intensive athletic training is indispensable as an inspiration for extensive athletic training. \* \* \* Just as the boys play sand-lot baseball with the hope that they may some day play like the big league players who are their idols, so do students go into college athletics with the incentive of the varsity teams ahead of them". So also with debating—intercollegiate debating is the co-partner of intercollegiate athletics helping to make for that ideal dual end of university education which the catalogue expresses as "the development of a sound mind in a sound body".

But intercollegiate debating is more than a stimulus for other debating. It does practically everything for its colleges that athletics can do, not to the exclusion of athletics, but as the colleague. Athletics advertise the institution, so does intercollegiate debating. Athletic prestige will appeal to many, debating prestige to others. Moreover, debating advertises scholarship, some-

thing which is all-important and difficult to advertise. Athletics create spirit and life, so does debating. The shouting of the spectators may not be so loud—it is left to the participants—but a good debating contest will arouse much enthusiasm. The spirit of rivalry of the football field or basketball court is found in less boisterous form in the hall of debate. Without spirit and without rivalry a university is as mechanical and soulless as a business college or coaching school. It is unworthy of the name of University.

The House of Philhistorians and Nestoria Society of Stanford debate was a very palatable taste of the kind of debating Santa Clara needs. The House members are to be congratulated and we wish them all success in the St. Ignatius debate planned. We hear that the Institute of Law plans a debate with the University of Southern California for sometime in March. It is to be hoped that the good movement started and thus so agreeably expanding will continue.

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### Ne Quid Nimis

According to the news Greece is about to assume her place as a first rate power among nations. From twenty centuries of obscurity, a little green spot on the corner of the map, known to Americans as the prolific source of bootblacks and vegetable venders, she profits by the war and promises to demand the world's atten-

tion. Will she attain any of the prominence of her forefathers?

Some say there is no secret path to greatness, no short-cut to fame. There may not be, but ancient Greece, home of enduring literature, philosophy, art, sculpture, architecture, genius, seems to have had and lived a secret of success. It was engraved over the door of her national sanctuary in words meaning "Nothing Too Much". To follow the line of moderation, the "golden mean" was the Greek's ideal; to fail in anything by excess or defect was hateful and barbarous in his sight. We would call it a slogan now, and by this slogan ancient Greece made her arts endure the trials of the ages. Respecting it she lived, casting it aside, died.

Will modern Greece incarnate the slogan of her forefathers? Will she look about for its expression in her powerful neighbors, and will she look to America?

Will she see it expressed in legislation of the "bone-dry" order? Or will she find it in the abuse which drove men to adopt "bone-dry" laws?

Will she see it in the need which caused Uncle Sam to set up bright posters pleading that his people "Stop Extravagance!" and three months later to "Buy What You Need Now!"?

Will she see it in "Blue Laws", or in the opposite extreme of excessive Sunday syncopation?

Will she see it in those who would scrap the Constitution because it is not perfect? In our plague of over legislating? In extravagant naval programs, or on the other hand, in total disarmament? In extortionate indemnity demands? In modern dress, in the modern dance, in modern art, in the whole of "modern" life?

When the sleeping Greece awakes she will see a change in the order of things. She will see much that her forefathers did not and could not do. She will see scientific and industrial attainments of which they never dreamed, progress beyond the scope of their imagination. But in the lives of men, in their conduct and in "the finer things of life" she will find little respect for the slogan of her ancestors, "Nothing Too Much".

Harold J. Cashin, '21.



# University Notes



## Nazareth

Last month Clay M. Greene, '69, the writer of the "Pasion Play of Santa Clara", completed the negotiations necessary for the assignment of his copyright to "Nazareth", to Father Murphy, as President of the University. Mr. Green promised to assign the copyright at the Alumni Banquet last year, and the legal steps necessary have now been taken. The document is worded as follows:

"Know all men by these presents: That I, Clay M. Greene, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the author and absolute proprietor of a play in four acts and ten tableaux entitled "Nazareth" and known as "The Passion Play of Santa Clara," and of any and all copyrights which have been taken in respect of said play, hereby, for and in consideration of my love and veneration and my esteem for the memories of Santa Clara College, my Alma Mater, and the sum of one dollar (\$1.00) receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, do bargain, sell and assign unto the President and Board of Trustees of Santa Clara College, of Santa Clara, County of Santa Clara, State of California,

their successors and assigns, forever, all the said play and the manuscript thereof, and all my right, title and interest, property, claim and demand of every kind and nature whatsoever, of, in and to the same, and in any and all copyrights and any and all renewals thereof, which may or can be had or secured or taken in respect to said dramatic composition or manuscript under and by virtue of any acts of Congress, with any and all profit, benefit, and advantages that shall or may arise by or from printing, publishing or vending the same during the original term of such copyright, or during any renewed term thereof, and together with the exclusive license for the production of said play, whether by living actors upon the stage or upon the screen by means of motion pictures, with the exception and proviso, however, that in so far as it may be possible to do so without conflict with contracts or promises made prior to the date hereof, all future productions of said play by living actors upon the stage shall be strictly limited to productions at said Santa Clara College, the exception and proviso being set forth herein for the purpose of carry-



ing out the sentiment voiced at the last meeting of the Alumni of Santa Clara College and confirmed in a conference between the Reverend T. L. Murphy and myself upon the day following said meeting.

To have and to hold the same to the said President and Board of Trustees of Santa Clara College, their successors and assigns forever.

Witness my hand this 5th day of November, A. D. 1920.

CLAY M. GREENE."

Santa Clara feels deeply bound to Mr. Greene for his manifestation of his "love, veneration and esteem for the memories of Santa Clara College, my Alma Mater."

### Senate

Due to unfortunate circumstances the Senate has been able to hold but two meetings so far this calendar year, and as a consequence has fattened up the small chance which the House has to defeat them in the Ryland debate. At the first regular meeting held on the eleventh of January, the time was consumed in the election of a new president, Mr. Cashin being honored with a majority of the votes cast. At the second regular meeting of the Senate on January the twenty-fifth, a lively debate was held upon the merits of the recent poolhall legislation. Senators Fitzpatrick and Walsh upheld the affirmative, opposed by Senators John Murphy and Cassin for the negative. Though the affirmative side

presented a well prepared debate, they were unable to overcome the weighty objections propounded by the negative side. The first business to be considered at the next meeting will be the selection of a Ryland Debating Team, in order to give the chosen members ample time to prepare their matter.

### The House

The House of Philhistorians of this year will be able to inscribe upon its minutes, as one of its achievements, the initial attempt at intercollegiate debating so far entered into by Santa Clara. The Society looks with admiration upon the fact that it has climbed one rung higher in its progress upon the ladder of scholastic endeavors.

On the evening of January 13th three men representing the House of Philhistorians journeyed to Palo Alto to debate a team representing the Nestoria Debating Society of Stanford University. The evening proved a victorious one for the House, for its representatives won by a vote of two to one. The notable feature was the presentable appearance both teams made. We feel certain that when time bestows upon members of the House experience in outside debating, we would have no fear of meeting teams representing any university.

The question debated was, "Resolved: That one of the great reconstructive measures to meet the present social unrest in the United States, would be the enactment by Congress of

more stringent and comprehensive Immigration Laws." The House team upheld the affirmative. The men composing this team were C. Emmet Daly, '23, Butte, Montana; James B. Comer, '24, Los Angeles; John M. Jackson, '23, Seattle, Wash. The Nestoria team was made up of V. E. Cappa, '23; Lowell Gerson, '22; and Martin De Vries, '21.

The members of the House desire to express their appreciation to Rev. Father Boland, S. J., for the untiring, generous manner in which he coached the men who debated. Also to Mr. E. White, A. M. (Hon.) '07, Commissioner of Immigration at Angel Island, who kindly assisted the team with matter at his disposal.

In an attempt to win still further laurels for the House, it has been definitely agreed that this society will meet the St. Ignatius Debating Teams composed of men from the Freshman and Sophomore Classes of St. Ignatius, in a dual debate to be held on the evening of March 21st. The question agreed upon is, "Resolved: That the United States should recognize the Soviet Government of Russia." The members of the House realize the keen competition that will be in store for them and hence are keyed up for the event.

A joint tryout for the Ryland and St. Ignatius debates was held on Feb. 16, with the following result: Ryland debaters: C. Emmett Daly, James B. Comer, Francis J. O'Shea; St. Ignatius dual debaters: Charles R. Boden,

Charles F. Daly, James M. Conners, James R. Needles, Cornelius C. Noble, and Arthur B. Saxe.

On the evening of Tuesday, January 18th, the members of the House held a meeting for the purpose of electing their officers for the second semester. As a result of this election, the following men were chosen: John T. Lewis, Clerk; George L. Haneberg, Recording Secretary; John M. Jackson, Corresponding Secretary; Emmett Daly, Treasurer; J. B. Comer, Sergeant-at-Arms; and E. Kenney, Librarian.

### Dramatics

Great interest is being manifested in the coming Dramatic Art Contest. This marks the first event of its kind ever held in the West, and, as far as our knowledge goes, it will be the first event of its kind ever held in any College or University in the whole nation. A staunch friend of Santa Clara came from San Francisco last Spring to witness the presentation of "The Bells" and was so deeply impressed with the superb acting and the artistry of the whole production that he enthusiastically decided to encourage Faculty and Students by generously donating a handsome prize for proficiency in Dramatic Art. The donor requests that his name be withheld, but we desire none the less that he accept the sincere expression of our appreciation.

This Contest, which is in addition to the ordinary annual Elocution Contest, will consist in the novel exhibition of

the young competitors appearing in costume, make-up and with appropriate stage properties and settings, and thus rendering their dramatic selections. The public is cordially invited to be present and a most interesting entertainment is in store for them.

The prize is now in the President's keeping and consists of a \$200 Gold Waltham Watch and Chain, richly jeweled and specially engraved.

The following are the conditions and requirements of the new Contest:

1. The Contest is open to all actual students of the College of Letters and Arts and of the High School.

2. Each student may choose his own selection from some standard dramatic author, subject to the approval of the Prefect of Studies.

3. The selection is not to last less than 4 nor more than 14 minutes.

4. Applications and selections must be handed in by noon of Friday, Feb. 11th.

5. Elimination contests will take place on Friday, Feb. 18th.

6. The final contest will take place in the University Theatre before the public on the evening of Tuesday, March 8th.

7. The selection must be perfectly learned by heart and rendered with appropriate scenery, stage properties, make-up, costumes, etc.

8. The Judges will be prominent dramatic critics selected by the Faculty.

9. The name of the winner will be

announced immediately after the Contest, but the prize will not be awarded till Commencement Day.

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### Sanctuary Notes

A meeting of the St. John Berchman's Sanctuary Society was held on January 23rd. One of the important things brought up in the meeting by Mr. Henry, S. J., was the forming of the Junior Division, as prescribed by the constitutions. This Division is composed of third and fourth-year high students. Walter E. Dean was appointed censor of this division, and members of those two classes wishing to join the Sanctuary Society may make their application to him for admission, that their names may be passed upon by the Society.

The Senior and Junior Divisions will alternate each week in serving in the Chapel, the respective dates being designated by the Censors.

Special praise should be given the servers for the manner in which they performed their several duties during the Annual Retreat.

The Retreat was made on Feb. 7, 8, 9, and was ably directed by Rev. Hugh P. Gallagher, S. J.

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The Senior Sodality held its first meeting of the new semester in the latter part of January, and spent most of the time in the election of officers for the coming year. Michael Pecaro-

vich was re-elected prefect. Thomas Crowe was elected first assistant prefect and William Osterle second assistant prefect. Zan Coman is to fill the office of secretary for the coming year, while Moran is to be entrusted with the pecuniary interests of the Sodality.

### **The Co-Op Store**

The light artillery, discarded uniforms, and other remnants of the Santa Clara R. O. T. C. and S. A. T. C. have been removed from the basement of Senior Hall to make room for the Co-op Store, which has outgrown its old place in the remodeled adobe building just east of the refectory. The new location affords nearly three times as much room as the old for the carrying on of the store's ever increasing business. A section has been partitioned off and fitted with counters and shelving. The remainder of the room is fitted out with one billiard and five pool tables. Brother Dunne, S. J., has been put in charge, and will be assisted by Karl Koch in handling the merchandise, while Willie de Koch will "rack 'em up!" for the boys. It is anticipated that the new and spacious quarters will attract more customers than the old ones, and thus direct still greater profits into the coffers of the Associated Student Body. Cheer up, fellows, we may even get out of debt.

### **Prep Blocks**

The following men, having fulfilled all the requirements of the new prep constitution for the earning

of prep blocks were awarded their emblems at a meeting of the prep student body shortly before the Christmas holidays: Captain Mally, Nolan, Martin, Temple, Ronstadt, Karam, McEnerny, Whitfield, and Nock. Those awarded Midget blocks were Captain Egan, Manager Daly, Keller, Hout, F. Nolan, Shultz, Roberts, Cotter, DeLeuze, Anderson, Morrow, Lynch, and Kendall. These men are all to be congratulated on their hard work and their success.

### **Tennis**

Wm. de Koch's unending efforts looking to an improvement in the condition of the tennis courts have resulted in their repair. The result is surely appreciated by those among us who aspire to stealing world championships in the love sport. Good sized netting has been placed at both ends of the court and McLoughlin and Bill Koch no longer have to start on a ball chase after exchange of volleys. The courts are now filled with enthusiasts nearly every hour of the day, and it is hoped that a team may be developed which can meet all comers.

### **A. S. B.**

Dame Rumor has it that the Associated Student Body is soon to have a new constitution to replace the time-worn article that has governed its activities since a time before Dumpy Diaz came to Santa Clara. The reasons for the new constitution are obvious since the number of amendments



to it exceed the number of original articles. Student Body President Roy Fowler gave the first authoritative expression to the idea when he advised against the passage of more amendments, since the whole constitution was probably to be dropped in the near future.

### Chile

A very interesting lecture was given to the Student Body on Chile by Richard Barrows, a special commissioner for the Chilean Government in the United States. Mr. Barrow's lecture was illustrated with motion pictures, and was delivered in the University Auditorium.

### Bolsheviki

Mr. David Goldstein, former Socialist, gave a very interesting lecture in the University Auditorium upon the dangers of Bolshevism on the evening of February the thirteenth. The entire student body, together with a goodly crowd attended the lecture, following which Mr. Goldstein answered the difficulties of several members of the audience.

### Mr. Menager

Mr. Camille M. Menager, younger brother of Father Menager, S. J., of the University, was recently honored

by the French government for his gallantry and services in the war. He was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, one of the greatest signs of appreciation which the French government bestows upon its heroes. Mr. Menager left the Anglo-London-Paris National Bank of San Francisco in 1915 to enlist in the French Army, in which he fast ascended to the rank of lieutenant of artillery. His many friends in the University are certainly glad to congratulate Mr. Menager.

### Dope

Mr. Coghlan has returned to the University after several months in St. Louis. He will finish his studies here and expects to be ordained in San Francisco some time next summer.

Professor J. Fernandez has been confined to his home for the past two months on account of severe illness.

George Noll, varsity football star, refuses to confine his activities to college sports. On a recent trip to the top of Mt. Hamilton he fell upon an unsuspecting deer. His tackle was a little high and he failed to capture the animal, though he broke off one of it's horns as a souvenir. Cashin, Connell, Hogan, Murphy, and the writer, who accompanied him on the trip, all vouch for Noll's veracity in this matter.

Thomas Crowe, '22.

## Law Notes

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### SECOND SEMESTER.

When the last pen had scratched out its final fervid thought at the recent semi-annual test of legal knowledge, and the last rustle of examination papers indicated that the struggle had at last come to an end, those who sported the learned colors of law students in the protecting southern wing of Senior Hall were vouchsafed a momentary surcease from their arduous labors. And, indeed, it seemed only momentary, although, in fact, it may have been a slightly longer period of the clock; for we were immediately telescoped into the beginning of the second semester, with Evidence, Constitutional Law, California Practice, Domestic Relations, Torts, Agency, Contracts, and Criminal Procedure staring one or other of us squarely betwixt the jaw-bones. And even before we were quite aware of the change, we were already riding on an even keel upon the second half of our legal year.

Fortunately, however, the gods intervened, and we gave up our bodies to a well earned rest, while our souls were drawn through the purging fires of our annual retreat, from whence they emerged rejuvenated, fresh, and elevated on Thursday morning, the tenth of February. Then, the grim reality

of the law books! But Spring has already sent its herald to announce its early coming. So, there is at least that refreshing thought.

### JUDGE BEASLY.

With the customary Western prodigality so characteristically carried out here at Santa Clara, the President of the University, on Monday evening, the third of January, presided at a handsomely appointed dinner in the private dining room of the University in honor of Judge William A. Beasly. The University took this occasion to show its appreciation and esteem for the valuable services which Judge Beasly has rendered as a professor of law for the past several years. The Judge has just retired from the bench, and, before engaging in private practice again, has contemplated taking an extended trip abroad in the nature of a long deserved vacation. The delightful evening, therefore, also served as a farewell to the distinguished guest, and all joined in wishing him Godspeed and a safe return. Among those present were Judge and Mrs. W. A. Beasly, District Attorney C. C. Coolidge, James P. Sex, Owen D. Richardson, Maurice J. Rankin, F. H. Bloomingdale, John J. Jones, Archer Bowden, Richard V. Bressani, Rev. T.

L. Murphy, Rev. C. A. Buckley, Rev. G. G. Fox, Rev. E. Oliver, Rev. E. Menager.

It is the sincere hope of both the faculty and students of the Law Department that the Judge will not leave us permanently, but that, when he has again taken up his practice, we may still be pleased and honored by his presence as one of our distinguished professors.

### **A PLEASANT EVENING.**

Of course past events are not of particular interest to all, nor would we care to use too great a portion of space here for their recital. But there are some events which gratitude makes us loath to forget, and which, in this instance at least, require us to record in a fitting manner. Such an event was the dinner given to the members of the second and third year law classes by Professor J. J. Jones at his home just prior to the holidays. With the customary good taste and distinctively Santa Clara thoroughness we did not embarrass our host and hostess by overlooking anything that was spread before us. The evening, in the opinion of everyone, was a most enjoyable one; and, after all, there are some things in the course of our study of law which are not always disappointments, embarrassments and irritabilities—as we will all agree.

### **OWEN D. RICHARDSON.**

Owen D. Richardson, a member of the faculty of our Law Department, at the invitation of the Bar Association of

Fresno, journeyed to that city in the early part of last month, and gave an address to the members there assembled. Mr. Richardson is one of the ablest lawyers in the state, and his ability and integrity have long been recognized by the bar and the community at large of this county where he has lived for many years. The choice of the Fresno Bar Association, was, indeed, an excellent one.

Mr. Richardson, in consonance with other changes which have been going on in all parts of our valley, has now taken up his residence at his fine new home in Palo Alto. But the Law Department is glad to know that he has not given up his intention of retaining his present position as a member of our faculty. His services in the past have been invaluable, and the University can ill afford to do without him now. His efforts are in no small measure responsible for the high reputation which the Law Department enjoys in this state and elsewhere. It is our hope that he will remain with us for a long time to come.

### **JAMES P. SEX.**

In the absence of Judge Beasley, who so ably conducted our course in Court Practice in the past, James P. Sex has been called upon to take up this very important branch of our work. In his usual enthusiastic manner he has already concocted plans for our edification that will consume the entire second semester, and which will leave us in the end nothing less than finished

products as practicing attorneys. This course is one that seems to be neglected to some extent in other schools, or at least, its importance is not fully recognized, but which is really indispensable to a well rounded legal education: for without some knowledge of the routine

and practical side of the law, our theoretical erudition is of little or no avail. The older students, therefore, are looking forward to much interesting and instructive work along this line during the present semester.

Peter F. Morettini, Law '21.

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## Engineering Notes

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The passing calendar the engineers filled with events not soon to be forgotten. But here we are again with the start of a new year, and everything points to a year of events, far surpassing those already accomplished. It is a by-word, you know, around the sacred walls that the Engineers are fond of accomplishing that which they undertake. So every one can be assured that this semester will not find us falling one step behind.

The first meeting of the Engineering Society after the holidays was marked with much enthusiasm. Alfred Abrahamsen, athletic manager, reported that he was making arrangements to have all the members out for the various sports. The plaque ordered by the Society as a present for Elmer Dreischmeyer for the Westinghouse Club was reported ready to be sent to him by Secretary Osterle.

On our first program meeting Mr. McSweeney and his Jazz Orchestra,

consisting of the very able artists, Mr. Jones, Mr. Rethers, Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Antonacci entertained the Society with bits of pleasing and popular music.

On our second meeting of the year the Society was quite honored in having Mr. Cleary, Assistant Engineer of the City of San Francisco, and the Chief Engineer of the Hetch Hetchy project, address us. Compliments are due Mr. Osterle, chairman of the program committee, in securing Mr. Cleary. We have all heard much about the Hetch Hetchy at some time or other, but as there is no literature or accounts of the project we only knew about it in a very vague way. So information from Mr. Cleary was certainly worth columns of accounts that could be printed on the subject. Few people realize, as many of us failed to realize, what a gigantic undertaking this Hetch Hetchy project really is. We can only begin to imagine how big the work is when at



a normal rate of construction it is taking six years to build. Two huge water tunnels, one thirty-two miles and the other eighteen miles long, are only a fraction of the features of this work. It is without doubt the largest engineering work under way in the Far West.

So to get first hand information from one so intimately connected with a work of such interest to all engineers, and especially to Californians, was certainly a privilege. We know that if a vote were taken as to how Mr. Cleary's speech impressed the Society, we would find it among the first, if not the first of all those we have heard in the past years. On such occasions really we wish the sometimes welcome bell would fail to ring at twelve-thirty.

On February seventh, at the luncheon given at the Hotel Vendome, as a benefit for the starving children of Central Europe, the Engineering Society invited Rev. Father Murphy to be the personal representative of the Society.

On January twenty-fifth the Engineers enjoyed a four-reel moving picture on the "Use and Abuse of Drills". It was very interesting and instructive and a vote of thanks is due Prof. Evans for having secured the film from the Cleveland Drill Co.

Among the letters received from the old graduates Prof. Sullivan has a very interesting one from Howard Nulck, who is at present in Milwaukee with the Allis-Chalmers Co. He writes that the

Santa Clara graduates in the East are doing very well. Hermie Dieringer, he says, is just about doubling his hourly rate of pay winding rotors of turbo-generators on piece-work, while Howard Nulck himself has just received a raise of position along with a raise of pay.

Elmer Dreischmeyer writes from Westinghouse Corporation, Pittsburgh, Pa. He claims that though he is not very homesick, he feels as though he has been exiled for years in the frozen East, for he has heard very little of his friends out West. "We are enjoying," he says, "the first real snow of Winter, and the sleds and skates have been brought out of the cellars and attics, dusted off and polished. Our very lives are thus menaced should we dare to step off the porch. I hope to be back in California some day even if you are having snow storms in the Mojave Desert, as the news items state. Beg pardon, I should have said 'they' instead of 'you', for no loyal resident of San Francisco's metropolitan district can experience anything but joy in the sad plight of those Southerners of the windy lungs."

We enjoyed the "windy lungs" part of it, and only regret that Falstaff is not around to enjoy this rich humor, together with his pipe by the fireside on a cold winter's night.

Harold Flannery, who is with a large firm in the oil fields of Utah, spent a few days at the University recently.

Jack Savage, last year's laudable

president of the Engineering Society, who has opened offices as consulting engineer in Bakersfield, likewise found time to drop in and pay us a visit last month.

Dave Tuttle, who is with the P. G. & E. Co. in San Francisco, visited last week.

Leo Martin, graduate of '18, and popular president of the Engineering Society of that year, drew all the plans of the new Hall Motor which is making

such a sensation among Army and Navy men and those particularly interested in airplane perfection.

This new motor seems to be quite an improvement on the famous Liberty Motor and was designed by Harold Hall of San Jose, and built in the same city, after drawings made by Martin. Two of these motors have recently been purchased by the government and are to be installed in mail-carrying planes.

G. William de Koch, '21.

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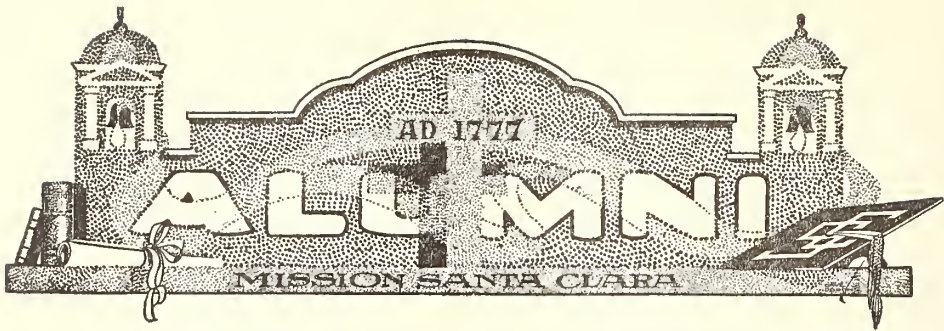
## My Mother

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My Mother true, my love to you  
And blessing on your eyes of blue;  
O Mother dear, what prayers I hear  
As soft you shed Love's burning tear!

O Mother fair and Lily rare  
Who did with me life's chalice share,  
Your love and mine, a spark divine  
Shall in my heart forever shine.

George W. Ryan, '24.



### Fr. Ricard

Preparations continue to be made for the celebration of Fr. Ricard's Golden Jubilee in honor of his fiftieth year as a Jesuit. While the date has not been definitely fixed upon it will be either in the last week of May or first week of June and will be made coincident with the annual Alumni Reunion and Banquet. Already this noteworthy event is attracting widespread attention and a surprising number have expressed their interest and intention of attending. Fr. Ricard's long years of labor at Santa Clara where he has seen generation after generation of students come and go have so identified him with Santa Clara and his efforts as a pioneer in a new domain of science have so identified Santa Clara with him that his Golden Jubilee is exciting comment and enthusiasm in quarters that nothing else could reach. Here's for one of the greatest gatherings that Santa Clara has seen.

### Stanton Banquet

Another of Santa Clara's worthy sons has ascended to a position of

fame, not only local or national, but of international distinction. The late war afforded untold occasions for our men to distinguish themselves as valiant Americans, dangerous opponents, and real soldiers. Colonel Stanton arrived in Paris with the first contingent of the A. E. F., in the official capacity of Paymaster-General, an emergency rank he had merited. Memorial services were held at the tomb of Lafayette not long after the forces under Pershing arrived, and the American Commander delegated "Charlie" Stanton to represent the Army at the French Patriot's grave. With calm decision and austerity of mien Colonel Stanton delivered an address of artful, rare composition that concluded with the phrase heard around the world, "Lafayette we are here"! The original of this address, in Colonel Stanton's possession, has never been published in its entirety.

On January 24th more than four-score of the Alumni gathered at the Clift Hotel, San Francisco, to pay tribute to the Colonel at a banquet given in his honor. Through the thoughtfulness of Dr. A. T. Leonard, Jr., '09,

Vice President of the Alumni Association, we received an invitation to the function, and, needless to say, appeared "on deck" at the proper time, delighted with such a privilege. It is here incumbent on us to state with emphasis that the Alumni know how.

At the speakers' table were seated John J. Barret, '91, Toastmaster; F. M. Heffernan, '08, Chairman; Rev. Timothy L. Murphy, S. J.; Clay M. Greene, '69, and Col. Chas. E. Stanton, '78. The eloquence of the toastmaster, blended with pleasing wit, genuinely voiced the thought of Santa Clara in congratulating her worthy son and honored guest. He also exposed the fact that Alma Mater inspired the Colonel when he rendered that wonderful oration. Years ago there was instituted in our school the still famous "Letter A"—a place of retribution for the penitent or impenitent transgressors of College discipline. In the days of "Charlie" Stanton the late Father Caredda, S. J., was custodian of this place for "boding tremblers" and the weekly session was held on Thursday. As the story goes, each Thursday afternoon the venerable Padre would glance over the flock of erring ones and seek out his "steady customer". Then would follow a dialogue, to wit: "Well, Charlie, we are here," with the solemn reply, "Father, we are here"! Nor did we note a refutation of this statement by the pupil, now the hero of a nation, who, rather, nodded his guilt to the assertion with

tears of laughter streaming down his face. With a concise, laudatory introduction the Toastmaster hailed Clay M. Greene, '69, the author of the Passion Play, who had written his praises to the Colonel in a familiar bit of verse, entitled, "Lafayette, Stanton is here"! With pose erect and in solemn tones he held a silent attention until it was discovered by his unique witticisms and timely jests that this attitude was a counterfeited seriousness. Though now in the sunset of life, Clay Greene admits there are too many serious things in life for him to be one of them, and his remarks did not betray his sentiments. The piece goes as follows:

### **LAFAYETTE, STANTON IS HERE!**

Lafayette, Charlie Stanton is here,  
With a vision as piercing and clear  
And the same mental speed  
As when Les Invalides  
Heard him say, "Lafayette we are  
here!"  
He had never yet slept in a trench,  
Nor rescued some sad Gallie Wench;  
And yet, it would seem  
Very much less a dream  
Had the message conveyed been in  
French.  
For you know, Lafayette, being here,  
In spirit, most like, there's a fear  
That in hundreds of years  
No one's memory clears,  
And his firm, "Lafayette, we are  
here!"  
You could not understand, don't you  
see?



And it would have seemed better to me,  
Had you learned French enough,  
To have made a good bluff,  
Saying, "Lafayette, nous sommes ici!"

Now, while you are hovering here,  
We ask for your voice and your ear  
To decide whose the credit;

Who the soldier that said it:  
"Voilà, Lafayette, we are here!"  
For the cable dispatches have said,  
When you faced the illustrious dead,  
General Pershing and you,  
He the phrasing put through,  
And the words to America sped.

Lafayette! No response to us here?  
Then, alas! sir, I very much fear  
That the popular choice  
Has quite frozen your voice;  
But **we** know "Lafayette we are here!"  
Was uttered by Stanton alone,  
In a soft and melifluous tone,  
And it can't be denied  
That the cableman lied  
Putting over a scoop on his own.

But, anyway, Stanton is here,  
Commanding front, trenches and rear  
Of the feast that is spread,  
Not for what we have read,  
But because, Lafayette, he **is** here,  
And the "non reg" costume that we  
wear,  
With Alumni and him on a tear,  
For old Alma Mater  
Inspires mirth and chatter  
Whatever he said over there.

So we glory that Stanton is here,  
Released from those duties austere

And the infinite pain  
Of a great phrase in vain:  
"Et Voici, Lafayette, we are here!"  
And, Charlie, old friend, now to you:  
Comrade Lafayette is all through,  
And my foolish refrain  
Bears no satire or stain  
Of the ills that false prophets can do.

What matters, now that you are here,  
With the past and its memories near,  
Which one of a brave two  
Did the best he could do  
To tell Lafayette, "We are here?"  
The friendship of old, strong and true,  
With memories freshened anew,  
Bid you come to our board,  
To add more to the hoard  
Of the brave soldier's palms won by  
you.

CLAY M. GREENE, '69.  
San Francisco, California,  
Jan. 24th, 1921.

"Santa Clara and the Army" was the theme allotted the Reverend Father President, who elucidated full well the military achievements and abilities of sons of Alma Mater as well as the showing of all students taught in schools conducted by the Society of Jesus, not to mention the greatest soldier of them all, Marshal Foch, a Jesuit boy.

The memories that delight us most because perpetuated by hours of school-day fun, which, after all, are our nearest approaches to happiness in this probational life, can best be enumerated by the elder generation who

have coped with mundane problems for twenty years or more. To them the hardships and worries of the students are reflected on the mirror of earthly experience and transposed to joys, blessed by youthful labors. With lively word and complacent tone Colonel Stanton briefly sketched his life, not omitting the obstacles which compelled him to fight hard in order to overcome defeat. Special emphasis clothed his distinct recollections of Santa Clara and the padres, who burned deep in his soul a lasting memory of the happiest days in his scholastic career. The polished thought indicative of keen mentality which flowed from the lips of the Colonel kept the audience in earnest anticipation, "auribus erectis", as it were.

He concluded with an admonition to his fellow Alumni that they should strive with unrelenting effort to hasten the pre-war conditions and bolster up with adequate laws the bars of immigration.

The honors won by Colonel Stanton are laurels to Santa Clara, and his success is her wish and boast.

A telegram from the Los Angeles Club, signed by C. M. Castruccio, '12, was read by the toastmaster. It contained regrets for the necessary absence of those brother Alumni.

The following were present: Best, Ervin S., '12; Breen, Peter A., '95; Basler, F. P., '10; Brown, Jos. R., M. D., '07; Bacigalupi, James A., '03; Blake, Frank J., '11; Barrett, John J., '91; Byington, Lewis F., '84; Costello,

John P., '06; Canelo, Adolph B., '15; Christy, W. J., '16; Carroll, Wm. P., '87; Costello, A. J.; Diepenbroch, A. B., M. D., '08; Deguan, Laurence V., '03; Detels, M. P., '12; Ebner, Charles, '75; Eisert, Richard H.; Foote, Rev. P., S. J.; Feeney, Thos. F., '04; Greene, George F., '86; Greene, Clay M., '69; Harter, E. R., '18; Hennessy, Frank J.; Heffernan, Frank M., '08; Holm, Dion R., '12; Hughes, Percy A., '16; Ivanovich, A. J., '10; Knightly, W. F., '92; Kelly, Frank S.; Kast, Marius J., '88; Laherty, Rev. J. J., S. J.; Moran, Fred J., '22; Manson, Stewart J., '21; Marsicano, Alfred F., '22; Muldoon, John J., '19; McKenzie, Harry A., '08; McKenzie, Edwin V., '06; Marelia, C. Hubert, '15; Murphy, R. D., '11; Mallen, M. M., '06; Mayerle, George, Jr., '15; Masearena, Alfredo, '90; Navalet, Arthur E., '17; O'Neil, Frank T., '18; O'Connor, Rev. Robert, '08; O'Brien, J. P., '13; O'Toole, John J., '90; O'Brien, W. J., '05; Orella, F. R., M. D., '89; Powers, Frank E., '98; Perasso, George A.; Powell, L. D., '12; Quenn, R. E.; Ryan, Daniel J., '18; Robinson, Thos. S., '98; Riordan, John H., '05; Spillane, Thos., '92; Stanton, Col. C. E., '78; Stoesser, O. D., '87; Talbot, William C., '11; Tadish, Dan, '11; Tramutolo, C. F., '12; Veit, Henry C., '20; Whelan, Dick, '15; White, Edward J., '12.

The Stanton Banquet was pronounced by all present one of the most successful and impressive affairs of the kind they ever attended.

Its success was made possible in

large part, by the existence and efficient action of the San Francisco Alumni Club. A permanent form of organization in a given locality furnishes the machinery with which concerted action is possible.

The officers of the San Francisco Club and the committee in charge are certainly to be congratulated.

The following amusing San Francisco news note is reminiscent of Mark Twain:

"Army officers were shocked and flags at army posts and at The Family Club were placed at half mast yesterday before a report of the death at Redding of Colonel Charles E. Stanton, author of 'Lafayette, We Are Here!'" was denied.

Charles E. Stanton, a blacksmith's helper, trapping near Redding, and found dead, face downward on a mountain trail, gave every indication of being the famous Col. Stanton who marked the arrival of the first American troops in France at the tomb of Lafayette with his now historic line.

The real Col. Stanton arrived yesterday at Seattle. News of his death had preceded him. He admitted that the report of his death was "greatly exaggerated" and his friends declared that the only thing wrong with Col. Stanton was his luck at cards.

Col. Stanton went to Seattle to deliver a Lincoln's birthday address before members of the Rainier Club."

The State Legislature of Washington accepted an invitation to be pres-

ent at this address and attended in a body. Colonel Stanton is still vindicating his sobriquet of "The Orator of the Army."

### Los Angeles Club

With "Red and White" flying triumphantly the Los Angeles Club was organized December 27th, at a luncheon held at the Hotel Alexandria. C. M. Castruccio, President; Walter Jackson, Treasurer; Joseph Herlihy, Secretary; "Jiggs" Donohue, and Louis J. Canepa, publicity committee, are the choice of the South to guide the destinies of the Alma Mater organization. We know with "Prexy Cass" at the helm our City of Angeles will echo with Santa Clara spirit. Joseph Scott, who holds an honorary degree from the University, encouraged the cause and purpose of the meeting and promised his aid to the officers.

The following were present at the meeting: Barnard, John P.; Bessolo, Angelo, Jr.; Blinn, Lewis W.; Burke, John H.; Canepa, Louis J.; Castruccio, C. M.; Concannon, John M.; Cronin, John A.; Cunningham, Hugh P.; del Valle, Reginald F.; Donahue, George F.; Ferrario, Edward J.; Fitzpatrick, James P.; Forster, Ygnacio J.; Gea, Nicholas; Gea, Dr. Wm. J.; Gibson, Dr. Justin F.; Haskamp, Edward B.; Herlihy, Joseph J.; Jackson, Harry D.; Jackson, Water S.; Kengal, Horace A.; Ludwig, Robert E.; Macmanus, Ignacio, Jr.; Maltman, John W.; McGuire,

M. H.; Mullen, Andrew J.; Parker, Joseph; Scott, Joseph; Wilson, John J.

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**Joseph Scott** Alumni and friends of Santa Clara will be pleased to learn of the honor recently bestowed upon Mr. Scott by the Holy Father. On February the thirteenth the Pope conferred upon him the decorations of the Knighthood of St. Gregory the Great. This is not the first decoration to come to Mr. Scott. In 1911 he was given the Laetare Medal, annually awarded by Notre Dame University to one person of the laity who has done the most during that year for religion and the nation. Mr. Scott, besides being a member of the Santa Clara Alumni Club of Los Angeles, has twice addressed graduating classes on past Commencement days.

### **San Luis Obispo Club**

While on the return trip from Los Angeles Rev. Fr. Ryan visited San Luis Obispo and called upon a number of Alumni and former students. Within a short time a permanent club will be organized. At an informal meeting Judge T. A. Norton was made president, and M. A. Fitzgerald, secretary of the temporary organization.

### **Sacramento Club**

The committee of the Sacramento Club met Feb. 9th and planned another monster get-to-gether of the

Capitol City clan for some date in March. The president of the organization, Marco Zarick, has been instructed to institute and supervise a Trust Department in the Capitol National Bank of Sacramento. Pretty work, "Marco".

### **Fresno Club**

Herbert McDowell, '16, Assemblyman representing the Fifty-first District in the State Legislature, is actively engaged in the preliminary work of forming a nucleus of Santa Clara men in Fresno. We are sure the Fresno organization (they raise grapes in Fresno) will have a "kick" in it.

### **'62—'10**

Ferdinand P. Bassler, '10, who journeyed from Sacramento to be present at the banquet in honor of Col. Stanton, is coming along nicely in the Capitol City as President of the Mathews Construction Co. Another '10 man, John I. Keating,—son of one of Santa Clara's earliest graduates, General Robert J. Keating, '62—sent his regrets from Virginia City, Nevada, where he officiates as Superintendent and agent for the Comstock Exploration Co.

### **'89**

Mr. Philip B. Lynch, '89, died at Columbia Hospital, San Jose, February 10. His sad death was the result of injuries suf-



ferred on the highway south of San Jose when his automobile turned over.

Mr. Lynch was a resident of Vallejo, one of its most prominent attorneys and had formerly been Mayor of the city.

To his sorrowing relatives and friends "The Redwood" in the name of Santa Clara, extends its heartfelt sympathy.

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**'94** On January twenty-sixth Mr. William Knightly, an old Santa Clara graduate, called to see the old haunts again and to renew the many friendships he had made while here. While attending school Mr. Knightly made a brilliant name for himself on the diamond, being captain of the Varsity of '94. He is now president of the Bank of Haywards and one of the most prominent and respected citizens of that community. Mr. Knightly remembers with pleasure his college experiences and although it is a long stretch since his college days "Will" still figures prominently on the diamond and believes he could give many an undergraduate aspirant for the team a hard run.

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**'06—'09** On February 6th at St. Patrick's Church, San Francisco, the Knights of St. Patrick assisted at the dedication of the largest stained glass window ever imported from Europe, which window the Knights had presented to the Church. Archbishop Hanna accepted the gift,

while speeches were made on behalf of the Knights by Doctor A. T. Leonard, '09, and William P. Lawlor, '01. The central figure represents Brian Boru at the battle of Clontarf, A. D. 1014, which resulted in driving the Danes out of Ireland.

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**'04** With the intention of devoting his time to matters of federal taxation Thomas F. Feney, '04, has resigned as Chief Deputy Collector of the Internal Revenue Department and has opened offices in the Insurance Exchange Building, San Francisco. A continuation of his successes is the hope and thought from his Alma Mater.

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**'06** On January tenth Santa Clara was honored by a visit from her brilliant young playwright and scenario writer, Martin V. Merle. While here Mr. Merle stayed at the Fitzgerald home and found time to renew many pleasant memories of his college days. While attending college he was the author of "Light Eternal", "The Kid", and other plays. He is also remembered as the producer of the first Passion Play.

Mr. Merle is a great alumni worker and it would be hard to find many others who have rendered greater service to their old Alma Mater in every way. The "Redwood", with which he was prominently identified, joins his many Santa Clara friends in wishing him every success in his writing.

**'08** Mr. Burdette Hartman, a graduate of Santa Clara in '08, was a visitor at the University on January twenty-second. Mr. Hartman won fame in his undergraduate days as a Varsity pitcher of unusual ability. He was a popular and well-liked student and even Father Sullivan can be quoted as saying of him—"Burdette was a very lovely young man".

Hartman has been busy lately operating his extensive cattle and mining holdings in the southern part of the state. He expressed great pleasure at many splendid changes that have taken place in the old school since his time, and said he was "always proud to be a Santa Claran."

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**'10** John Paul Degnan, M. D., '10, a member of the '09 Varsity, has been appointed a Captain in the U. S. Army Medical Reserve Corps. Captain Degnan, now retired from active service, has opened offices at Lodi, California.

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**'10** Raymond W. Kearney, while here a high-jump specialist of no little ability, has been appointed by the Governor a member of the Commission of Housing and Immigration in California. While speaking of Immigration, the head of the Department, Edward White, '07, is a loyal Santa Claran.

**'15** At a very pretty wedding in St. Clare's Church, Mr. Edwin Bean and Miss Violet McCarthy, both of San Jose, were united in marriage on January 25. None other than the Vice President of the University, Rev. Father Joseph A. Sullivan, "tied the knot". The bride is a well known and popular young lady of San Jose, and Mr. Bean is a Santa Clara graduate who was noted for his learning and studious habits during college days. Bayard Bowden, son of Professor Nicholas Bowden, and brother of Archer Bowden, both professors in the Institute of Law, filled the position of best man in a most creditable manner. The couple left immediately after the marriage in a shower of old shoes, rice, and good wishes for a short honeymoon in San Francisco. Afterwards they will take up their residence in San Jose where Mr. Bean occupies a responsible position with the Standard Oil Co. Paul Bean, a brother of the newly married one, is at present attending Santa Clara. It is whispered around the campus that he is thinking seriously of following his brother's example.

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Among recent visitors was **Ex '20** Claude Dodge, a former Law student. While at Santa Clara Dodge made his block in rugby, in which he played in the front rank. At present he is the representative of a San Francisco business firm, but is contemplating returning to Santa Clara in

order to finish his law course. His reason is, he says, that wherever he travels throughout the state he finds Santa Clara men most prominent in the legal profession.

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Accompanying Claude Dodge  
**Ex '21** on his recent visit was his college friend Albert Pradero, who is remembered for his cracker-jack work in baseball. "Al" is representing his mother's large cattle interests in Nevada at present. He has not forgotten Santa Clara and says that the best days of his life were his college days. "How do they get that way?"

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On Thursday, January  
**'20** twenty-second, Tobias (Toby) Bricca was a visitor. "Toby" is a graduate of last year's class and a prominent Senator. He was one of the best catchers Santa Clara ever had and his absence from the diamond is keenly felt as there are few indeed that can replace him.

After a most successful and  
**'20** victorious tour as member of the American Rugby team, Bill Muldoon returned recently to visit his old college friends and surroundings once more. There is no necessity of resounding the story of Bill's athletic triumphs as every live Santa Clara is fully alive to them. Bill will always be remembered for his wonderful athletic ability, for his power and eloquence as a Senator, and most of all for his true friendship and enthusiastic boosting of everything Santa Clara.

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Bill Muldoon however, is not  
**Ex '21** the only member of the family to achieve fame, for his kid-brother, John (Jawn), is fully his equal in this regard. After returning from his recent trip with the conquering American Olympic team "Jawn", as he is called by everyone who knows him, lost no time in visiting Alma Mater. He was one of the greatest Rugby forwards that Santa Clara ever had and the exploits of both himself and his brother will long endure in our annals.

Fred J. Moran, '22.  
 Charles F. Daly, '24.





Plunging our callous fist into the heap of exchanges which had gathered on our desk during the holidays, we shut our eyes and grabbed, then, with inward trepidation we casually glanced at a purple cover. Immediately all fear of a boresome ramble through mediocre material, or worse, vanished, for "The Holy Cross Purple" (Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.) has ever been synonymous with quality and merit in the world of college magazinedom. This journal has merited the reputation of being among the leaders especially in verse. To attest the popularity of the muse at Holy Cross we need merely mention that out of thirteen contributions to the December number, six are verse.

"The New Bethlehem" merits its conspicuous place. It gives pleasing and novel expression to a theme which will never grow trite. "Bein' Good", in negro dialect is well done, simple, and, unlike other attempts of a similar sort, the negro patois is not over exaggerated. "Dreamland" is noteworthy for its thought and imagery.

We believe this number a little weak in short stories, though the plot of

"Three Little Wise Men" is nicely condensed and developed. "A \$2,500 Hunch" likewise deserves special mention. But perhaps the most noteworthy contribution is "A Group of Contemporary American Catholic Poets". The topic is one we seldom see in print, sad to state, and it is refreshing to learn that there are some real honest to goodness Catholic poets in our country today. The quotations are felicitous and striking.

"Thackeray, Satirist", is a critical study of the great English writer. This essay contains an excellent explanation of Thackeray's characteristic traits of style as well as a defense of his much criticized habit of moralizing.

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### **The Tattler**

Next at hand is "The Tattler" (Randolph Macon Woman's College, Lynchburg, Va.) It is with not a little trepidation that we turned the cover of this dainty little magazine, for, we thought, candor may force us to criticize adversely some young lady's literary effort—a thing which we are



told would be, very undiplomatic if not actually ungentlemanly.

But with characteristic candor we went ahead and devoured its contents. We found the various articles, stories, and pieces of verse, delectable indeed, but like a picnic sandwich contained little meat.

"The Need for Vocational Guidance in Colleges" is the best attempt at a heavy article and is probably the most noteworthy contribution in the issue, though "Dreamy Chinatown Awake" makes a strong bid for first honors. The common sense and sound reasoning of the former in our opinion, offset the picturesque descriptions in the latter. We agree with the author "Vocational and Cultural Education are not separate and distinct as many have us believe, but rather they are closely related and must become even more allied if culture and college are to do anything about our industrial unrest and our occupational difficulties in general." The author, or rather authoress, advocates a plan that will impel the student to ponder on his future vocation while absorbing purely cultural knowledge.

The verse is dainty and skips along with a charming lilt. "The Dancers" is a good example of onomatopoeia and like the others makes no pretensions to deep thought. "The Valley of Song" is a pleasing little allegory.

Apropos of the editorial we assure the editor that we will do what in us lies to disabuse mere man of the repre-

hensible judgment regarding college women's intellect which she attributes to him.

### Loyola Magazine

In looking over the table of contents of the "Loyola University Magazine" (Loyola University, Chicago, Ill.) we noticed immediately the lack of a short story. In other respects this neat little journal is well balanced.

The essay "Geoffrey Chaucer" is certainly to be commended. To the wearied 'Change editor a five thousand word essay is a thing to be dreaded and shunned, but we determined to start in reading this one and go as far as we could. Strange to say we kept on reading till the very end and then were sorry we had to stop. We found it interesting, instructive and profitable. The subject is treated from a Catholic viewpoint, showing that Chaucer, notwithstanding some lines which might seem to indicate otherwise, was a good son of Holy Mother Church, and in his later years repented some of the slurs which had crept into his works, occasioned as they were by certain abuses of the time. The subject is thoroughly discussed and a criticism of "The Canterbury Tales", the greatest work of the great English "Floure of Eloquence" is included.

"The Debt" is a clever playlet, but the climax seemed a little too cold-blooded to be real.

Of the three shorter essays we liked "Books" the best. The author mani-

feats a keen appreciation of good literature. He writes, "The exigency of today is stainless literature—books that will mould righteous nations, form virtuous characters, fashion noble ideals, and draw the outline of justice and charity on the canvas of the universe." The late war has brought out the potency of literature as a factor in shaping the world's affairs.

"Skull Scrapes" is cleverly handled and adds much to the readableness of the Loyola. Might not an Exchange Department have the same effect?

### The Gonzaga

The initial number of the "Gonzaga" (Gonzaga University, Spokane, Wash.) for the year 1921 shows a marked improvement over the former issues.

The quality of the verse more than makes up for the lack of quantity. Witness the opening stanza of "Sacramento Sunset".

Gold is on the mountains,  
And the day is done;  
Silence wanders down from out the hills.  
Mist is on the marshes,  
Darkening with the sun,—  
Twilight—and each vale soft even fills.

This is undoubtedly the best verse we have run across in any of our exchanges thus far.

"The War of the Worlds" is a fanciful bit of fiction of the Jules Verne type. The battle of Earth versus Mars

herein described is more thrilling than even the coming Dempsey-Carpentier brawl promises to be. The author manifests a good inventive imagination and succeeds in making his story interesting and novel.

"A Light in the Dark" fulfills all the qualifications for a good short story and holds the interest well throughout.

"Korea and Japan" is a timely article on the shameful manner in which Japan has treated this persecuted nationality of twenty million souls. In a vigorous and understandable way it points out the duplicity and treachery of Nippon in practically enslaving a country that is in every sense deserving of and anxious for complete self autonomy. This article should prove beneficial to those of our eastern brethren who can see no evil in our obsequiously polite little brown brothers.

"Super Football of the East" is an excellent summing up of the football situation as seen by us of the wild, woolly, and benighted West.

### Marquette Journal

Following the principle of saving the good things for the last we take up the "Marquette University Journal" (Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wisconsin). The Journal is different—different in bulk, in quality and quantity of contributions, different in quality of paper and binding, in short, different in the entire make-up of the magazine. The generous width and length of the pages give the num-

ber a professional touch quite novel in a college publication.

A note on the first page explains that "because of the recent restoration of the essay to popular favor, this, the first issue of The Marquette University Journal of the present school year, has been devoted, in the major part to the essay in all its forms."

Sixteen essays and special articles bear out the accuracy of the note, though nineteen contributions of verse contained within its handsome brown covers serve well to break any monotony which might be occasioned by perusal of the prose.

Lack of space precludes the pleasure of reviewing the contents in detail. However "The Essay as a Literary Form" gives an excellent description and history of the essay.

"Little Luxemburg" is perhaps the most pretentious effort in the magazine. The author manifests a thorough knowledge of his subject.

"Why I Would Rather Be Fat Than Lean" should prove consoling to that great order of human beings who wear forty-four belts and whose collars, in summer time, wilt and wither like the last rose of the aforementioned season.

The other articles too are without exception, of high quality. We await with unaffected impatience the spring number of this progressive magazine.

sity, Spokane, Wn.), has the following to say of the November Redwood:

"The football number of this attractive magazine may be considered a well-balanced issue if that term stands for a proper number of light and serious compositions. The humorous essay 'Lest It Happen to You,' and the story, 'A Rude Awakening', offset the other pieces in the magazine. The essay, 'Deflation and the Federal Reserve System', sets forth the advantages of the Reserve System. If it did nothing more than this, it would serve a good purpose. But it does something far more important. It gives us the consoling assurance 'that the outgoing administration has left at least one bit of legislation on the statute books of the United States that is worth while'. From the vast amount of political literature that finds its way into print, it would seem that never before in the history of the world has a nation experienced eight years of such misrule. It is a pleasant surprise to find an article written in commendation of some act of the Democratic administration.

The poem on life, that opens this number, expresses a true thought in an original manner. However, the thought is not an emotional one, and consequently not a poetical one. Compare it with the theme in 'Longing', 'A November Thought', 'Midnight', or even in the short story, 'My Son is Driving Tonight', and the difference can be readily seen.

The story, 'My Son is Driving To-

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"The Gonzaga" (Gonzaga Univer-

night' is by far the best article in this issue. In its simplicity lies its superiority. Several descriptive passages add charm to the story."

"The Marquette University Journal" (Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wis.), remarks of the October issue:

"The Redwood of Santa Clara University, Santa Clara, Calif., presents its usual attractive appearance and high quality of material in the October number. 'Evening', by Harold Maloney, '23, is an excellent bit of verse. 'The Election,' and 'No Gas', are well written editorials and have a humorous turn that is not usually found in college magazine editorials."

Of our Christmas number "The St. Mary's Collegian" (St. Mary's College, Oakland, Calif.,) remarks:

"We are in receipt of several 'Christmas Numbers'. In this group those that deserve special mention are The Academia and The Redwood. The Redwood Christmas edition might well be a credit to any institution. A beautiful poem, 'A Christmas Carol', is proof against the theory that the genius of Poesy is dead."

In speaking of the creative tendency

in literature "The Stylus" (Boston College, Boston, Mass.) speaks of the Christmas Redwood thus:

"Again, in the Redwood for December 'Crystal Gazers', a free verse poem, is indeed original. While it cannot be properly classed as true poetry, yet the style of expression and the thought contained in the work will not allow it to be entirely rejected from the ranks of writing. Too often a critic casts aside as unworthy of notice a piece of free verse which is of sufficient merit to be classed as literature, though it can scarcely be called poetry. Not that we advocate this extreme imagery contained in the verbal gymnastics of Amy Lowell and her School, but we hold that there is some work in the free verse form that must be characterized as literature on account of its merit."

This criticism seems to us to involve a contradiction. All real literature must be either prose or poetry. We know of no other alternative. But the writer maintains that "there is some work in the free verse form that must be characterized as literature on account of its merit." Such work, since it is not prose and yet is literature, must be poetry.

Martin M. Murphy, '22.





# ATHLETICS

## BASKETBALL.

At the outset of the basketball season we all entertained hopes for a victorious quintet. Interest in this winter sport ran high. After some threatening on our part to withdraw from the California-Nevada League if a satisfactory schedule were not arranged, it was finally decided by Graduate Manager Jim O'Connor to remain a member of the league. We then sat with ease and comfort for we were certain that such men as Manelli, Ferrario, Needles, Logan, Pigg, Pecarovich, Diaz, Fowler, Comau, and few others, our opponents would not have easy competition. Hopes are not always fulfilled to the letter and the truth of this has been proved in our basketball season.

### Varsity 13

### Stanford 28

January 12th marked the first appearance of our Varsity. With but little preliminary practice we went into the fray displaying the caliber of real winners, and it was only after the hardest kind of work on the part of the Cardinal team and the advantage of playing on their own court that our opponents had the edge on us.

The game as a whole was compara-

tively slow and ragged. Perhaps it was due to the fact that it was the first contest of the series. Righter and Davies did the stellar work for the Cardinals, while Logan and Manelli showed up well for the Varsity.

The line up:

Santa Clara—Logan, Manelli, forwards; Pigg, center; Needles, Ferrario, Pecarovich, guards.

Stanford—Righter, Davies, Rogers, forwards; Mills, Carver, centers; Richmond, Adams, Larson, guards.

Field Goals—Righter 4, Davies 1, Mills 4, Richmond 2; Logan 2, Manelli 3.

Free Throws—Davies, five out of nine; Rogers, one out of one; Logan, two out of two; Manelli, one out of five.

Referee—Glenn.  
Scorer—Argenti.

Timer—Mollen.

### Varsity 17

### Olympic Club 41

The basketball team next journeyed to San Francisco. There they played and lost to the Olympic Club 145 pound basket quintet. It was a decisive victory for the club men.

The Club team had the speed, teamwork and basket-shooting ability. What



1921 BASKETBALL TEAM



we possessed was but weight and plenty of that to spare.

In the first period the Winged "O" players had our boys going, and at the end of this frame, the score stood 21 to 13 in favor of the Olympics.

And yet they were not satisfied with this advantage. They again came back strong in the second half and tallied for another score of points, while we were just satisfied with making four points.

Boyle, center, and Gavin, forward, for the Olympic Club, were in the limelight throughout the game, apparently shooting baskets at will. Logan, for the Varsity, contributed his share of the performance.

Varsity line-up: Manelli, Needles, Logan, Coman, forwards; Pigg, center; Ferrario, Pecarovich, Bannan, guards.

Olympic Club: Gavin, Carrigan, Mockbur, forwards; Boyle, center; Switzer, Kearns, guards.

Referee—Petaluma. Timer—Mollen. Scorer—Argenti.

### **Varsity 20                  College of Pacific 30**

We jaunted a few miles from the college campus to offer our neighboring college some form of opposition on the evening of January 22nd. The result was contrary to our expectations for we graciously succumbed to the better playing of the College of the Pacific. Nevertheless, our boys put up a good brand of basketball, and the game as admitted by all was one of the hardest fought contests staged there for some time.

Hestwood's high jumping gave the Pacific forwards the edge on the ball in the first few minutes of play, and gave them in the early stage of the game, a lead of three points. As both sides became acquainted with the tactics employed the game tightened up, and the baskets were few and far between. The half ended with the score 13 to 11 in their favor.

The second half opened with the Varsity using her initial lineup and with Pacific doing likewise, with the exception of Stevens substituting for Hestwood at center. Each side at this juncture resorted much to defensive work, and until the middle of the second half, the game was as close as had been the first half. However, Pacific began to draw away and ran the score up to a lead which they maintained until the end of the game.

It was a great victory for our opponents and all those who rooted and cheered for the victors were likewise jubilant. And truly so, for they can well remember how in former years our Varsity used to give them a merry drubbing.

Santa Clara—Manelli, Logan, Flaherty, Diaz, Fowler, forwards; Needles, Pecarovich, centers; Ferrario, Toso, guards.

Pacific—Hestwood, Stevens, centers; Spoon, Wagner, guards; Spurway, Burchfiel, forwards.

Baskets were as follows: Burchfiel, 8 fouls and 2 goals; Spurway, 4 goals; Stevens, 2 goals; Spoon, one goal;



Wagner, one goal. Manelli, three fouls and two goals; Toso, 2 goals; Ferrario, two goals; Logan, three fouls and one goal.

Referee—Street. Timer—Mollen.  
Scorer—Trabucco.

### St. Ignatius 17

### Varsity 16

In one of the fastest games seen on our home court, we took the count for a fourth straight defeat. To review the first half is to praise the Varsity. From the start, the game was a nip and tuck affair, and the score was always close. It was largely due to the wonderful guarding of Captain Ferrario and Needles that the Ignatians were hindered from scoring to any great extent. At the end of the first half, the tally stood ten all.

The Varsity opened up the second act with a burst of stuff, and managed to maintain a slight and uncomfortable lead. As fate would have it, we were destined to lose, for just a few seconds before the whistle's signal, Larrecou, St. Ignatius' forward, caged a field goal, thus forcing his team ahead. Hence, a tale of woe repeated itself. We were beaten, yet by a very slight margin.

The summary:

St. Ignatius—Lauterwasser, Begley, forwards; Cronin, center; Boyle, Larrecou, guards.

Santa Clara—Fowler, Manelli, forwards; Needles, center; Toso, Ferrario, guards.

Substitutions: St. Ignatius—O'Neill for Cronin; Cronin for O'Neill; O'Neill

for Boyle; O'Brien for Cronin. Santa Clara—Diaz for Fowler; Logan for Toso; Fowler for Diaz.

Timers—White and Mollen. Scorers—Trabucco and Hallinan. Referee—Glenn.

### Varsity 20

### St. Mary's College 19

After a lapse of almost two years, we were again treated to a pleasing spectacle. This all took place on the evening of Saturday, January 29th on our historic court, when the Varsity quintet met and defeated the St. Mary's College basketball team. Fresh from their victory against Nevada, the collegians from Oakland were expected to clean up on us. But such was not their luck. We were not fretted by Dame Rumor and as a consequence Coach Bob Harmon's cohorts upset all dope.

We got off to a poor start and St. Mary's led throughout the first period. The Oaklanders were ahead at half time by a score of 11 to 4. Yet this disadvantage did not daunt the wearers of the red and white, for they began hitting their stride of yore, and coupled with the strong defensive work put up by Captain Ferrario and Needles, the St. Mary's players were kept from scoring to any extent.

Failure to put in free throws proved a serious handicap for our victorious five as has been the case all season. Only four out of ten fouls found their way into the circular wire. Coach Harmon pulled off a clever bit of strategy when he put Coman into the game to throw a foul in the last half. This tally

proved the downfall of St. Mary's, as the final score indicated.

Logan, Manelli and Fowler did some fine shooting, while Captain Moy and Ludolph of St. Mary's did wonderful work for their team.

Although the entire student body was present, along with a delegation of St. Mary's rooters, there was no sign of hostilities during the entire game. The contest was keenly fought, and we do believe that the superior team won. It was a defeat hard to take, yet we can truthfully say they fought and lost in a clean and manly manner.

Santa Clara—Manelli, Fowler, forwards; Logan, center; Needles and Ferrario, guards.

St. Mary's—Moy, Lindsay, forwards; Ludolph, center; Matson, Silva, guards.

Substitutions: Santa Clara—Diaz for Manelli; Manelli for Diaz; Toso for Logan; Logan for Needles; Coman for Toso; Pecarovich for Coman. St. Mary's—Dhal for Moy; Moy for Silva.

Timers—Mollen and Le Fevre. Scorers—Neary and Zimmerman. Referee—Wilson.

### St. Ignatius 37

### Santa Clara 17

The Varsity went down to decisive defeat in the second game of the series with St. Ignatius on the court of the latter. The game was not as exciting and full of thrills as the first fracas, and better shooting and better teamwork on the part of the Ignatians proved our downfall.

The score at the end of the first half stood 20 to 8 in their favor. Roy Fow-

ler was the only one who seemed able to locate the basket in this half, although Caesar Manelli showed his old-time form in dropping the free throws.

Faster playing was displayed in the second half with the Varsity paving the way to victory. But the Ignatians continually found the basket with long shots from the hands of Johnson and Swutzer.

For St. Ignatius, Johnson was easily the real star, while Cronin and Larracon likewise contributed to the victory.

Fowler, Manelli and Needles did the best work for Santa Clara. Captain Ferrario was unable to get in the game due to an injury received in the St. Mary's tussle.

The line-up:

Santa Clara—Fowler, Manelli, forwards; Logan, center; Needles, Toso, guards. Substitutes—Diaz, Coman and Pecarovich.

St. Ignatius—Johnson, Swutzer, forwards; Cronin, center; Boyle, Larracon, guards. Substitute—O'Neill.

### Varsity 11

### Nevada 29

The evening of February 14th marked our last basketball game of the season. We were pitted against the Nevadans and the court at Reno proved to be the scene of defeat for us. Without the able guarding of Captain Ferrario, who sustained a wrenched knee in the St. Mary's game, the team went into the fight weakened.

The first half ended 17 to 3. We were contented with the short end of the score. Red, Waite and Buekman

for the Nevadans shared honors in field goals, while we were satisfied to ring in three fouls. Yet the Varsity did not falter. They came back a little strong in the second half and added eight points, with Nevada increasing its total only by 12 points. Dumpy Diaz shot two field goals in this stanza, while Caesar Manelli caged a field basket and two fouls.

The line-up:

Santa Clara: Fowler, Diaz, forwards; Toso, center; Needles, Manelli, guards. Substitutions: Pecarovich, center; Logan, center.

Nevada: Waite, Reed, forwards; Buckman, center; Bradshaw, Martin, guards. Substitutions: Goodwin, center; Egan, guard.

Referee—Glenn. Timers—O'Connor, Bryant. Scorers—Fairchild, Mollen.

### BASEBALL.

Baseball practice has been ushered into the world of sports—at least, as far as we are concerned. It was immediately after our Retreat that we beheld on the bulletin board, a notice to the exponents of the grand old American pastime to turn out for practice. And now we may see a score or more of baseball fiends cavorting on the ball diamond with full vigor and determination to make the Varsity.

Caesar Manelli has been elected captain of the baseball nine. "Caes" is all set on turning out a victorious team and rarin' to go. The majority of the regulars from last year's team are back on the job. Among others we can still

rely on the timely slugging of ex-captain Fitzpatrick; the air-tight and masterly pitching of Ken Berg; the dependable slab work of Mike Pecarovich; the base-running of "Turk" Bedolla.

Besides the veterans a number of others have turned out. At the receiving end, Ford, Kenney, and Ferrario are aspirants.

As far as infielders are concerned, the Coach need not sit up "to burn the midnight oil" in needless worry. For the initial sack, he has Doyle, Needles, Saxe and Friedberger. Besides the good old reliable Fitzpatrick for the key-stone sack, he has Mahoney and Clarke. Riley looks good at short, and as he has had considerable experience in infield work, he should be able without any trouble to fill this position and make good with a vengeance. Johnnie Logan, Dunne, Diaz, and Kennison, not to mention "dark horses", are seeking infield positions.

Aside from Bedolla and Manelli for the outfield, we have a long string of possibilities. Fawke, Toso, Anderson, Smith, Rianda, Maloney, H. Miller, O'Shea, Crowe, Maggetti, Fiorino and Lewis come to mind.

In the slab department the Varsity needs strengthening. If men like Perdue and Fowler can aid Berg, the first string mainstay, and Pecarovich, in twirling the pill, then we may rest with ease and look forward to a formidable nine.

The baseball schedule is gradually

taking shape, and already Manager O'Connor has tentative games booked with both California and Stanford, as well as the usual two games with the Olympic Club. There are other games in store for the Varsity, which will be made known later.

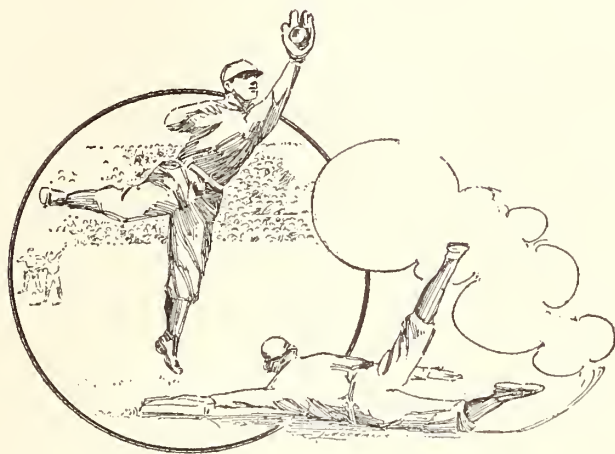
### FOOTBALL.

James R. Needles, who hails from Seattle, Washington, was the unanimous selection as captain of football for 1922. Jimmy is the logical choice. He needs no introduction to the football

world, as he was picked a number of times as half back on the all-star selections made last year.

He has, time and time again, as a member of the football squad for the past two years displayed his executive ability. We all believe Jimmy will make his mark as Captain, and we feel assured that he will aid materially in making future Santa Clara football history. And we are with him to the utmost.

George L. Haneberg '23.





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FR. JEROME S. RICARD. S. J.  
WHOSE FIFTIETH YEAR AS A JESUIT WILL BE OBSERVED MAY 30

# The Redwood

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VOL. XX

SANTA CLARA, CAL., MARCH, 1921

NO. 5

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## The Sierras

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LAND from the Sea you've tarried,  
Cloaked in white, for many a year.  
Serried Guardians, with you near Her,  
Naught does California fear.

Ah, Sierras age-old Spearmen  
Many tales may you re-tell  
Of your everlasting warfare  
When the Tempests roar and yell.

You're not wearied gazing ever  
O'er the Land and toward the Sea  
Sentinelled by giant Redwoods  
Shielding all this wealth---and me.

Oh, Sierras, guard us always  
From your battlements on high  
Keep this Nature-painted Sun-land  
Still beneath unwearied eye.

EDWIN E. DRISCOLL, '24



# Railway Electrification

William H. Osterle, E. E. '21.



MODERN life depends in large measure on communication and transportation. Communication, in our day, has reached a very high state of perfection, thanks to Bell, Edison and Mareoni, so that it is now a simple matter to know what has happened on the other side of the globe five minutes after it has occurred. But in the field of transportation, although a high standard of perfection has been reached, yet this phase of our life has not been enlarged sufficiently to cope successfully with the ever increasing demand put upon it. A good indication of the height to which any material civilization may have attained is afforded by the degree of progress made in its transportation facilities.

The cities of today are becoming more and more crowded, as is shown by the latest census report. Consequently supplies from the country must arrive in the city in larger quantities and in a shorter time to meet the new demand. Our manufacturing plants are today running under greatly increased operating expenses and must have their raw material when it is needed, so as to minimize possibilities

of loss through interruption in operation. Therefore better and more efficient handling of freight becomes a necessity. Our passenger service has reached such a low state of efficiency that it is next to impossible to go more than two hundred miles without arriving later than the schedule time. All of this means that unless our transportation system be kept up to the same of efficiency our whole industrial, social and economic organism must suffer.

It has been estimated that within twelve years the demand for transportation will have doubled the present day requirements, meaning that in 1933 our trains will have to supply a demand twice as great as our present need, which they are even now unable to cope with. What then must be done?

There are three possible ways in which our train efficiency can be increased: (1) By increasing the number of tracks; (2) By straightening curves, reducing grades and even selecting new right-of-ways; or (3) By increasing the size of the train and its speed. However, only the third alternative seems at all possible, for to increase the number of tracks in some places, for example in mountains or thickly settled lo-

calities is unfeasible. To cut down grades and straighten curves means a great deal of expense and would only relieve the situation temporarily. Thus it leaves only one possible solution open, which will not only relieve the situation immediately but will also make suitable provision against all future growth.

When we consider that the present maximum power of a steam locomotive is 3,000 H. P. and that any increase in this respect produces a seriously complicated machine and adds greatly to the weight; whereas electric locomotives no heavier than the present day steam locomotive are being made with a normal rating of 7,000 H. P., we little wonder why the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, a line in northern United States running over heavy grades, has electrified its lines and is having so much success.

This statement may seem to some a bit sweeping and yet appear quite the contrary after considering the subject a little more fully. Steam locomotives are moving power plants, carrying their own fuel, generating their own power and using this power to the best advantage. Therefore, the maximum power possible is limited by the size and capacity of the boiler and fuel-carrying space. The electric locomotive, on the other hand, is but a transformer of already generated power. Thus only one half the required machinery must be mounted on moving cars, and no fuel space is required. Large motors

can be installed and with the present multiple-unit system, in which several locomotives are connected but operated as one unit by one operator, there seems to be no limit of possible power. Trains can be doubled in size and moved through space at a rate of sixty or seventy miles an hour with absolute safety. Grades that have been almost insurmountable by the steam giant can be easily climbed by the electric rival. All of which materially reduces the schedule.

In the matter of grades, the electric train has a still further advantage, in that while descending, the momentum of the train and the force of gravity not only cause the train to move of its own accord, but also drive the motors which are now run as generators and return power to the line to be used to help another train up the grade. Likewise this driving of the motors causes a retarding force which serves as a brake and allows the train to descend more smoothly and at a higher safe speed than is possible with the steam train which has to depend altogether on its air brakes.

Other things which reduce the schedule time of a steam train are those of tunnels and low temperature weather conditions. Tunnels increase the time interval between trains on the steam operated railroad on account of the smoke, which remains for some time. With the electric locomotive there is no smoke and consequently trains can be run as close to one another as desir-

able. Low temperature decreases the efficiency of a steam locomotive as much as one half, and in some cases completely stops the trains because steam cannot be generated while the engine is moving against so much cold air. In the case of the electric locomotive the efficiency is increased because of a lower working temperature. Thus the electric is more reliable at a time when trains are so necessary.

Of course the electrified train must have a power plant too, just as in the case of the steam lines, but here we have a stationary plant. Surely a stationary power plant can operate with greater efficiency than a moving plant, because more attention can be given to the various devices that raise the overall efficiency. In the steam locomotive 90% of the fuel energy goes up the stack. A ton of coal burned in an efficient stationary plant and transmitted to electrically driven locomotives will move a train twice as far as a ton of the same coal burned under the latest type steam locomotive moving at the same speed.

Over 150,000,000 tons of coal are burned annually by our railroads or one-fourth of our total yearly output, while right here in California 8,000,000 H. P. of hydro-electric energy is going to waste. In these times of urgent conservation of our fuel resources there is a crying need for saving our coal supply and utilizing our wasting water power. On the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad a saving of 500,-

000 tons of coal and 250,000 barrels of fuel oil per year has been realized by electrification. For every mile of railroad run by electricity there is a saving of 500 tons of coal per year. Is this not worth saving?

Not only the fuel situation of today is serious, but also our labor problems are very acute, and no industry can survive that does not take this matter into consideration. Here too the electrically driven train has the advantage; for it requires less workmen for the actual operation of the trains, and the locomotive is in the repair shop only 20% as often as its steam friend. On the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, a company which keeps very accurate comparative data, and has both steam and electrified lines, we find that their steam locomotives are run into the repair shop once in every 100 miles while the electric locomotives only see the inside of the repair department once in every 500 miles. The Norfolk and Western Railroad gives the cost of maintenance of their trains at 32 cents per 1,000 ton miles for steam and only 10 cents for the electric. All of which shows that electrification will release numerous men for more needed enterprises and will involve the railroad in less difficulties from strikes and labor troubles.

Electrification will also open up other industries to the use of electricity by its wide transmission system. The use of electricity for irrigation, agriculture, mining, smelting, manufactur-

ing, and domestic purposes will be promoted and the whole country will in this manner be benefited.

The advantages of electrification are, however, no where so pronounced as here in our own wonderful state of California. Here there is an available 9,000,000 H. P. of hydro-electric energy with scarcely 1,000,000 H. P. developed. If California would develop her hydro-electric possibilities, and use this power for electrifying her railroads and for irrigation and agricultural purposes she would be the farthest advanced state in the Union, and with her wonderful climate would be the most enviable territory in the world. California has always been a pioneer. In electricity she was the first to construct long transmission lines at 11,000 volts and is now considering a heretofore undreamed of line of 220,000 volts. Her first generators were of 1,000 H. P., but now she is using 60,000 H. P. generators. Being first and foremost in many other lines, why let others steal a march in the development of huge hydro-electric possibilities? Why not

use this cheap power for railroad purposes?

The advantages and saving from electrification have been thus briefly considered. Electrically driven trains have shown themselves to be more reliable, more efficient, simpler in construction and more economical. Why then are there any steam railroads at all? Why have not all railroads taken to electrification if it is so wonderful?

Large stones move slowly, and such is electrification—a large stone. The initial cost of electrification is great but the return on investment is sufficient to warrant such expenditure. Money, however, has of late been very hard to get and this reason is in great part responsible for the small number of electrified lines in the United States. No doubt the near future will see the opening of many new projects. In fact there is at the present time a drive on in California to raise \$750,000,000 for developing hydro-electric resources. As soon as hydro-electric developments are successfully achieved, electrification of railroads will shortly follow.





# The Phantom

R. A. Duff, '24.



THE same old spirit of buoyancy was not with "Pat" McGuire tonight as he hurried across the wet and greasy yards to his groaning engine standing ready for the lonely run into Tolo, far across the valley. It was a seven-hour stretch through a barren desert valley, along rocky foothills, a run noted among trainmen and passengers for its monotony. Many were the tales told around the yard office of a night concerning the strange happenings of this dreaded route.

The superintendent with his fruitful experience of twenty years, had picked only the most trusted men to carry his trains through. Patrick McGuire was one of the ablest engineers and had served on some of the hardest runs in the country. He had been chosen for this run because of his faithful service. But tonight he did not come with his usual spryness and boisterousness; he greeted his crew with a nod, climbed the iron steed and deposited his tin lunch box in a safe corner. Soon he was inspecting the locomotive with almost uncanny care. He had gone over some parts for a second time when he called the fireman to him.

"Stan, something is going to hap-

pen tonight. I feel it in my bones. Once before I had a similar hunch and that ended in a smash: I almost begged the "Supt." to lay me off tonight but there was no one to take my place. So I guess that we will have to run it through. The steam is up and it is time. Let's pull out."

No. 13 glided through the black night piercing the vastness of the valley with a single shaft of light. Pat leaned far out of the cabin window many times and tried to visualize the track ahead with uneasy mutterings. The fireman cuddled up on his bench and watched the steam gauge with sleepy eyes.

Bang! Whizz! went the safety exhaust. Pat leaped to his post, his hand on the air lever and the reverse. Stan, now thoroughly aroused from his drowsiness, burst out laughing. The engineer with beads of perspiration on his brow growled a curse. "My God, Stan, have some regard for my nerves and watch the steam a little closer." Stan, with a rough apology, climbed back to his seat again, and Pat became quiet at the window.

The train rolled on through the night into the heart of the uninhabited region, glad of every dreary mile that slipped away, and dreading each approaching mile. The fire-flashes from

the engine lights for an instant each ghost-like tree, then all is dark and more somber than before. The night is silent as death and broken only by the rushing monster. As it passes there is silence more profound than before. These were not new to Pat. He knew them when the earth was blanketed in snow and when the hot summer sun had parched the starving land. He knew them in the dead of night and in the light of day. But tonight they seemed more desolate and depressing than ever before.

The face that now peered through the window was not the face of the trusted engineer. It was ghostly, distorted with horror and terror, and the muscles of his body were rigid. His hands clenched the sill until they almost bit into the wood. There on the track keeping just ahead of the train and in the path of the headlight was a something with sinister black wings flapping with ungodly rhythm, always keeping in the center of the rails—never varying an inch. It was neither brute nor human. What was this ghostly phantom that filed along before?

The fireman seeing the bulging eyes of the engineer staring on ahead, looked and also beheld the specter. He felt his blood run cold and the chills race up his spine. "Shall we stop and see what it is?" he gasped.

"It's no use", wheezed Pat, "it is the ghost of a doomed train." The foothills were commencing to envelop

them and the searchlight painted out a dangerous blind curve ahead. As the passenger train began to curl around the ridge, the shrouded fiend vanished. The pallid countenances of the men in the cabin contracted in terror when they beheld a light close ahead. But they relaxed again when they passed the signal light that marked the beginning of a tunnel, and as they shot into the hole in the mountain they again saw that mysterious something which had led them for many miles. It fluttered wildly and then vanished.

"If that devil appears again, Stan, we will stop and see what it is," said Pat, shuddering at the memory of the thing.

As they rolled out of the tunnel a long level stretch appeared in the gleam of the light. And once more there was the phantom. Its wings were folded as if gliding before the onrushing train.

"Put on the brakes," shrieked the fireman. And at the same instant Pat had cut the air, stopping the train with a bump, as each oncoming ear rammed the one ahead. The men hesitated as if unwilling to leave the shelter of the cab. But at last mustering up courage, Pat leaped to the ground, monkey wrench in hand, and made for the light. Stan had climbed on the outside of the engine and was making his way to the front. But no where was the phantom. The engineer was standing where the headlight shone full on his face. His clouded brow was

steeped in perspiration, and on his face was a look of terror. Even as he gazed this way and that, a shadow flitted across his face.

"It's the shadow of death," he groaned. "A shadow on your face, Pat," the fireman said slowly, "means something between you and the light."

Even as he spoke there came a fluttering and something struck with a thud against the glass of the headlight. The shadow was no more—it had vanished as it had done many times before.

Stan raised himself on his toes and looked into the blinding light. There against the rim lay a huge beetle, wiggling its legs in a fast feeble effort to raise itself and flutter against the glass wall of its brilliantly illuminated death cell.

"There's your ghost, Pat," the fireman called out, and laughed heartily.

"Stan," Pat said slowly, "if we run across any more bugs tonight I will be in the hospital with a nervous breakdown in the morning."

The conductor and the brakeman came running upon the scene, carrying their lanterns hooked upon their arms.

"What's the trouble"? they cried out.

"Oh! Nothing," said the fireman.

"Nothing!" shouted the conductor.

"You bumped my head too hard against the wall to stop for nothing."

"Oh!" chuckled Pat, "we just kept from running over a cow."

"What do you mean, cow?"

"It's black and you can't see it in the dark," Pat exclaimed.

---

## Shining

---

Every little kindness  
That shows the brighter side  
To a fellow wanderer  
Outshines all else beside.

## Phantom Gold

---



O H Lordly Bay that stretches far  
Into the sky to South and North,  
Thy Golden Gate thrown open wide  
Stands there for all who would sail forth;  
And holds within its mighty arms  
All ships that seek a place to rest  
From weary travels round the earth  
From port to port in Fortune's quest.

Here all find peace, evade the storm,  
Evade the clutch of angry wave,  
Yet only pause and then sail on  
Where Neptune's cohorts rule and rave.  
Each feels a call it can't but heed  
A voice that will not be denied  
That wins them from the peace of home  
To tumble with the tumbling tide.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis evening now; the setting sun  
Is drooping just behind the Gate  
And lo! A burning path of gold  
Leads out, the Golden Path of Fate.  
A Fate that lures all ships away  
To sail the golden sunset sea  
Where phantom gold turns real for some  
For some reveals eternity.

HAROLD P. MALONEY, '23



# University of Santa Clara vs. University, Southern California

---

Henry C. Veit, Law '21

**Question: "Resolved: That candidates for the Presidency of the United States should be selected by a system of direct primaries."**



ON Tuesday evening, March 15, teams representing the Law Department of Santa Clara and the University of Southern California met before an audience of about twelve hundred people in the University Auditorium, Santa Clara. Santa Clara upheld the affirmative and won the debate. Hon. Frederick B. Brown acted as chairman of the evening and Hon. Frank H. Kerrigan, Judge of the District Court of Appeals, San Francisco; Hon. Pearly F. Gosbey and Hon. J. R. Welch, Judges of the Superior Court of Santa Clara County, acted as judges of the debate. The following is an outline of the chief positions taken by the several speakers during the course of the evening.

**First Affirmative: Randall O. O'Neill,  
Santa Clara.**

This question deals with the present Convention System of selecting Presidential Nominees and opposes to it the Direct Primary System of selection.

The present convention system is both unrepresentative and un-American. The delegates to national conventions are not bound to respect the will of their constituents. The political bosses herd them together and dictate to them how they shall vote. In this they practically rule the country. Delegates pledged to the support of a man who is the choice of their constituents are, by a few politicians, deftly turned against the man they were sent to the convention to support. The people have no say whatever in the selection of a nominee. The convention puts before the American people two or more men and they are then forced to vote for one of these or stay away from the polls. They have no other alternative. Being unrepresentative the present system is un-American for the fundamental principle upon which our government is founded is equal representation. These defects in the present system are not transient but inherent and are irremediable. The affirmative is not opposed to bi-party rule nor to party platforms and organization. It is

opposed to the convention system of selecting presidential nominees.

**First Negative: Roland W. Maxwell,  
Southern California.**

The convention system is representative. It has the same system of delegation that the two houses of our government have. There are no inherent evils in the present system that are cogent enough to warrant its overthrow. Since 1832 there have been 47 conventions and from that number only four dark horses have been produced. Since this is the only evil justly predicable of it and since it has produced such great men as Lincoln, Grant, Roosevelt and Wilson, why sweep it aside? A convention has a three fold function: to draw up a party platform, to organize the party by effecting compromises between the adverse factions and by forging all into a compact unit, and finally to select a nominee.

The party platform is the true statement of the doctrines and principles of the party. The convention bridges the hiatus, if any, existing in the party and thoroughly organizes the party on a common stand. Three fourths of the conventions made good and popular selections. They chose one of the first men on the ballot except in four cases. This is not a ground for objection. The one inherent evil it possesses is the fact that in four instances dark horses were selected.

**Second Affirmative: Peter F. Moret-  
tini, Santa Clara.**

The people ought not to allow a thing to be done indirectly which they can do directly themselves. The people now elect the President, so why not also select the candidates for the presidency? Governors, senators and nearly all other important officers are selected and then elected by the people. The people are fully capable and willing to select their own candidates for the presidency. Hence, in this regard there is no need of delegation of power to representatives. Therefore, since there is no reasonable ground for not extending the principle of direct primaries to the selection of candidates, they should be selected by that same process. The ideal of our government is that all the people should perform all the functions of government. But as this is a moral impossibility they are necessarily obliged to choose representatives and to delegate some of their powers. These representatives have their power from the people only and are employed by them merely as a matter of unavoidable necessity. So if this necessity no longer exists, then there is no need of representation. Consequently, when the people are capable and willing of acting directly by and through themselves in the exercise of a particular function of our government, there is no need of representation and the people ought to directly exercise that function of government by

and through themselves. Such, we contend, is the nomination of candidates for the presidency. Therefore the people ought to directly select their own candidate for the presidency.

**Second Negative: Paul H. Bruns,  
Southern California.**

Primary laws in different states have not worked well. If this is the case on a small scale how much more impracticable would the direct primary system of selecting a presidential candidate be! Under the convention system of selection there are certain to be but two choices, one from each of the parties, or as many candidates as there are parties. The convention system produces definiteness. It is the expression of the will of the majority and this is a country in which a majority shall rule. In the direct primaries the minority vote would rule. We have shown that the convention system has only produced four dark horses. Under the direct primary system what is there to prevent, not four dark horses but a whole flock of dark horses? Not one or two or three candidates, but a hundred, even a thousand candidates? Under the direct primary system there would certainly crop up sectional favoritism. There would be no means of effecting compromises as at present obtains in the convention system. The needs of different sections of the country are different. Under the convention system these are communicated among the delegates and settlements effected. With the direct primaries no such

thing could be done, hence little or no party organization and a very unsatisfactory party platform surely would result. There would be no compromises for the good of all under the direct primaries. See how all Republican factions back Harding. The direct primary system does not secure the will of the majority. The expense of the direct primary system would rise enormously over that of the present system.

**Third Affirmative: James B. O'Connor,  
Santa Clara.**

We are debating this evening merely the subject of selection of presidential nominees by the direct primary system. (Re-reads the Question.) All else is immaterial and irrelevant matter. Let the convention continue to outline the party platform and perfect party organization. This question demands that the selection of the presidential nominee be made by the people. The great men produced by the convention system have been selected, not because of the convention but in spite of it. The direct primaries is at the same time feasible, representative and American. It is feasible because it has been proven a success on a smaller scale beyond question and there is nothing to be advanced against its success on a larger national scale. The details which the negative have chosen to make capital of as being evils, will take care of themselves. Our contention is for the system as such and the principle on which it is based and not to be rejected because of some fault or evil detail.

Daniel O'Connell once said that the British parliament could not enact a law, which he could not drive a coach and four through. The direct primary system is representative because it would be an expression of the will of the people and not an expression of the will of the bosses as at present is the case in the convention system. See what happened to Johnson in the last convention. The will of the people is primary in candidate selections for the presidency. Being representative it is likewise American, for representation is the keystone of the arch of our government.

**Third Negative: Louis F. D'Elia,  
Southern California.**

In the direct primary system many candidates are running for the presidency. This must positively produce a choice of the minority. Under the convention system we have a majority rule. Under the other it is the minority that governs. Such a state of affairs can never produce harmony or ensure that peace which is now a direct offspring of the convention system. My colleague has told you of conflicting sectional interests bound to arise under the direct primaries. Yet what is there to bring these opposing factions together and effect a compromise as does the present convention system? What does New York know of Japanese problems or what does she care? What do we know or care about the race problem of the south, the fisheries and resultant problems of the New

England states? The national conventions bring all these to light. Delegates are acquainted with different facts and conditions obtaining throughout different parts of the country. When the party platform is drawn up and the party organized, compromises must be made, concessions granted, which is the general rule. Now I ask you, can such a thing be done or effectuated under the direct primary system? The expense of the direct primary would be enormous. In fact so great that it must prove well nigh prohibitive. Gen. Wood expended over a million dollars in getting his name before the voters in states where the direct primary law was in effect. If such a sum must be expended for only a few states where direct primary laws are in effect, what greater sum must be spent when forty-eight states have direct primary laws for selection of presidential candidates?

**Affirmative Rebuttal: Randall O.  
O'Neill, Santa Clara.**

It has already been indicated by one of my colleagues that the great men who were produced by the convention system, were not the direct result of the convention, but were chosen in spite of it. We might analogously argue that because a monarchy or an autocracy has produced such great men as Charlemagne, Peter the Great, and others, therefore we should adopt a monarchical or autocratic form of government. We reject the principle. These men were great, not because of the system



of government, but in spite of it. In the matter of expense of the direct primaries, a mountain has been made out of a mole hill. Supposing the expense of direct primaries is great, that should not make us pause if the principle is correct. Legislation could cure that in time. We did not hesitate to fight the World War because of expense. We believed we were right and then went ahead. Many candidates would be proposed, but a process of elimination would occur and the many would be eliminated.

\* \* \*

The judges took nearly fifteen min-

utes to arrive at a decision. During this time Judge Brown, chairman of the debate, congratulated the debaters and expressed his belief that with two such universities turning out such able young men the future of popular government was assured. Judge Kerrigan, chairman of the judges, then announced the decision as two to one, in favor of the affirmative, and said that the deciding vote had been cast only after careful consideration and by a narrow margin.

The universal demand is for more such high caliber debates.

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## Here and There

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Elsewhere comes the throbbing  
Of the knocking of the Spring;  
Here's the wealth and fulness  
Of a Tyrant's banishing.

There the regions wither  
In the grip of Winter's death;  
Here the land's a-quiver  
With a new-born infant's breath.

There the snow-stains linger  
And the trees and shrubs are bare;  
Here's the scented flowering  
Of a merry world and fair.

# Pa's Vacation

Martin M. Murphy, '22.



AS old Sim Hawkins threw the usual delectable morning repast to his eager band of squealing porkers, he chuckled aloud at their boisterous and altogether inelegant deportment. After a moment, the old man turned and stood there gazing about him, one eye half closed, shoulders slouching low from long years of carrying burdens too heavy to bear, drinking in the delicious sights and sounds of the little twenty-acre farm of bottom land.

Out in the shed a calf was bawling and from the verdant pasture he heard the contented mooing of the old black and white cow. A bevy of quail were calling from the clump of shrubbery by the south fence while all about the birds and growing things whispered to him that Spring had come.

"Reckon everythin's all set for to-morrow, Ma," he shouted to his wife, who was washing clothes on the back porch. "Wagons greased, harness all spick and span, tents shipshape and the nags er a rarin' to go," he added with childlike enthusiasm.

Ma beamed, but did not answer. Her pleasure was too deep for words. It was twenty-five years since Pa and Ma

Hawkins had taken a vacation. The occasion at that time had been their wedding. Each Spring they had talked about an outing somewhere back in the huge mountain range which smiled so invitingly down upon them, but somehow they could never get off. One year it was the plowing, or Joan had taken sick, or the hired man quit or rain put the work back. Always something had turned up.

"Oh, well," Ma would say, "next year mebbe we'll get to go."

"Reckon so, Ma," old Sim would answer, then go back to his drudgery and think and plan and live on his hopes for another year.

But now the opportunity had come. Joan had lately married and Ambrose, her husband, would be only too glad to go. Besides there was a little money in the bank, and Jerry, the hired man, could easily attend to the farm work until they got back. So it was settled.

The sun was just standing atop the mysterious hills toward which they were bound, when Ambrose guided the frisky ponies out of the gate onto the main road. In the back seat, piled among the pots and pans and blankets, and food and tent, sat Ma and Pa.

A grin of perfect content lit up the

old farmer's countenance, his stooped shoulders seemed to square with a new found dignity and his weather-beaten old features appeared almost handsome.

"Gosh, Ma, ain't this grand," he finally burst out with a half-suppressed chuckle.

"We've waited twenty-five years for it, Pa," his wife replied, "but I think it was worth while," and her face brightened with a plaintive smile.

For the next few miles they rode in silence—the silence of perfect understanding.

Even when they reached the mountains they gazed on the lovely valley lying below in flowery magnificence without a word. It was not till they passed a little hill farm that Pa finally spoke.

"Them pigs don't come up to ours nohow," he broke the silence. "Even the little yaller runt o' ours beats them all hollow. Wonder if Jerry forgot to feed 'em at noon. Mebbe \* \* "

"Don't worry about that, Pa, we're on a vacation, now."

Then silence for another while.

"D'ye reckon Jerry'll bring the horses up to the barn tonight, Ma? 'Pears to be gittin' cold."

"Don't you worry now, Pa," his wife again assured him.

But every succeeding mile brought more doubts and worries and querulous wanderings about the horses and cats and cow and pigs. The beauty and picturesque grandeur of the mountain scenery held no attractions now, as they did in those delicious moments

back home when the two old partners were making their plans. Even later in the evening when the women were choosing a spot on which to pitch the tent, Sim remained morose and gloomy. Rather mechanically he helped Ambrose with the tent while Ma and Joan got in each other's way trying to keep the sizzling bacon from burning. Rather sharply he refused to walk up to the top of a nearby eminence to watch the sunset. Even afterwards when Ma and the young couple were discussing their plans in the glow of the dying camp fire, he remained unmoved at their cheerful patter and joking and planning, save for an occasional forced effort to appear amiable.

Joan and Ma, it was arranged, would tramp over the hills and pick wild-flowers. Ambrose had heard that there was good fishing up higher and intended to set out early with his hook and line, but Pa would not mention any of his plans at all.

"Oh, reckon I'll just lay around camp," he finally mumbled after repeated questioning.

Bed time came and the wearied travellers retired to dream of the pleasures that awaited them on the morrow—all except Pa. The old farmer tossed and tumbled and turned in the little cot, utterly unable to fall asleep.

"D'ye reckon Jerry bedded the horses, Ma?" once he whispered hoarsely, but Ma did not hear.

Finally just as the light began to peep through the open flaps of the tent he arose and went outside. A look

of utter weariness and dejection had replaced the gladsome expression of the previous morning.

Hastily he watered and fed the horses, then stealthily he lit a fire and fried some bacon and potatoes. Finishing quickly he tied some food in a little sack, painfully scribbled something on a piece of paper which he placed on top of the dirty dishes, then started down the road—shoulders stooped, limping a little, face hard and set. Mile after mile he continued thus, down the rocky mountain road. Birds were chirping brightly and rabbits were busily playing on the hillside as he passed along, but he did not notice. With dogged pace and determined smile he trudged on down the mountains, over slippery trails and through treacherous by-paths; down, down, down.

\* \* \* \*

Hardly an hour had passed before Joan and Ambrose and Ma were hustling about the camp, calling excitedly and scanning the hillsides for a sight of the missing.

"Oh, he just walked over the hill to get a look at the sunrise," Joan surmised. "He'll be—"

"What's that down on the road?" Ambrose interrupted. Four anxious eyes peered into space.

Far, far below, just rounding a turn on the road an aged figure was limping along; his shoulders stooped and his pace dogged and determined.

"Oh, Ma, come here quick," Joan called, but Ma did not come. She had found the note. It read:

"dere ma. i coodent stand it no longer becus i was lonsome fur everthin back to hom you all stay an have a gude time as long as you want  
pa"

There was a pathetic smile on the old lady's face and her eyes glistened a little, but she only said, "Reckon vacations wasn't made for sich as Pa, but we'll stay and try to have a good time anyhow just like he says."

\* \* \* \*

Twilight shadows were just lengthening over the little farm of Sim Hawkins. Down in the meadow the old black and white was quietly grazing, from the hog pen came the snoring of the supine porkers; in the chicken house the buxom poultry had tucked their heads beneath their wings in sweet oblivion, while all about the moonbeams played upon the rickety old house and barns and fences, softening the crudities and lending them a picturesque loveliness in their mellow effulgence.

Into this charming scene footsore and weary, dust-covered, shoes badly scuffed from walking over sharp rocks—stumbled the disillusioned Pa. The old man braced himself as once again he drank in all the details of the scenes which were so dear to him. Gone now was the tired stoop and weary look, gone was the worried expression. He was himself once more.

"Gosh " he ehuekled, "it's great to git home again." And with a last loving look toward the barnyard he disappeared into the kitchen.



## And Still

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IFE is full of noises,  
Plenitude of sound.  
Life's a muddy matter.  
Still there may be found

Those whose merry laughter  
Stirs a deeper spot,  
'Minds us of a something  
Like a joy forgot.

And some moments flitting  
Glisten as they go  
Making up for moments  
With an ebon flow.

Man's a puny infant,  
That's the very truth;  
Love is for us children  
With eternal youth.

Let the mystery linger,  
Give it not a thought,  
Love's the thing to look for—  
Love that can't be bought.

# F. Hopkinson Smith

By Frank J. Maloney, '24.



WHAT is it that separates the writers of the present from those of yesterday? Let us consider. A writer must have something to say before he can begin to set it down. In this "age of progress" the magazines are full of stories; some by known, others by unknown scribes. Often the men who earn their livings with pen or type-writer seem to have very little to say. And what they do say, is it said in the best possible form?

Yet a certain portion of the public reads their work and wants more. To be sure it is only human nature to give the readers what they desire. If an author finds that he is "getting away" with what he writes, he sees no reason why he should change his style. He is ambitious; he wishes to make a name and money for himself in as short a time as possible. He thinks not of the future, and literature that is literature lives. Thus it may be said that ambition is the curse of the journalist. It is the desire for money and present fame. There is at least one man, however, an author of the present century, who cared not for these. He is the late F. Hopkinson Smith.

Frank Hopkinson Smith was a man of experience. He did not begin to write until well past middle age. By vocation he was an engineer. And since he was an engineer, he had a mathematical training in exactness. Each detail was planned minutely, piece by piece, all worked toward the one end. A bridge is a good example. For should little parts be imperfect, the perfection of the whole is spoiled. So with his stories, each detail is worked out exactly. However, it must not be supposed that he had no recreation. For, in order to amuse himself, he took up painting. Since he was a painter, it was necessary that he observe closely.

Perhaps it was his ability to transfer life onto his canvas that later enabled him to paint with words as if with water colors or with oils. For instance, in his last novel, "Felix O'Day," his word pictures stand out in all their brilliance. After reading the opening paragraphs we can close our eyes and before us see Broadway on a rainy night as it was not so long ago. His ability to touch the heart of literature is seen in the way in which he can make his every description touch on human life. Let us notice the passage mentioned.

"Broadway on dry nights, or rather

that part known as the Great White Way, is a crowded thoroughfare, dominated by lofty buildings,, the sky-line studded with constellations of colored signs pencilled in fire. Broadway on wet, rain-drenched nights is the fairy concourse of the Wonder City of the World, its asphalt splashed with liquid jewels afloat in molten gold.

"Across this flood of frenzied brilliance surged hurrying mobs, dodging the ceaseless taffie, trampling underfoot the wealth of the Indies, striding through pools of quicksilver, leaping gutters filled to the brim with melted rubies—horse, car, and man, so many black silhouettes against a tremulous sea of light.

"Along this blinding whirl blaze the playhouses, their wide portals aflame with crackling globes, toward which swarm be vies of pleasure-seeking moths; their eyes dazzled by the glare.

\* \* \*

"Soon the swash and flow of light flooding the street and sidewalks shines the clearer. Fewer dots and lumps of men, cab, and cart now cross its surface. The crowd has begun to thin out. The doors of the theatres are deserted; some flaunt signs of 'Standing Room Only.' The cars still follow their routes, lunging and pausing like huge beetles; but much of the wheel traffic has melted, with only here and there a cab or a truck between which gold-splashed umbrellas pick a hazardous way.

"With the breaking of the silent dawn, shadowed in a lonely archway or on an abandoned doorstep the wet, be-draggled body of a hapless moth is sometimes found, her irradescient wings flattened in the mud. Then for a brief moment a cry of protest, or scorn, or pity goes up. The passersby raise their hands in anger, draw their skirts aside in honor, or kneel in tenderness."

What clearer picture of the Great White Way could we want? His work shows his familiarity with the subjects of which he treats and is another proof of his experience when he speaks of human nature. Is it not human for some to scorn one who has fallen? Are there not those, who, with every mark of tenderness, would stop to give aid? This is another mark by which we may judge F. Hopkinson Smith as a great author—his ability to picture humanity as it is and one of humanity's traits is that note of final optimism which rings like the clear note of a bell through all that Smith wrote.

What is it that goes to make a great author? Is it his knack of description? Is it his knowledge of human nature coupled with his ability to set that knowledge down feelingly and realistically? Yes, these add to his greatness. Yet, does the public at large think of these? Or do they rather remember a writer by the characters he draws? Is not Scott remembered by his *Ivanhoe*; Shakespeare, by his *Hamlet*, by his *King Lear*; Cooper, by his "Natty" Bumpo; Dickens, by his

David Copperfield; Thackery, by his "Becky" Sharp?

So it is with Frank Hopkinson Smith. Probably, one of the greatest characters he conceived was Colonel Carter, that loveable old Southern gentleman. There are Tom Grogan, successful despite enemies; Felix O'Day and Peter who will live in the hearts of many; and Caleb West, the type of those New Englanders who have lived by and in the sea all their years and to whom the salt air is the breath of life.

To many of the author's admirers these characters actually live. They live because of the nature of the man who created them. Doubtless, in his travels, Frank Hopkinson Smith met people whom in later years he incorporated into his novels. His Colonel Carter, like himself, always had wealth. In his "Under Dog" he writes of the mountaineers of Kentucky as though he knew them intimately. In fact, one is led to believe that his heart is torn because of the injustices they suffer.

His works reflect that something which so many other writers seem to lack. Without it he would not have gained the fame he now has. That something is, Sympathy. Take two instances. The first is the passage in "Kennedy Square" in which poor Edgar Allen Poe is described reciting the Lord's Prayer. The other is the striking scene at the old life-saving station which closes "The Tides of Barnegat." This power of rousing sympathy is remarkable and we love it the more be-

cause the sympathy aroused is a wholesome one.

I have mentioned his optimism. This, perhaps, is because of his position and the company he kept. During his recreation, he was generally with artists. These men are temperamental and try to see the sunny side of life. Herein is the contrast between him and either Charles Dickens or Rudyard Kipling. The former had tasted of the bitter dregs of the London slums, the latter had spent years in India. They personally had seen and known the dark side of life.

Another thing which made F. Hopkinson Smith great was his ability to write—and to write entertainingly. He had a versatile pen. During his professional life he had been an engineer. His novels along this line unconsciously reflect his knowledge of the subject. He was an artist. His sketches, some of which are gathered together in a volume entitled, "The Arm-Chair at the Inn," tell of his love for his brushes. Then there are his stories of the South. How well he knew it and the character of its people. Truly, it would seem as though the blood of some proud Virginia family were coursing through his veins.

There is still another thing which necessarily goes to make up a famous author. Why does he write? The present scribes seem to have dedicated their works to the god of money. They produce for "filthy lucre." Perhaps



they have to. Frank Hopkinson Smith wrote only for the pleasure of it.

In his last letter to Thomas Nelson Page, just after the outbreak of the World War and about a month before his death, he said: "‘Felix O’Day,’ my last novel, is running through the magazine and I am now correcting the galley-proofs for publication by Scribner in the Fall. I am starting a new one—also of New York life. I have got it blocked out, and I think I am

going to have more or less fun with it. \* \* \*"

What a pity he did not live to complete it.

In conclusion, let me mention one thing more. In all Frank Hopkinson Smith’s works, from his most famous novel to his shortest sketch, nothing the least bit "smutty" is even suggested. What greater tribute can be besowed upon an author of this day and age?

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## Cypress Row

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Long gnarled limbs outstretched  
Reach toward the sky,  
Give welcome to the sun,  
The storms defy.

At night they stand, black giants,  
Against the sky,  
Sway gently to and fro  
And softly sigh.

They must be lonesome there  
Beneath the sky;  
Their only friends, the stars,  
Hear not their sigh.

Harold P. Maloney, '23.

# The Wolf-Dog

George W. Ryan, '24.



AR to the North, in the heart of the Canadian wilderness lie the headquarters of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. The quarters are protected by a stockade which affords but a single entrance. The rooms within are large and comfortable and furnished with skins of wild animals and with rude furniture carved from the timbers of the dense forests. The largest and most homely of these rooms is a recreation parlor in which the officers and men of the garrison assemble each night to pass the weary hours.

On one of these silent nights some of the men were gathered around the hearth. Others played cards, others read. A bit to one side sat Captain St. Denis. A strange mingling of sternness and kindness played upon the features set off by the iron-gray hair. Corporal La Violette, a young trooper who had recently joined the force, was quietly conversing with him when,—an ungodly cry was heard from the neighboring hill.

“The wolf-dog!” cried the men spontaneously.

There was silence, touched here and there with a rustle or a low sigh as

the wailing without continued. Not a word was spoken. Presently, Captain St. Denis arose from his chair, walked slowly towards the door, opened it and stood for several minutes in the moonlight. His gaze was centered on a clearing where the wolf-dog wailed beside a grave. Soon the dirge ceased the animal slipped away.

“What is it?” eagerly inquired Corporal La Violette.

“The cry of the wolf-dog,” slowly answered the Captain.

“Corporal,” said the Captain, returning to his chair, “you have heard the cry of wolves, you have heard the cry of the lone-wolf, but never have you heard such a cry as that you have just listened to. This peculiar wail is characteristic of the wolf-dog, a combination of a wolf’s and a dog’s cry. It is only heard for a few minutes, only from that self-same grave. Listen, I’ll tell you the story of the wolf-dog and its significant cry.

“A few years ago we had a young sergeant by the name of De Pre. He was exceedingly brave but greater was his kindness. One day as he was roaming the mountains, he captured a baby wolf and brought it to the barracks. When it became mature we noticed that the animal was a wolf-dog, had the

head of a wolf and the huge shoulders and trunk of a St. Bernard dog. It had a vicious temper and no one could control or even touch it except its master. Towards him the brute was as meek and gentle as a lamb. Indeed it loved its master and wherever the Sergeant went the dog 'was sure to follow.' Even while the Sergeant ate or slept, the wolf-dog would be constantly at his feet.

Four years ago last night we were here just as we are now. Sergeant De Pre sat there with the wolf-dog at his feet. We were formulating plans for the capture of Le Pierre, the bandit, who then was concealing himself in the region. The dismal cry of the lone wolf broke in upon us. Immediately the wolf-dog sprang from the Sergeant's feet and bounded across the room towards the window through which we could see the lone wolf wailing its death call. The wolf-dog leaped and bounded, sneered and howled until the lone wolf ceased to cry. The dog quivering looked into its master's face. Oh Lord, what a feeling possessed us. The Sergeant looked at me. There is a superstition among the men that the death call of the lone wolf means that one of our number will die on the morrow. They said the wolf-dog understood. The Sergeant only laughed. Then after the excitement was all over we continued drawing up our plans while the wolf-dog paced the floor. When each had received his orders, we started for our cabins. The night as

yet was young and morning was to bring a tiresome day—a tragic day.

"The dawn came, but it lacked its usual cheerfulness. The men lagged into the mess-hall with heavy eyes. Sergeant De Pre appeared as if he had slept but little. I remembered him saying that the wolf-dog paced his bedroom all night long. After breakfast we saddled the horses. Soon all was ready for the posse. I shook the Sergeant's hand and wished him a successful day. He must have appreciated it, for his cold, stern lips broke into a smile. As they started for their respective posts, those who remained in the garrison stood waving to the riders until the last horseman disappeared over the ridge.

"Far to the north, the region is mountainous. In this vicinity there is a narrow defile known as the 'Devil's Pass.' It is the only means of escaping from the country and many a bandit and many a Mounted Policeman has met death within its rugged gap. I assigned De Pre to this post, for I felt that Le Pierre would come through there, and I knew that the Sergeant was brave and a good shot.

"What followed I've heard from the lips of the Sergeant himself. While he was riding about the mountain peaks, scanning the country for Le Pierre, he came to a high summit from whose tower he spied in the distance a dark figure riding towards the pass. On looking through his binocular, he recognized the bandit. Reining his

steed, the Sergeant descended the rugged slope, entered the pass and waited.

"Le Pierre saw the Sergeant descending the mountain, and noticing his red coat, knew that the Mounted Police were encircling him. There was no other chance for him but to try the pass. He rode forward watching the Sergeant's steps as the eagle watches the actions of its prey. Presently Le Pierre entered the mouth of the pass. There in the distance he spied Sergeant De Pre's horse tied to a tree. Le Pierre stopped, dismounted, tied his horse. Rifle ready he crept with cautious steps through the narrow defile. After he had ventured about a hundred yards he heard a rustle in the bushes. Immediately he dropped behind a rock—listened—watched. Soon the wolf-dog appeared, then disappeared behind a huge boulder. Then he saw the Sergeant's hat as he stooped to pet the dog. The blood boiled in Le Pierre's veins, for he realized that he must kill the Sergeant in order to escape. He watched his chance. Soon the Sergeant's hat reappeared beside the rock. Le Pierre carefully aimed and fired. The hat fell.

"Sergeant De Pre was untouched by the bandit's bullet. From the side of the boulder, the Sergeant returned the bandit's salute. For several minutes shots were exchanged. Soon the Sergeant arose, took a steady aim, fired and dropped behind the rocks to listen. A moanful shriek came from the bandit. De Pre knew he had wounded

his man. Again rising slowly, the Sergeant looked towards the bandit's post. He saw Le Pierre tossing about as he lay face downward upon the ground beside the rocks. He listened for a moment. All he could hear was the moaning of the dying outlaw.

Then the Sergeant with the wolf-dog close to his heels, crawled towards the wounded man shielding himself as best he might by crawling behind the rocks and bushes that lay in his path. After he had covered a few yards he entered upon an open space not far from the desperado. Then came a shot, a moan, and then a voice. 'You've got me Le Pierre but you won't get away,' said the Sergeant, gasping for breath and placing his hand upon his mortal wound. De Pre grasped his rifle, aimed carefully, and fired twice. Le Pierre moaned deeply and the Sergeant remembered no more.

"For several minutes the wolf-dog remained wailing and howling at its master's side. Then it headed with all its speed towards the barracks. One of the men on guard spied the wolf-dog running frantically towards headquarters alone and gave the alarm. I ordered the men to saddle and all the while the wolf-dog rushed madly in and out and now and then ran towards me. I drew back in horror. The dog would wail piteously and then turn as if to run to the 'Devil's Pass.' The men were soon in saddle and we were all following the dog toward the pass.

"The dog got there first and when



we came up was wailing over the unconscious Sergeant. I dismounted and ran to him. As I was giving first aid, some of the men wandered cautiously about. I had not finished washing and binding De Pre's wound when the men brought in Le Pierre's horse with the corpse of its former rider strapped upon it. I placed the Sergeant in my own saddle while one of the men led the horse. The wolf-dog trotted close to my horse's heels and occasionally looked up to see if his master was all right. On the road home, the men wondered how the affair took place, and upon the circumstances of last night. Even then I could see the lone wolf as it shrieked its death call, could see the wolf-dog bounding across the room, could see it pacing the Sergeant's room and keeping him from sleep.

"On reaching headquarters we placed the Sergeant in bed and again dressed his wounds. Thinking that the wolf-dog would annoy its master, we locked it out. But the beast howled and clawed the door till we were forced to let it in. Then the dog ran to its master's bedside, sat there, placed its head upon the pillow and looked sympathetically into the Sergeant's pale face. For the rest of the night it didn't make a sound, nor change its position once.

"Towards midnight De Pre regained consciousness. I saw the blood come to his pale cheeks, and saw his eyes slowly open. He looked dazed for a while. Then he recognized me. 'Is it

you, Captain?' he whispered. He told me how he spied Le Pierre from the mountain peak, how he descended the slope, how he waited for him to enter the pass, how he stooped to pet the wolf-dog when the outlaw shot his hat off, how they exchanged shots, how he received his mortal wound, how he killed the bandit. Then as his voice became more faint he expressed his appreciation for the kindness that was shown him by the men of the force, and beseeched them to say a prayer for him for he knew that he was dying. Turning slowly, he placed his hand gently upon the wolf-dog's head, gazed tenderly into its eyes,—then smiled. Soon I noticed the blush on his cheeks grow faint, saw the fire in his eyes grow dim, heard the death-rattle, and beheld him stiff in death.

For the rest of that night I sat up with the corpse. That was the longest night that I have ever known. I thought daybreak would never come. There was not a creature to break the weird monotony of silent gloom. Now and then I glanced at the wolf-dog. The poor dog did not once move but sat there gazing toward his master's face. About morning sleep overtook me and I didn't awake until the golden dawn had blushed forth.

"After breakfast the men half-masted the flag. With another flag, we enwrapped the Sergeant's body, and in military procession, with the wolf-dog following close to the body, we ascended the hill from which you have heard

that dismal cry. When the burial was over we returned, but the wolf-dog did not. Until sundown the animal moaned about the grave and then disappeared into the wilderness. Night came. We were gathered here as we are now, when we heard an indscribable shriek. I ran to the door, saw on the hilltop the wolf-dog howling toward the moon. From that time on, our men have never seen or heard the wolf-dog

except for a few minutes on the anniversary night of Sergeant De Pre's death."

The Captain remained silent for a while and then said: "Corporal La Violette, that's the story of the wolf-dog. You may take it as you like. Good night."

When the rest had gone to bed La Violette sat and pondered.

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## Welcome

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The glorious sun exulting shines  
From out a sky that's blue,  
All through the mead the honey bees  
Bathe in the morning dew.

The cherry tree stands stately by  
In garments white as snow,  
Its petals light like snowflakes fall  
When the south winds gently blow.

All nature now is wide awake  
Sweet songs forever ring,  
Awaken all you heavy souls  
And welcome in the Spring.

George E. Carey '24.

# The Redwood

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SANTA CLARA

The object of The Redwood is to gather together what is best in the literary work of the students, to record University doings and to knit closely the hearts of the boys of the present and the past

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## EDITORIAL

### Seventy Years

All unnoticed Santa Clara has just passed her seventieth birthday. On March 19, 1851, Father John Nobili, assisted by a staff of two secular teachers, a cook, and housekeeper, laid the foundation of the present Santa Clara. With this little human assistance and a mere suggestion of capital, with a building formerly a stable, and twelve

pupils, Father Nobili, pioneer in pioneering days, set forth his little bark of a college, with hope, tireless energy, and Providence as the sole propelling forces. We can appreciate their trials by reflecting on one homely example recorded in the accounts of the day: "Philip, the cook, is able to prepare very palatable beefsteak with water alone, butter and lard being unknown

luxuries." And when we read that "the morning ablutions are performed in basins filled at a nearby well", the recent memories of chill December mornings when the heater failed, make us respect Santa Clara pioneers the more.

Birthdays are healthy for men. David Starr Jordan says, on coming to his seventieth, that a man reaches his prime at seventy. It may be so for men, it may be so for colleges, perhaps it is not. But it is certainly true that a timely recurring bump in the passage of years, the birthday, is good for man and college, provided neither becomes completely absorbed in the past to the seclusion of the present, as the European is often accused of doing. To become utterly lost in memories and old ruins is the sign of a decaying race, or decaying man, or decaying school, but to reflect on the past occasionally, correcting past mistakes and readjusting things as need be, while giving respect and honor where justly and manfully earned, is a proceeding not to be criticised.

Santa Clara's motto has been "Educate Solidly and Go Forward". In spite of difficulties Santa Clara has gone forward. Material conditions hamper and retard. But if we may apply the standard "By their fruits ye shall know them" Santa Clara may well be proud. Looking about her over the Broad West she may see that her seventy years of toil have borne fruit, for she may contemplate a body of

Alumni in whose presence any institution might feel a thrill of pleasure. Many a man in no way connected with Santa Clara has remarked the high percentage of successful Santa Clara men prominent in public life. In this percentage Santa Clara yields to no institution in the West. This is her boast and she feels it legitimate.

Thus we reflect upon the past. For the future our hopes run high. Discouragement may strike men and organizations at times. But the men and organizations worth while are those who are not affected by passing moods. If, in view of the things that are accomplished we are hopeful, that is a mood whose place is on the credit side of the ledger.

Let "Forward, With Solid Education" still be our motto.

### Does It Pay?

Americans notably successful in business and industrial affairs often like to recall the lowly occupations of their youth. The railroad president is proud of his start as street car conductor or brakeman, the banker of his job in the village store or driver on the milk-route, the manufacturer of his first earnings as machine operator or office boy. To be proud of one's rise is characteristically American, and it is certainly not an unfounded pride. Moreover, present and past contrasted tend to set off the man's greatness in public sight; it may be good advertising. Illustrated articles in current magazines about prominent men of affairs



indicate that the advertising department appreciates the American's love of triumph over difficulties. He loves the example of Lincoln's victory over circumstances, and greatly respects any man who achieves fame without undue knocking at his door by the well-known "Miss Opportunity", or without "drag", or above all, without formal education.

The result of this appreciation of the man who has risen in the face of obstacles has been to depreciate the value of education, particularly higher education. With so many prominent men before the public gaze who have achieved fame and fortune, as it is said, through hard work alone, what is the need of devoting four years and a considerable sum of money to a college education? Men of the world point to the "self-made man", and then in derision to the struggling college tutored subject. A college education is very nice, offers an enjoyable, good time, and may make life a little more interesting, but is it useful in the worldly sense?

It is therefore interesting to study a few figures of the United States Bureau of Education. They show that out of five million persons, thirty-one attained distinction without any education at all. Out of thirty-three million having only elementary schooling, eight hundred and eight attained similar distinction. Out of two million with high school education, twelve hundred and forty-five reached as high a level, and of one million with college education,

five thousand seven hundred and sixty-eight are on an equal plane.

So, with all due honor and respect to the statesman who earned his first dollar behind the plow, and the captain of industry who dickered over butter and eggs in the village store, and with the hope that American tradition will always revere the man who rises rather than the parasite or the one who descends, there seems a better chance for the most of us if we get a little education while the chance is offered.

### **Catholic Press Month**

March has been set aside by the Hierarchy of the Catholic Church in the United States as Catholic Press Month. The "power of the press" needs no demonstrative eulogy. It is undisputed and undeniable, at times, to be regretted. When in the hands of lawless individuals or organizations, or of millionaire politicians, it is a power that may be most disastrous in its results. It may be the means of disseminating broadcast the most immoral and corrupting kinds of amusement, the most spurious of principles, religious, moral, social and political. For an external or an internal enemy it may be truly mightier than the sword, but in the hands of right thinking men it is also the strongest weapon of right. To encourage the press in the commendable part of its work is the aim of the Hierarchy in setting aside Catholic Press Month.

Catholics have doctrines and teach-

ings to which they hold with unflinching faith, which they believe true for all nations and all peoples. But the work of the Catholic Press is not merely religious in its nature. The Hierarchy is not embarking on a propaganda campaign through the press to impose the Catholic faith upon unsuspecting and unwilling persons outside the fold of the Church. The Catholic press has a work not merely religious, but one which should seek to promote and instill the correct principles of citizenship and morality.

Here it has a work largely unparalleled by the secular press. It may be said to be the complement of the secular press, making up for its deficiencies and the misconceptions of life which it so often presents. The prime offering of the secular press is "news" in all its forms, and news is necessarily the unusual, the uncommon, the curious, the irregular. Troubles in general, accidents, crimes, extraordinary happenings make up the news. These events are not the rule, but the exception. The average man is neither perjurer or bandit, the average woman neither artist's model or murderess. To balance these offerings of the secular press which man's love of the curious calls forth, there is need of another type of printed information to give the rule, not the exception. This is an important part of the field of the Catholic Press,—to correct the misleading notions of the day by a timely reference to primal principles of truth.

And it should not be a part of the program of the Catholic Press to scour the far corners of the nation for petty utterances and reflections against Catholicism, utterances made through ignorance rather than malice by those to be pitied rather than scorned. The man who is not on speaking terms with many others is generally the "small" man. So also is the press which seeks petty squabbles and trivial wranglings. The Catholic Press has an immense field before it with problems it should face fearlessly. Censorship of the movies, loose divorce laws, federalized education, paternalism, Blue Laws—these are mere samples of problems upon which the country needs substantial enlightenment as a powerful Catholic Press can give, and not such enlightenment as is given out of likes and dislikes of individuals, sentimentalists, or space-filling newspaper writers. They are problems too in the settlement of which the Catholic Church is deeply concerned.

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### Going Out

With a situation fittingly described as "the greatest mess that ever faced an after war administration"; with advice, entreaty and suggestion up to standard in quantity; with office-seekers in numbers equally satisfying, the new administration, justifiably triumphant, takes hold of national affairs. Backed by a decisive majority and with the satisfaction of the clean slate upon which problems must be solved, the in-

coming power cannot be but jubilant.

But with it all there is a certain pathos which must move the hearts of men, the pathos of the contrast between the incoming man of vigor and health replacing the man, weakened and crippled by years and the burden of office. "Wilson—Tyrant or Martyr" is the title of an article in the Creighton University "Chronicle", and the note it strikes is one perhaps often forgotten in the heat and hope of the recent inauguration. The author charges ingratitude on those who have opposed the man who has sacrificed his bodily health, one of man's dearest possessions, to the promotion of a cause which he believed right.

"Believed" is the crucial word. Whatever we think of the League, self-determination or any other Wilsonian policy; whatever we think of far-flung idealism in the concrete or abstract; if we but concede "*bonam fidem*", Mr. Wilson does not deserve ingratitude. Says the Creighton author, "If any of you have ever befriended a person, worked for him, aided him in adversity, consoled him in sorrow, in a word, if you have ever been a real friend to a man who needed friends, but who afterwards was not only ungrateful, but act-

ually turned against you and defamed your character,—then you have at least some idea of how one of our foremost Americans must feel toward the public".

Ingratitude is the harshest of injustices, for no man can do more than he thinks is right. Though we may not concede all that this ardent supporter of Mr. Wilson says, there is evident matter for thought in his position and undoubted sympathy due the man who could not mount the White House steps to witness the inauguration of his successor.

"Wilson—Tyrant or Martyr?"—or both, we might add. Time and history will record whether seeming egoism, appealing dreams and impossible visions were best directed toward the interests of the nation. But if there has been good faith,—and a broken health of body seems to many more than *prima facie* evidence that there has been—then let there not be ingratitude.

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**Condolences** The Editor wishes on behalf of The Redwood Staff to express sympathy to the Misses Downing on the recent heavy loss they sustained in the death of their mother.

Harold J. Cashin, '21



# University Notes



**Dramatics** Keen disappointment has been felt by the students and other followers of local activities since they have learned that the "Passion Play" was not to be staged this year, as had been planned. "The Bells" which was rendered in such a professional manner last year, under the capable direction of Fr. Joseph Sullivan, showed that the student body was not in need of actors of sufficient ability to carry the difficult parts of "Nazareth". A gentleman who witnessed the performance of the "Bells" was so impressed with the production that he decided it worth while to give some added incentive to the carrying on of dramatics here. Accordingly two days later he revisited the University and interviewed Father Sullivan. A gold watch and chain worth approximately two hundred dollars, to be given as a prize for a dramatic contest to be held this year was the result. The contest was held in the Auditorium the first of the month, and was, as far as is known the first of its kind to be given at Santa Clara, or any Western school. A crowd that overflowed the Auditorium was in attendance, and for real dramatic art the per-

formance would be hard to equal.

The contestants appeared in costume and with the full stage setting called for by each act.

The program and its staging was under the personal care of Rev. George G. Fox, S. J., Director of Dramatics.

The numbers were as follows:

Overture.

Introductory by the President, Rev. T. L. Murphy, S. J.

1. "Lasca" (Despies), a love-tale of a Texas ranger told in a Montana inn. The Ranger, Lloyd Benedict Nolan, 4th year High; Innkeeper, Jack Haley, 3rd year High; Half-breed, George Malley, 3rd year High; Cowboys, Byron Havinside, 2nd year High; Fred Florimont, 4th year High.

2. "The Miser" (Osborn). The scene opens with the miser's entrance up an attic door of an old Venetian rookery, about the year 1850. Impersonated by Leslie J. Smith, '24.

Music.

3. Act IV, Scene 1, "King John". A room in the castle. King John I., having seized the throne of his young nephew Arthur, now finds the boy Prince "a very serpent in his way". He has, therefore, drawn Hubert De Burgh



into a promise to burn out the eyes of the rightful Prince. The selection opens with Hubert's approach to carry out that deed. Hubert De Burgh, Victor Martin, 1st year High; Prince Arthur, John Flynn, 1st year High; Attendants, Charles Andrew, Jay Montgomery.

4. "The Tell-Tale Heart" (Poe). A murderer haunted by his crime, is driven to confess it. He is under the impression that the police have already found him out. A detective hears the confession and awaiting plain clothes men enter and arrest the murderer. Played by Michael C. Dunne, '24, assisted by Arthur J. Saxe, '24, George W. Ryan, '24, and Ernest D. Bedolla, '24.

Music.

5. "The Soul of the Violin". A touching soliloquy of a starving musician, who succumbs to the pangs of hunger rather than sell his beloved violin. Recited by Emmet Daly, '23.

6. "Rosa". A pathetic Italian laborer's story to a florist on a street of Quebec. Petro, the poor laborer, Charles R. Boden, '23; Florist, Frank P. Giambastiani, 3rd year High; Flower Purchaser, James C. Glynn, 3rd year High; Newsboy, William F. Weston, 2nd year High.

Music.

7. "The Murderer's Dream" in his death cell on the eve of his execution. By Michael J. Pecarovieh, '22.

8. Quarrel scene from "Julius Caesar", outside the tent of Brutus on the

battlefield near Sardis. Brutus, Thomas J. Ford, '21; Cassius, John M. Burnett, 4th year High.

Music.

Music rendered by the University Orchestra under the leadership of Prof. Samuel Mustol.

The judges were: Clay M. Greene, James J. Beatty, John J. Barrett, Richard Hotaling and Clarence Urmey. Mr. Greene, in announcing the decision, remarked that it was over fifty years since he first appeared on a Santa Clara stage.

The prize was awarded to Lloyd Benedict Nolan, of San Francisco, for his masterful rendition of "Lasea" by Despies. His poise, speech, and gesture were little short of perfect. The watch was immediately presented to him by President T. L. Murphy.

First, second and third honorable mention went to Messrs. Emmett Daly, Charles Boden and Michael Pecarovieh, respectively.

The success of the endeavor has been a source of inspiration within and without the walls of Santa Clara.

Rev. Fr. Murphy, who took a keen personal interest in the contest, was able to announce at a recent student gathering in the hall that not only had the donor of the prize repeated it for next year, but that another gentleman, who also wishes his name withheld, had come forward with a like prize for contestants from the High School Department. Thus College and High School students will not again com-





*James O'Connor*

*Peter Moreland*

**Institute of Law  
vs.  
University of Southern Cal.**



*Fred Moran*

*Michael Neavonich*

*Thomas Trovse*

**Senate Ryland Team  
1921  
Debaters**



*John Jackson  
Western*

*Francis O'Shea  
Ryland*

*Emmet Dally  
Ryland, Western*

*James Comer  
Ryland, Western*



**House of Philhistorians**



*James Needles  
St. Ignatius*

*Arthur Raxe  
St. Ignatius*



*James Connors  
St. Ignatius*

*Charles Foster  
St. Ignatius*

*Cornelius Noble  
St. Ignatius*

*Charles Dally  
St. Ignatius*

pete for the same premium.

An important element of success was the stage setting and light effects, ably cared for by the Engineering Society.

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**Recognition of the Irish Republic** On April 8th the University of Santa Clara will formally join the nation-wide Association of Americans who are banded together for the purpose of creating public sentiment among the American people to the end that the American Government may recognize the Irish Republic as the only true and legitimate government of the Irish people.

That eminent Irish orator, Reverend Peter C. Yorke, will be the principal speaker on the elaborate program that is being prepared by the University students.

The Santa Clara man intends to lend to this cause not alone his financial assistance, but above all, his brains. He wishes to be not a passive, but a very active member of this most worthy organization. As a lover of fair play and justice, the Santa Claran expects to champion Ireland's cause. This theme will afford ample opportunity for him to express his love and his eloquence for this most noble cause.

Various societies of San Jose and the Peninsula will turn out in full numbers to attend the meeting.

## **Senate**

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The business of the organization for the past month has been chiefly

concerned with preparation for the Ryland debate, which is to be held in the University Auditorium the latter part of April. The question proposed to, and accepted by the House read: "Resolved: That the State Legislature should pass the King Corporation Tax Bill". Since the passing of this measure the question has been re-worded so as to read, "Resolved: That the State Legislature was justified in passing the King Corporation Tax Bill". The House chose to defend the Negative. Thomas A. Sperry '22, Michael J. Pecarovich '22, and Thomas Crowe '22, have been chosen by the Senate to uphold the Affirmative. The House has selected a strong team and has promised to give the Senators a real run for their money. The latter are far from anxious to suffer a third consecutive defeat, the House having captured the honors in the last two Ryland debates. The result of all the interest and enthusiasm should be a good debate.

## **House**

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The proposed dual debate between the House and teams representing the Sophomore and Freshman classes of St. Ignatius has been abandoned by mutual consent. The reason for this move was that as the day for the debate approached the threatening character of reports from Russia seemed to challenge the prudence of arguing the question, "Resolved: That the United States should recognize the Soviet Government of Russia". A change of



date and subject was not possible. It was with regret that each side took action and with expressions of a hope that next year nothing may interfere with such a meeting.

The House teams, prepared on the general Soviet question, will debate each other before the San Jose Council, Knights of Columbus, April 6th, on some phase of that question. Cash prizes for the first and second best individual debaters will be posted. Thus experience, the end of college debating, will not be lost. The teams will face each other as follows: Affirmative, Charles F. Daly, Charles R. Boden and James M. Conners; Negative, Cornelius C. Noble, Arthur J. Saxe and George W. Ryan, who replaces James R. Neddles.

The House is directing most of its attention to the coming Ryland debate. The men who compose the team are Francis J. O'Shea, Emmett Daly, and James B. Comer. They have all had experience. Mr. Daly was a member of the Ryland team from the House last year. He and Mr. Comer were members of the team that defeated the Stanford Nestoria Debating Society the first of the year, and Mr. O'Shea has held his own at different times up in the neighborhood of Sacramento, where, someone cruelly remarked, wind is the largest part of the scenery, to say nothing of the legislative atmosphere in which Francis got his start. It is rumored that politicians up in Galt are only awaiting the

outcome of the debate before asking "Charlie" to run for Assemblyman from their district.

### J. D. S.

So much has been accomplished and so many questions have been argued pro and con in the debates held in the J. D. S. during the course of the last month that if each topic were given the space it deserves this whole number of the "Redwood" would be taken up.

Briefly, the questions discussed have ranged from local subjects such as "Resolved: That Santa Clara and St. Ignatius should unite to form one large Catholic University", to debates on political subjects that affect the welfare of the entire country. During these discussions Messrs. Carney, Collins, Malley, Halloran, Koch, and Martin, have especially distinguished themselves.

But secondly, lastly, and most important of all, the J. D. S. is to debate several outside schools this year if plans under way mature. Arrangements for a debate with San Jose High School have been almost entirely completed. The Society challenged Santa Clara High, but they, not being able to meet us this year, have promised us a debate next year.

### Easter Recess

Obedient to the Catalogue Calendar we availed ourselves of the vacation offered between the 23rd and 28th of the month. The last lap is before us, and then,—O Boy!

**Dope**

Upon consulting the list of conditions and failures in the college department for last semester, as well as data obtained from Fr. Buckley, S. J., Dean of Studies, and Coach Harmon, the writer found that those who turned out for varsity athletics last semester, as a whole, were better in their class work than those who contented themselves with taking sun baths on the steps of Senior Hall. Less than twenty per cent of the total number of such conditions and failures were chalked against men who turned out for some form of varsity athletics.

Over thirty per cent of the men in the college department turned out for varsity athletics. These facts bring to

mind the old adage about the healthy body, and the active mind, and should serve as an incentive to have a still greater number out for athletics. Santa Clara wants her graduates to be men, in every sense of the word, and the above figures show that she is not to be disappointed.

After a rather extended illness, Professor Fernandez has returned to us once more. It looks as if a variety of professors in the Spanish classes is a thing of the past.

A rather large number from Senior Hall, guilty of more or less serious malfeasances, have been taking short and long cruises on the good old Ship that never moves.

Thomas Crowe '22.

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## Law Notes

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**MARM vs. BROWN**

The Moot Department of the Superior Court of the University of Santa Clara has awakened from its lethargy and has shown unmistakable signs of renewed activity. All the embryonic lawyers, who are conscripted under the tutelage of the one and only James P. Sex, have given themselves over to writing elaborate complaints, demurrers, answers, motions and affidavits with the proficiency of seasoned veterans. Not only that, but the manner in which the points of law are discussed and argued, sometimes with unabashed

vehemence, indicate a rather promising future.

The position of judge, so ably filled by our esteemed professor, is at times, it must be observed, somewhat irritating to the men of the bar. This is because of the fact that the rulings are not always made with a regard for that justice which evinces a desire to do the right thing; but rather are made arbitrarily and with malice and aforethought in order to create a variety of legal proceedings that will be instructive as well as interesting,—and rival the famous Heinz products. The

interest of professor and student is heightened by the fact that there is unconsciously interwoven a personal element, which makes every amateur pleader consider his legal efforts nothing short of faultless and perfect. And when some industrious individual discovers a flaw contentions are immediately raised and stubbornly maintained until the legal omnipotence of the professor renders his decision disconcerting to some but always pacifying.

The course thus far has been a success, and has helped to clarify many points of legal procedure about which the mist of vast and abysmal ignorance has so long hung its dark and draping folds. It has also aided in quickening our mental faculties, for the court room struggle is veritably a battle of wits. In the weeks that are still before us the plot will thicken and the struggle deepen, all, however, to a better understanding of what a capable and accomplished lawyer should be.

The law department is now in possession of the valuable set of legal briefs which were the possession of the late Justice Lorigan of the Supreme Court. The University is indeed fortunate to obtain such a collection as a priceless part of its library. If present plans are successful new arrangements and accommodations will be made for the library so as to make it more convenient and better adapted to the purposes of the students.

\* \* \*

They say that Spring is here. The ever-increasing difficulty experienced in keeping the mind on the matter under discussion, and the apparent inability of the professors to keep the attention of the students for any serious length of time, certainly indicates that there is something else besides law to contend with. Still human nature was ever thus.

Peter F. Morettini, Law '21.

## Engineering Notes

There is probably no more looked for event in the University calendar than the Engineers' Dance. At last the date and place for this year's dance can be announced with certainty. The committee has chosen April 16th, and the Hotel Vendome. We all know what a wonderful success was achieved last year and how well pleased the mem-

bers of the faculty were, as well as the students. That this year's affair will far surpass all previous records is the word from the entertainment committee.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Lecture

On our first program day of March the Society heard with keen in-

terest a lecture on Sanitation by Father Edward Menager, S. J. As usual the time was too short, but in the small space available, Fr. Menager explained briefly the general features of the disposal of a city's refuse.

We know that those of the legal profession are not supposed to handle such a problem. The doctors start it and now and then lend suggestions, but they too fail to solve the very important problem of refuse disposal. Today sanitation engineers are at a premium. In the ancient days city authorities and the health department handled in a very negligent way the sewer problems of their cities. Later, in the Middle Ages, in some of the larger cities that came into existence, the question of sewage was given more careful thought. As a result we find the famous sewers of Paris were built and from then on the sewer system has been a prime factor when a new town came into being. Since then development along scientific lines has increased with great strides.

The tracing of epidemics of practically all types of disease to water supply caused by direct or indirect contamination from sewage has led nations to spend endless time and countless amounts of money to dispose of their cities' refuse in a manner that will assure safety to all.

This problem of care and sanitation has fallen upon the engineers, the only ones that are in a full position to solve this problem. The result has led to an

almost complete stamping out of dangerous epidemics. The disposal of millions of gallons of refuse from huge cities is easily taken care of, accumulated and made absolutely harmless by means of the septic tank and other contrivances to render harmless disease-laden refuse.

Father Menager explained how these systems worked and explained the chemical action and the working of bacteria in these disposal tanks.

\* \* \* \*

### Business Meeting

The question of a picnic was discussed, but the date has yet to be set.

The date for the dance was finally decided upon. Our silver-tongued orator, likewise the Edwin Booth of the Engineering Society, mildly reminded the publicity committee of its duty, and reprimanded them with Ciceronian integrity for neglecting their duties. The publicity committee feels it their duty to say that if neglectful in the past, the fault will be corrected. Perhaps this year's committee has not given the officers the extended publicity that the committees of other years have given their officers. We promise an early remedy.

\* \* \*

### Films

On our second program meeting Mr. Osterle managed to have flashed on the screen the films of the Heine Safety Boilers. They proved very interesting and showed that there is positive truth in the statement that one



can learn twice as much by visualizing.

Last Saturday Father Fox delighted the members of the Society with a lecture and pictures of the Passion Play as staged at Oberamagau. We enjoyed every second of it and rumor has it that more lectures are wanted from Father Fox. Of course we don't know, but from what we hear Fr. Fox has quite a wonderful collection of slides taken while wandering through those interesting countries of history.

At the first Dramatic Contest the other evening the Engineering Society did not fail to have representatives. In fact, none other than Thomas "Dad" Ford, the president of the society, eloquently acted the part of Brutus in the famous quarrel between Brutus and Cassius. And to the Engineering Society goes the credit for the stage setting and lighting effects.

G. William de Koch, '21.

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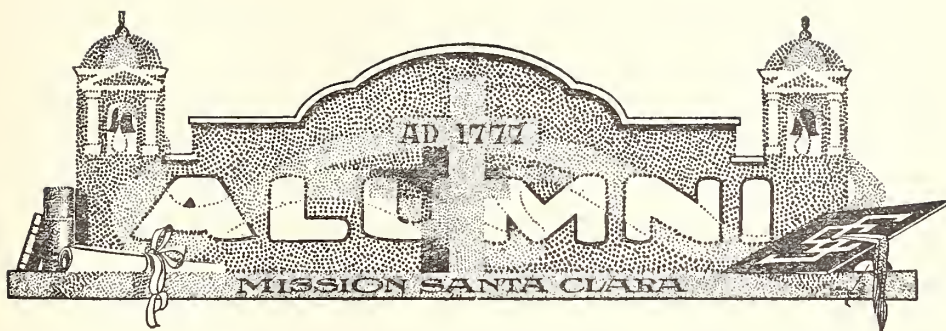
## The Peep o' Day

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A breath of Dawn, a graying sky,  
The stars grow faint and still  
As darkness now goes passing by  
And leaves a ling'ring chill.

Lo! Streams of gold the Day brings 'long  
As Nature fills with cheer  
And wildflowers lift their heads in song  
The ears of God might hear.

James Leonard, Jr.



**New Editor** Attention of the Alumni is called to the new Alumni Editor, John M. Jackson '23, who is assisted by Charles F. Daly '24. Communications sent to either of these men or to Mr. Henry C. Veit '20, Secretary of the Association, or to the Moderator will be appreciated.

**April 8th** Many Alumni will be interested to know that on the evening of April 8th a meeting will be held in the University Auditorium for the purpose of organizing a Santa Clara Branch of the Association for the Recognition of the Irish Republic. An ambitious program is being prepared and the evening should be one to be remembered. Rev. Peter C. Yorke will be the principal speaker, as is announced under "University Notes" of this issue.

**Fr. Ricard** The following circular letter has been sent out to all Alumni whose addresses are known to the Secretary:

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION  
University of Santa Clara.

Fellow-Alumnus:

For the past six or eight months the officers of the Alumni Association have been working to bring into closer union all former Santa Clarans, graduates and non-graduates alike. To this end Alumni Clubs have been formed in different cities throughout the State. San Francisco, Los Angeles, Sacramento and San Jose all have reported large memberships.

The purpose of the Association is to bring the greatest possible good to every Alumnus, by communicating your successes and achievements to others of the Association through the various clubs throughout the State. Santa Clara in return derives the publicity she rightly deserves. In addition to this she wants to keep you informed at all times of her doings and affairs here on the campus. Through these Alumni Clubs channels of communications are opened for us to get in touch with practically every former Santa Claran. The Association is charging an annual

membership fee of \$1.00, the same going toward the defrayal of expenses incurred for stationery, circulars, printing, etc. We would like to have you join us as an active member to help along the good work and will look forward to your remittance of the membership fee. Mail your remittance to the Secretary, Henry C. Veit, care of University.

Father Ricard is celebrating his 50th anniversary here on the campus on June 4th. The Alumni are sponsoring this affair and already elaborate plans are under way. We welcome suggestions from any Alumnus, along any lines in general and along Father Ricard's celebration in particular so that we can make this affair the success which his fame and reputation commands.

If you want to be informed from time to time as to the progress of Santa Clara's doings, join the Alumni Association by mailing your remittance immediately to the Secretary.

Remember it is not necessary that one must be a graduate before he can join the Association.

Yours for Santa Clara,

HENRY C. VEIT,

Secretary Santa Clara Alumni Association.

Since the above was mailed, "Father Ric's Day" has been advanced to Decoration Day, May 30. A second circular will be sent out to this effect and giving further details. President Tramutola of the Alumni Association has an-

nounced that he expects this to be the greatest Home Coming Day Santa Clara ever saw.

Dr. A. T. Leonard, Jr., has favored us, among other things, with the following by the well-known California author, George Sterling. "Doc" explains that while it is not of very recent composition, it is timely, in view of the coming celebration. Then it isn't everyone that gets George Sterling to write about him.

#### SEASONAL TO DATE

"Perhaps the sunspots cause the storms; perhaps they don't or do,  
But if the downpour comes on time,  
Pray what's the rest to you?  
Get ready all your levees, your sewers  
and your drains,  
And leave to me the balance," said the Padre of the Rains.

"Men have a funny liking called 'Delivering the Goods',  
And the prophets who don't meet it  
must betake them to the woods.  
Perhaps it's intuition, and perhaps it's  
only brains:  
Like the Sibyl, 'Ich Gebibble ' " said the Padre of the Rains.

"The ponies may not run by law, nor  
stocks ascend by rote;  
But when you pick the winner, what do  
'also rans' denote?  
Our losings are our losses, and our win-  
nings are our gains—  
And I guess that's mathematics," said the Padre of the Rains.

"Perhaps in Petaluma now the hens

must go on stilts;  
 Perhaps in flooded Watsonville the  
 ducks are wrapped in quilts;  
 Perhaps in other places the drummers  
 wait their trains;  
 Well, next year the drouth will square  
 it," said the Padre of the Rains.

"I may have funny theories, but there  
 are others worse;  
 Electrons have not got my goat, nor  
 Ella Wheeler's verse.  
 And since folks in glassy houses should  
 be careful of the panes,  
 Quit your barkin', Brother Larkin!"  
 said the Padre of the Rains.

### Los Angeles Club

The Redwood,  
 Univ. of Santa Clara,  
 Dear Mr. Editor:

Mr. Henry C. Veit has called my attention to the fact that the "Redwood" would like to have a letter for publication in the Alumni Column from each club.

As you no doubt know, our organization meeting and dinner was held December 30th. The attendance was most encouraging in view of the fact that the holiday season was at its height and most of the men had previous engagements of long standing, and therefore, we could not expect them to cancel these appointments. However, the physical attendance of 40 men was not the limit as we certainly had double that, in spirit, I mean. We received expressions of regret from as many.

The progress of the Los Angeles club

since its organization has been most gratifying, in that, a list of more than 150 members, with their correct residence and business addresses, has been obtained. It is safe to say that the ultimate membership will exceed 300 former Santa Clara men.

Definite plans have been made for holding a picnic and barbecue this summer, which will be an annual affair. This idea certainly works in nicely with the Southern California country and its customs. The enthusiasm manifested already for this affair is a good omen for the success that will no doubt attend it. In addition to the regular meetings a dance has been planned for after Lent.

The active members are not confined to Los Angeles and immediate vicinity alone, but include the cities of Santa Barbara, Ventura, Oxnard, Redlands, Riverside, Ontario and San Diego.

In Santa Barbara and Ventura, J. A. Lagomarsino, Ex. '07, has rendered the club much assistance which we certainly appreciate.

Tom Donlon, '07, has done admirably well in Oxnard and vicinity.

In Redlands, Riverside and Ontario, Joe Lindley '13, has attended to all of the details, and the citrus district has responded beautifully.

Nicholas Martin '16, has taken care of San Diego and vicinity, and with all this attendance the Los Angeles club has more than a nucleus.

Activities of the individual members bring us to the fact that John Maltman



'09, has recently been appointed by the Governor of the State to the office of Assistant Deputy Attorney General for the southern district. "Jack" has enjoyed the fruits of a lucrative practice for many years and will acquit himself creditably in his new position. The Attorney General's office for the southern district has taken its new quarters in the Pacific Finance Building, one of Los Angeles' recent skyscrapers. The uppermost five floors of this building are occupied entirely by the state offices, such as the Supreme Court and District Court of Appeal.

Jim Fitzpatrick '15, has joined Tracey Gaffey in the development of certain oil lands, and very little is seen of either in the city.

Delphin M. Delmas, Esq., '63, who is one of our members, has been quite active in several important matters before the courts involving questions between the city of Los Angeles and its residents.

Pat Higgins, successful coach in Rugby for 1912, has been quite prominent in local sporting circles, wherein he has acted as referee in several championship wrestling engagements, and also has acted as referee at the new Los Angeles stadium for bicycle races.

The fellows that attended Santa Clara around '05, will be pleased to learn that Dr. Wm. R. Jacobs, Ex. '05, is busy with a very active medical practice.

Speaking of doctors, Dr. Frank Browne '16, is connected with the Cali-

fornia Hospital, one of the leading hospitals of this city.

Once again the fellows of '07 will be surprised to hear that H. B. Patrick, Ex. '07, better known as "Tutty", has been dispensing some of the best jazz music in this city for the past few years with his Howard & Clark Orchestra.

The friends of Henry Haack, Ex. '05, will be pleased to learn that in the first week of March he became the proud father of a baby girl. After receiving hearty congratulations from his host of friends, Haack said, he had one more wish, he hoped that he would be granted, that he would have a little boy, so when he grew up he could send him to Santa Clara.

Walter Jackson, Ex. '13, erstwhile secretary of the Vernon Pacific Coast League Club, has recently progressed to the rapidly growing ranks of custom house brokers and forwarding agents dealing especially with Southern California and Oriental trade.

Therefore, my dear Mr. Editor, in view of the foregoing I beg leave to be excused and suggest that you are at liberty to prune this down and use it as you see fit.

With kindest regards, believe me  
Sincerely,

CASTRUCCIO.

**Watsonville  
Club**

The Watsonville Club has been organized. The following clipping from

a local paper of three weeks ago gives us the details:

"A meeting and banquet was held at the Appleton Hotel last night at which there was effected the organization of the University of Santa Clara Alumni Association of Santa Cruz county. A delightful social evening was spent and the work of organization was directed by Rev. E. J. Ryan, S. J., of Santa Clara, who is organizing similar alumni associations all over the state.

The following officers were elected for the new society: O. D. Stoesser, president; M. J. Leonard of Santa Cruz, 1st vice-president; J. W. Tulloch, 2nd vice-president; George B. Kennedy, secretary; Eugene Kelley, treasurer; and James A. Hall, publicity agent.

There are fourteen charter members out of twenty-five eligible persons in this county. The meetings will be held quarterly, the next one to be held here on May 26th.

Those present at the meeting and banquet last night were: K. T. Sheehy, O. D. Stoesser, Gerald Sheehy, George Freiermuth, Edward Kelley. Edward T. Sheehy, J. W. Tulloch, Rev. E. J. Ryan, James A. Hall, Eugene Kelley, J. P. Nugent, George B. Kennedy, M. J. Leonard, and G. B. Todd, the last two being from Santa Cruz."

### Salinas Club

In keeping with the Get-together Spirit wave of Santa Clara which is sweeping the state leaving many thriving clubs in its wake, the

Santa Clarans of Salinas, Monterey, King City and that vicinity, have organized an enthusiastic and loyal Santa Clara Society. Ramon Somavia is the Club's President, and is working hard to get a large number of men to join.

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**Club Banner** Mr. Jos. Aurrecochea (Joe Sneeze) announces that he will give a banner each year to the club with the highest percentage representation at the annual Alumni Reunion. Let's go, May 30.

Joe is just back from Kansas City, whither he took the Livermore Basketball team to a national tournament. He reports that Dr. Riley, who had charge of the tournament, is a Georgetown man and that they often talked over Jesuit colleges together.

Joe stopped at Los Angeles and saw a number of S. C. men there.

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**'65** A Nestor among Santa Clara men has been brought to light in the person of Mr. J. Hoesch, '65, who now resides at 1426 H St., Sacramento. The following letter vindicates his title:  
Rev. Father Ryan,  
University of Santa Clara.

In accordance with your request I am jotting down a few recollections of the very early days at Santa Clara and my own youth.

I came to California in 1859. My folks came across the plains from Ken-

tucky in 1852, settled in Sacramento for several years and then moved to Marysville, Yuba County. The first two years of my residence in Marysville I attended the public school and later a Catholic private school. In the spring of 1861 two Fathers gave a retreat in Marysville. I met them and they interested me in the good things at Santa Clara College. I, of course, fell for it, and I was sent to College with a chum of mine. This was in August, 1861. In those days there were no railroads and it took two days to make the trip—by stage to Sacramento, boat to San Francisco, then by stage to Santa Clara. At that time Father Villiger was President and Father Carredda, Prefect, God bless him. At that time we only had about seventy students—but there were many bright ones. D. M. Delmas, Barney Murphy, James Brun, afterwards Judge of San Benito County, Marshall Hastings, son of the Supreme Judge; Sam and Dick Tingo, whose father was Attorney General of the State; Sands Farman, later Secretary of State; Chas. A. Law, later judge, nephew of Gov. F. F. Law; William Kennedy, lawyer of San Jose; the Lightston brothers—three of them; three Columbia brothers of San Jose; two Webber boys of Stockton, their father being the founder of Stockton; Theodore Roche, Clarence Townsend, both later attorneys in San Francisco; T. C. Van Ness, whose father was one of San Francisco's founders, from whom we have Van Ness Avenue, Tom

became prominent later when he was attorney for nearly all the insurance companies of San Francisco. Augustus J. Bowie and Chas. Platt were sons of the owner of Platt's Hall, the most noted building in its time, standing where the Mills Building is now situated. Tom Sutherland became the editor of a Portland newspaper. James Ryan and Chas. Ryan were sons of James Ryan of San Francisco, who constructed the "Comanche". She was a vessel built in the East and sent to San Francisco in parts and was the first war vessel built during the war of 1861-65. Frank J. Sullivan and Robert Sullivan were sons of the man who started the Hibernia Bank, San Francisco. Frank married Senator Phelan's sister and is a leading lawyer in San Francisco, ran for Congress once but was defeated by Chas. F. Felton, a prominent capitalist and afterwards U. S. Senator. Frank Sullivan is still living in San Francisco. Robert Keating became superintendent of several of the large mining companies during the Virginia City excitement. Richard Rule also became superintendent of big mines in Virginia City. James and John Judd of Grass Valley attended College, their parents owning some of the richest mines in the state.

The college in my time was a small affair. All the buildings except two were adobe. We had frame study rooms and a frame theater and gymnasium. We all ate in a narrow dining room, just wide enough for a table, but very

long. We sat on benches and all slept in one dormitory. The washroom was a long wooden shed. Every fellow had to take his basin to a well just outside, and pump the water. We all played in one yard. We had a little chapel adjoining a cemetery and alongside the big church. The bodies were afterward taken up and buried further out of town. We had two bands, a college band and a cadet band and two debating societies. Several times a year dramatic performances were given and drew crowds of people from San Jose and even San Francisco. On one occasion "Hamlet" was given and in it D. M. Delmas made a great hit. During my stay of four years at the college, many improvements were made. All the one story buildings were made two story, and the main building three. The large building facing the town proper, was built and the two study rooms were located on the second floor, one for Senior and the other for Junior students. The top floor was the dormitory for the Juniors and the old two story building opposite the square, formerly occupied by all for a dormitory, remained the dormitory for the other students. The playgrounds were also divided by a given line.

When the San Francisco and San Jose Railroad was building, we students would walk as far as Mayfield to watch the work. In the days I speak of, it cost \$5.00 to travel from Marysville to Sacramento, \$5.00 from Sacramento to

San Francisco, and \$5.00 from San Francisco to San Jose.

In those days we went by stage or by boat to Alviso and then by stage to San Jose or Santa Clara. San Jose was a small place and Santa Clara hardly anything. The Alameda road to San Jose was some road even then and admired by all visitors to The Valley.

While I was there we had as presidents, Father Villiger, Father Masanata and Father Varsi. Father Carreda was the boss, Mr. Lawrie taught piano, Mr. Fernandez writing, Mr. Pascal drawing, violin and German.

The happiest days of my life were spent at Santa Clara. It is sixty years since I left college, and I have managed to do well. Forty years I spent in politics, not running for office but getting behind the other fellow and helping him to make good. Ten years I was secretary of the board of health, San Francisco; twelve years chief deputy secretary of State; ten years deputy city assessor; five years in the U. S. Land Office.

I forgot to mention C. H. Lindley—he and I were from the same town, Marysville.

Yours sincerely,

J. HOESCH,

1426 H St., Sacramento.

'89 John Montell, Santa Clara of the Class of '89, visited for the first time in 21 years. He was delighted to go over his old



haunts once more and was visibly overcome to see all the old familiar sights again. After leaving Santa Clara back in the eighties, Mr. Montell travelled all over the world. He held many important commercial positions in China, India and the Philippines. Mr. Montell says some of the happiest days of his life were spent within the adobe walls of Santa Clara College.

**'90** Santa Clarans will be pleased to know that the present Mexican Consul General of San Francisco is none other than Alfredo Mascarena, a graduate from Santa Clara of the Class of '90. Mascarena and his brothers came to Santa Clara to learn English and to get a liberal education. Although it is a long step from 1890 to our day, still Mascarena has not forgotten his Alma Mater and is interested in all things Santa Claran.

**'10** George Morgan, of the Class of '10, is one of the most popular and best liked teachers of Eureka High School, where he teaches Physics and Mathematics. Although he has been in Eureka less than eight months, Mr. Morgan has already won considerable prestige and renown as an athletic coach. It will be remembered that George was a prominent track man for several years at Santa Clara, and was elected Track Captain for 1910. He also was responsible more than any other man for the introduction of basketball as a major sport at

Santa Clara. Morgan has not lost his old Santa Clara Spirit by any means, but is extremely interested in all affairs of Santa Clara and wishes her every success.

Santa Clara friends and acquaintances received cards lately announcing the engagement of Miss Ruth Degnan of Yosemite Valley to Harry Gabriel Whelan, a former Santa Clara student. Whelan, during his college days, developed into one of the best pitchers ever produced at Santa Clara. After leaving College, Whelan received several lucrative offers to go into professional baseball but declined them all and entered business in San Francisco. Two of Miss Degnan's brothers are graduates of Santa Clara.

**Cards in Program** The program for the Santa Clara-Southern California debate, won by Santa Clara, contained the professional cards of many men known to Alumni. Attorneys: John J. Jones, F. H. Bloomingdale, J. M. Atkinson, Richard V. Bresani, David M. Burnett, Owen D. Richardson, James P. Sex, O. H. Speciale, Victor A. Chargin, C. C. Coolidge, W. E. Foley, Harry A. Houser, Hiram D. Tuttle, Louis O'Neal, L. Louis Gairaud, Chas. M. Cassin, G. A. Nicholson, M. J. Rankin. Doctors: Fred C. Gerlach, Bart Gattuccio, E. A. Filipello, C. C. Marekers, E. F. Holbrook, A. J. Baiochi.

Charles F. Daly, '24.



**The Martian** First at hand this month is "The Martian", the handsome quarterly of St. Martin's College, Laeey, Wash. "Monte Casino" is by all odds the most pretentious and enjoyable article in this interesting issue. The writer, who has evidently travelled quite extensively, takes us on a pleasant visit to the monastery at Monte Casino, near Rome; recounts some history of the ancient Benedictine stronghold, tells of its founders, its library, and in a delightfully informal way gives us a picture of the life led by the pious monks therein. "The Martian" is fortunate indeed to have a contributor of such wide experience as is the author of this educational memoir.

"Rattlesnake Springs" suffers from a stereotyped beginning and old-fashioned development. This style, if a crude but expressive slang phrase may be pardoned, is hard to "put across" successfully, unless there be an excellent plot to be unfolded.

"Beginner's Luck" is a much better short story, in our opinion, being compact, simply told, and developed chiefly through the use of conversation.

"Immigration" and "Transportation", shorter essays, give us some interesting data upon the immigration question and a brief account of the history of travel. "Parties" is a legal discourse on contracts.

The verse is quite meritorious, "A Leaf of Moss" contains a noble thought and consequently is more worthy of attention than the light and frivolous stanzas found in a great many college magazines. "Winter Friends" is a well worded appreciation of "those urns stored with all the sweets of all the summers of time—books".

"Fancy" and "The Land of My Dreams" skip along with a pleasant meter.

### **Solanian**

A variety lies before us in "The Solanian" (Quincy College, Quincy, Ill.), but a glance at the table of contents shows the absence of any narrative contributions.

"A Winter's Night", "Homes Hearth", both by the same author, are sonnets of unusual worth because of their vivid portrayal of a picture.

"Abraham Lincoln" is a short his-

tory of our martyred President's early life and character. The conclusion is a rather impassioned plea for emulation of Lincoln "so that when in the days to come America shall have need of such men as he, we shall not be tried and found wanting." "Our Helpless Brethren", as the title indicates, is a summing up of the European situation and a petition for generous treatment toward our central European brethren.

We rather favored "The Catholics and the Blue Laws". As a general rule these sanctimonious legislators create more abuses than they correct. A good and timely article, but we think the author is over pessimistic in thinking that the American people will ever stand for this absurd movement to the extent of suffering Blue Laws to become a part of the Constitution drawn up by our liberty loving forefathers.

The editorials and various departments are well handled.

The February number of the **Haverfordian** is rather shy of verse but otherwise is well balanced and thoroughly readable. "Notes in Byron's Oriental Romances" gives us an insight into the temperamental Englishman's character, and explains the singular combination of force and weakness which his poetical works often manifest. The quotations are felicitous and bring out the point quite well.

"An American Man of Letters" is well written and like the preceding con-

tribution gives us a good idea of another distinguished literary man, Henry Osborne Taylor.

"The Super Power System" makes profitable reading and brings out some interesting facts about electric power, the modern industrial factor which is rapidly displacing steam as a source of power all over the United States, and especially here in California and in the progressive West in general.

"Color Schemes" is a fantastic tale of Chinese princes and dragons. Though the plot did not appeal to us we thought the style and development excellent.

"The Haverfordian" is to be complimented on the high quality of its contents.

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In external appearance  
**Villa Marian** and quality of paper  
the Villa Marian (Villa Maria Academy, Immaculata, Penna.) is indeed unique. The contents, too, proved not unworthy of the February number's dignified bearing and it is only through lack of space that we refrain from more detailed comment.

"The Gentleman from Indiana" is a review of several of the best works of Booth Tarkington and is, as far as our knowledge of the famous Indianan extends, a fair and accurate account of this author's best literary work.

In "Three Contemporary Women Poets" the author chose three writers of little prominence in the literary world because as she says, 'Being 'less-er lights' they are likely to be less

known'. The quotations are apt and bring out the point well. "Moralities—Old and New" is a resume of dramatic history. It includes a brief description of "Everyman", 'the best of the old Morality Plays and upon whose form were based the best of the Modern Moralities'.

"Vindication" is comendable for its cleverly developed plot and excellent climax. Unlike many short stories we have noticed, no long unnecessary conclusion is annexed. One line suffices to bring the story to and end after the climax is reached.

The departments though numerous, are short and pithy and the many drawings well done. Apropos of the latter Miss Marjorie Henderson is deserving of special mention as most of the artistic work bears her name. The Villa Marian is a magazine of quality and plainly evidences much intelligent and hard work on the part of its staff.

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Following are some of the notices received during the month:

**From The Creighton Chronicle:**

From sunny California there again comes to our Sanctum "The Redwood", the famous literary magazine of the University of Santa Clara. We are always pleased to open "The Redwood" and read those gems that it invariably presents. However, lack of space prevents us from commenting in detail upon the merits of "The Redwood" in its entirety and hence we must confine

ourselves to some remarks on only a few of its contributions.

"Habits, Virtues, and Education", in the December number, is a philosophical essay, the perusal of which we would recommend to all students of ethics. This essay is of moderate length, written in a simple, natural way and represents our conception of the ideal essay for the college magazine. "The Morn" is a Christmas poem quite different from the usual run of Yuletide verse. "On the Lookout Trail" is a Christmas story with a setting in our great West which shows the noble effect of Christmas spirit upon the most hardened heart. A wonderful picture of the early mission days in California is contained in the narrative entitled "How New is the West" in which the writer gives us a description of the reverie he had on the occasion of hearing Mass in the San Gabriel Mission, one of the nine missions founded by Father Junipero Serra. "Petroleum" is a scientific essay which is written in such a simple flowing style that it is intelligible to the most unscientific reader and is correspondingly interesting. Much valuable information is contained in this essay, for instance, to mention two items, that in the U. S. alone there are over thirty thousand miles of pipe lines through which petroleum is transported from the fields to the refineries, markets and ports, and authoritative statement that with the present rate of consumption our resources of petroleum will be exhaust-



ed in nine and a half years. The editorials of "The Redwood" are deserving of a special mention, for they are short, pithy and right to the point.

**From The Young Eagle.**

"Football, the Educated Man's Game", "Petroleum", and editorials on various current topics stamp "The Redwood" as an up to the minute magazine. "Habits, Virtue and Education" is a proof of scholarly work. The author first establishes his definition of habit. He discriminates it from disposition, facility, power, and custom, and then shows the relation of habit to virtue and education. The two stories, "On the Lookout Trail" and "The Right to Salvage", are original in plot and teem with a Christmas spirit of good will. The verse of "The Redwood" contributes to its high literary tone. "A Christmas Carol", "The Morn", and "Guide" radiate Christmas joy. "The Ballad of the South

Fork" is appealing in imagery and thought. The philosophical theme of "Crystal Gazers" is the contrast of two opposite views of life. The old Philosopher finds no meaning in life. Fate is the cause of his dreary existence, without faith in creed or mankind. His attitude is well expressed in the words the poet ascribes to him:

"And when Death  
With cold mendacity  
Lays his bone cold hand on me  
I shall smile  
For the first and last time."

The young prophet, on the other hand, glows with the joy of living. He is proud to have been given a "small role in the fine drama of mankind". His will is in harmony with the Greater Will, and in consequence he understands the full meaning of life. The thoughts are well contrasted and the whole shows the work of an artist.

Martin M. Murphy, '22.



# ATHLETICS

## Sodality Club 6

On February 20th the Varsity opened its baseball season with a practice game at home. We were pleased with the initial showing of the team. Practically every man on the team who apparently possessed any baseball ability was tried out in order to have him show what talent there was in him.

Purdy, Berg and Fowler shared honors in the slab department, each going for three frames. At the receiving end the good old reliable Fitzpatrick was stationed. It may be well to say right here that Fitz lived up to the Coach's expectations and as the season progresses, our new receiver, though in former years an outfielder and second sacker, will improve with time and experience. Ford, another backstopper, was given a trial in the last inning of the game. Mike Peccarovieh, last year's pitcher, would also have been given a chance behind the plate, if he had not been spiked the day previous in practice.

At the initial sack, Doyle, Toso and Fawke were given a chance, while at the keystone sack Clark and Logan contributed their share in stellar form. The game opened with Diaz at short,

## Varsity 2

and closed with Riley in that position. Riley is no new man at the job. The outfield was taken care of by Bedolla at left, Captain Manelli at center, and Mahoney and Patton at right field.

For the Sodality Club Pancera, Judge and Tafaro played splendid ball.

	R	H	E
Sodality Club .....	6	9	2
Varsity .....	2	3	2

Batteries: Sodality Club: Gonzales, Keifer, Marcus and Madeiros; Varsity: Purdy, Berg, Fowler, Fitzpatrick and Ford.

## Varsity 9

## Bank of Italy 1

The Varsity celebrated Washington's Birthday by putting over their first win of the season against the Bank of Italy Club of San Francisco on the home campus.

Purdy pitched a great game, allowing but three bingles during the entire session. He had the bankers at his mercy at all stages. Riley covered short in fine fashion and was likewise a busy man with the willow, chalking up a double and a single to his credit.

	H	R	E
Bank of Italy .....	3	1	3
Varsity .....	9	9	2

Batteries: Bank of Italy: Radovich, Capilani and Guisto; Varsity: Purdy and Fitzpatrick.

Umpire: Fields; Scorer: Mollen.

### Varsity 3

### Federals 0

With both sides playing air-tight ball, the Varsity managed to emerge from the conflict, a winner. The game was hotly contested, and it was only after the last man was out that we were certain of victory. It was a coat of whitewash for the San Francisco lads, yet they exhibited a fine brand of ball.

We gathered our first tally in the third inning, when a hit by Clark and a two-bagger by Riley, placed Clark across the rubber. In the sixth inning, the first man up secured a circuit clout, and a hit by Mahoney, aided by the sacrifices of Fitzpatrick and Bedolla, the Varsity was able to get another run across the rubber.

Berg and Purdy shared honors on the mound. Both pitched steady ball, while Halversen of the Federals did remarkably well and was very effective in the pinches.

	R	H	E
Federals .....	0	1	3
Varsity .....	3	5	2

Umpire: Fields; Scorer: Mollen.

### Varsity 4 Santa Clara Sodality 2

March 5th witnessed a second clash between the Varsity and the Santa Clara Sodality.

Purdy, the diminutive and steady slabster of the Varsity was again on the mound, with Fitzpatrick doing the

backstopping; while Keifer, an erst-while Coast Leaguer, did the hurling for the Sodalists with Marques donning the wind pad.

Things went favorable for us right from the beginning. In the first stanza, Riley worked the opposing pitcher for a walk. Fitzpatrick next up chose one to his liking and walloped the old pill for a homer. In the fourth we were able to register two more. Purdy started the fireworks with a hit to left and this was immediately followed by a scoreching four-base clout by Clark, clinching the game for us.

Riley at short, did some flashy fielding handling chances which looked impossible and appeared as clean hits.

	R	H	E
Santa Clara Sodality .....	2	5	1
Varsity .....	4	7	1

Umpire: Fields; Scorer: Mollen.

### San Jose Club 5 (10 innings)

### Varsity 2

Baseball is a funny game! And many, I believe, have exclaimed this ever since the game became a regular American pastime. With the results we experienced on our home grounds against the San Jose Professionals on Sunday, March 6th, this fitting trait can again be attributed to the game. It all came about this way.

Berg had the San Joseans all his own way up to the ninth inning and had them scoreless until then. With two outs in this frame, first and second occupied, Left fielder Freine, by the way a former Santa Claran, cantered to the

plate. Berg worked him for two strikes and no balls. He had Freine in the hole. Ken then in his anxiety to retire the batter, unintentionally slipped one squarely over the rubber to Freine's liking. And lo! He poled it over the right fielder for a triple and scored the two runners. He tried to stretch it for a homer, and in a close play that followed at the plate, Umpire Fields called him out. Immediately there was a great howl from the San Jose squad, questioning the umpire's decision. After some dispute by the visitors, play was resumed. This tied the score, necessitating an extra inning, which finally meant defeat for our Varsity.

In the tenth Berg weakened under the strain and San Jose chased three more men across. Thus ended a game full of thrills and spectacular plays; a game that gave full satisfaction to those who came to see it.

The Varsity scored their first run in the first inning. Riley, second up, worked the pitcher for free transportation to first. Fitzpatrick was hit by a pitched ball. A double steal advanced both men, and a hit between first and second by Haneberg, brought Riley across the rubber. In the seventh inning, Captain Manelli laid on one of Phillip's slants for a circuit drive, sending the sphere to the far corner of left field.

Berg handled himself like a real big leaguer against his opponents. When one can pitch a runless game up to the

ninth inning against professionals only to have victory snatched from him in the last stages of the game, he may surely be called "some chucker". Luck was against him and the team.

A great deal of praise should be given to Fitz for the manner in which he handled the blonde portsider. He sized up the opposing batters very closely, and just about knew the weakness of each as he ambled to the plate. Clark was there with the goods at second. He filled his position without a flaw, and his perfect and sensational fielding throughout the game was applauded by fans and fanettes.

Lamarra for San Jose, played a bang up game at short. He handled himself without a mishap, taking care of seven assists and several putouts.

#### VARSITY

	AB	H	E	R
Clark, 2nd b.....	5	2	0	0
Riley, s. s.....	2	0	0	1
Fitzpatrick, c.....	4	0	0	0
Haneberg, 3rd b.....	4	1	0	0
Mahoney, r. f.....	4	0	0	0
Manelli, c. f.....	4	2	0	1
Bedolla, l. f.....	3	1	0	0
Doyle, 1st b.....	3	0	1	0
Berg, p. ....	3	1	0	0

#### SAN JOSE MISSION CLUB

	AB	R	B	H	S	B	P	O	A	E
Lindsey, 2nd b.....	5	1	2	0	2	4	0			
Lennon, c. f.....	5	1	2	0	2	0	0			
Lamarra, s. s.....	5	1	1	0	4	3	0			
Madeiros, 3rd b.....	4	1	1	0	2	2	0			
Sears, 1st b.....	2	0	1	0	0	0	0			
Kirber, 1st b.....	2	0	0	0	11	0	2			



Phillips, p. ....	4	1	1	0	0	4	0
Lyons, r. f. ....	4	0	0	0	0	1	0
Freine, l. f., p. ....	3	0	0	0	3	0	0
Coleman, e. ....	4	1	1	0	6	0	0

Home Run, Manelli; Three Base Hit, Freine; Struck out by Berg, 6; by Phillips, 6. Seorer, Mollen; Umpire, Fields.

Fawke batted for Berg in the tenth.

### Varsity 2 (11 innings)

#### University of California 3

On March 9th our Varsity again went into extra frames—this time against California, on our territory. It took eleven fast and snappy innings to decide this intercollegiate exhibition, and it was a mighty good game too. This is the third time in three successive years that the state institution has been able to forge itself to the fore and win from us by a one run margin.

Purdy started on the mound for us, but in the fourth inning, with three visitors on the bags, Coach Harmon yanked him out and he was replaced by Berg. The southpaw was fortunate enough to get out of the hole without them registering a tally, and again things loomed bright for the Varsity. Throughout the rest of the game, Berg pitched great ball.

We got our first run in the third frame, when a hit by Purdy and sacrifices by Clark and Bedolla, and a bingle by Fitzpatrick romped Purdy across the plate. In the fifth, hits by Patton, Doyle and Clark registered the second tally, and in the eighth, we were

able to get our third and last run of the game.

The summary:

#### VARSITY

	AB	R	BH	SB	PO	A	E
Clark, 2nd b. ....	4	0	1	0	4	5	0
Bedolla, l. f. ....	4	1	0	0	2	0	0
Fitzpatrick, e. ....	3	0	1	0	8	0	0
Haneberg, 3rd b. ....	5	0	1	0	1	0	1
Manelli, e. f. ....	5	0	2	0	4	0	1
Riley, s. s. ....	3	0	0	0	1	1	1
Doyle, 1st b. ....	4	1	1	0	11	0	2
Patton, r. f. ....	4	0	1	0	1	1	0
Purdy, p. ....	1	1	1	0	1	1	0
Berg, p. ....	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	36	3	8	0	33	8	5

#### CALIFORNIA

	AB	R	BH	SB	PO	A	E
Myers, e. f. ....	5	1	1	0	3	0	0
Hermle, 1st b. ....	6	1	1	1	12	0	0
G. Makin, s. s. ....	6	0	0	0	1	2	0
Rowe, r. f. ....	5	0	2	0	0	1	0
Smith, e. ....	4	1	0	0	9	3	1
Douthit, l. f. ....	3	0	0	0	3	0	0
H. Makin, 3rd b. ....	4	0	0	0	3	2	0
White, 2nd b. ....	2	0	0	0	2	4	1
Esle, 2nd b. ....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Morrow, p. ....	1	1	1	0	0	1	0
O'Neil, p. ....	3	0	0	0	0	5	0
	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
	40	4	5	1	33	18	2

Three Base Hit, Myers; Double Plays, Patton to Clark; Clark to Riley to Doyle; Struck Out by Purdy, 2, by Berg 4; Struck Out by O'Neil, 5, by Morrow, 1. Umpire, Baumgartner; Seorer, Mollen. Time of game, two hours and five minutes.

George L. Haneberg '23.

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*John M. Burnett  
Thomas J. Ford*



*John Flynn, Jay Montgomery  
Victor Martin*



*Michael C. Dunne*



*Emmet C. Daly  
Second*



*Floyd Nolan  
Winner*

*Leslie J. Smith*



*Michael J.  
Pecorovich*



*Charles R.  
Boden Third  
Frank P. Giambastiani*

PARTICIPANTS IN DRAMATIC ART CONTEST

# The Redwood.

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NO. 6

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## Rest

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H friend! pause yet awhile with me and gaze  
To yonder crimsoned hill ablaze,  
As there the Lord of Day sinks toward his rest  
Behind the hilltop's gleaming crest.

In glowing silence Nature seems to praise  
The kindly Giver of Bright Days:  
Atop the fiery hill to guard and wait  
The trees like sentinels stand straight.

When to our Father's home for evermore  
We go; and Life for us is o'er;  
May our bright days with good deeds blest  
Send us with golden peace to rest.

JOHN M. MURPHY, '24



## "An Alaskan Road"

Henry J. Miller '24



THE charmed sunset lingered low in the red-stained west. The mountains caped with their aged snow stood flushed, as Tennyson pictured them. They wound their rugged pinacles in an elliptical form about the valley below, forming as it were a halo of blossoms against the infinite background of the sky. The air itself seemed to stand still and not a breath stirred, lest it should disturb the tranquil waters of the bay, which like a mirror reflected the scene from above. Here and there the air was streaked with columns of smoke as it rose lazily from the town and slowly expanded in mid air until it vanished. In the stillness of it all the incessant roaring of the waterfalls and streams sounded like a gentle breeze playing among the leaves in the forest. It is in the land of snow and ice and the peaceful silence is only broken by the occasional howl of the malamute as he welcomes the approach of the moon.

And thus we find ourselves admiring the beauty of the gateway to the interior of Alaska, the coast terminal of the government vehicle road at Valdez.

Every mile of this road seems to have a story to tell. Viewing the first few miles as it stretches out over a large gravel flat toward the mountains until it is enfolded in the arms of an immense forest of evergreen, one cannot but reflect on the pictures that it portrays to the minds of its builders, pictures that are a sorrow to many as they think of their loved ones who set out over the same ground on which this road now lies and were called to rest by its side. And on the other hand it brings joy to not a few who in turn recall their beloved pushing on and on and overcoming the obstacles and barriers this road cast before them until they met with success. Strictly speaking there was no road then. The pioneer made his way to the head of this desert of gravel and there picked his course over the top of an immense glacier. The glacier is aged and worn as it were and its cares are shown in the deep wrinkles that appear on its face. Who knows how many bodies of heroes this glacier conceals in its fathomless crevices? During the first few years when this was the only way to the interior many indeed fell victims to its snow-covered traps that lie set the year round. Many too, were summoned be-

cause they were unprepared to battle the elements in the so-called Land of Snow and Ice.

As one reflects on this scene, in mind, and harks back to the time when this was the only route; when he considers that for a number of years no one has crossed this field of ice, he does not wonder that the angry monster hurls down torrents of water year after year to punish the road that has robbed it of its prey. It seems to resent the safety the traveler now enjoys. Like some mammoth beast that is held captive by an immovable object; the glacier crouches, held as it were, by a high mountain on either side. The mountains seem to tremble and shake as the glacier rumbles and belches forth its floods of water and gravel to tear across the flats beneath in search of the victims that will no longer come to it.

The once deafening voice of the torrents slowly dies away as the forest is entered. The ground rises in sudden eminences. Stately evergreens tower above the cottonwood, low tangled willows, and an undergrowth of matted bushes. In the little clearings, a profusion of wild flowers carpets the ground. Here and there some foothill juts out close to the road with its vertical timber clinging close to its side. The sides of the road are draped with native flowers and berry bushes in full bloom. A bridge crosses a languid stream that is an outlet for some lake. Its dark placid waters resemble the deep banks of dark soil and clay through which it

has mined its course. The waters move steadily on to the bay, turning over and over in a series of eddies and whirlpools like the wake of a ship at sea. Crows and ravens wing their way up and down the stream cawing and screeching as they hover above a sand bar whither the hope of a stranded salmon has lured them. They pounce on any that appears and soon but a skeleton remains.

The road leaves the forest as abruptly as it entered and follows its scenic course along the foothills of the mountains. Heavy timber lies on one side and on the other the river, breaking into sparkling life and flowing away as if it had been pent up and worried all night and was glad to feel the warm sun once more. The range of mountains on the other side of the valley seems to be gradually closing in upon us until suddenly the two ranges meet and the road turns sharply into a deep twisting canyon about five miles in length. On the one side the precipitous walls rise many hundreds of feet straight overhead and in some places overhang the canyon. Below, the river is brawling its way over rocky places and surging around boulders that in times gone by have plunged from the hills above. Still it works as it has for the centuries since it first entered upon the task of cutting this great trench through solid rock. The air feels damp and heavy. Indeed long stretches of this narrow canyon have never seen the sun. The ceaseless roaring of the river and

waterfalls increases until one's ears detect nothing but the rushing and gushing of water as it flows on all sides or streams down magnificently from above. One fall in particular gushes out over the sheer rock wall hundreds of feet above, and the slender stream seems to fall until its misty vapors, suspended in mid air, have assumed some mystic form, then "pause and fall again" only to be dashed to naught on the rocks below.

This canyon also has its story to tell; a story of two railroad corporations meeting here during the course of construction; of dissension arising between them regarding the right of way; of how this developed into a fight and guns came into action and some crossed the great divide. This incident however will always be a thorn in the minds of an Alaskan who feels a blush of shame come over him as he thinks of this dastardly deed.

Deep gorges enter the canyon at various points. Each extends from the river bed up through the timber line on to the very peaks of the mountains while here and there other smaller gorges run into it from smaller snow-covered pinnacles. The whole resembles a tree, with its trunk and branches protruding out on either side. Every Spring the snow from above starts moving with a dull rumble like the distant roar of a cannon, and as each successive branch is reached its mass joins the great rush. As the bottom is approached countless tons of snow and

ice, rock and timber are making for the valley below. Clouds of snow rise like steam, hundreds of feet in the air. The oncoming mass is rolling over and over, the roaring is deafening and audible many miles away. Its speed is increasing, its volume is rapidly growing larger, no earthly power could stop any part of it. Everything in its path goes before the infuriated heap until it piles itself at the bottom, and crashes against the wall on the opposite side of the canyon. The whole canyon seems to tremble and shake as it echoes and re-echoes the terrific report. Yes, this too has touched some with the finger of death.

And so this road leads on and on, crossing a great summit after winding and twisting its way from bench to bench, going up through timber and brush, doubling back and leaving its trace across the moss-covered rocks, rising on until there is nothing on either side except the bare rocks and cliffs. Then it crosses, and winds its way into the valley on the other side; passes through the Teikhell gold quartz district, on over a great divide to where lie the famous Copper River and vast agricultural lands. Here and there a pack trail or a winter trail branches off to some creek rich in placer gold. Finally it reaches the great Yukon River valley, its terminal, in the Golden Heart of Alaska.

Today this road is maintained by the government at an enormous annual expense. Means of travel have developed from the dog teams and pack horses

until now transportation is carried on by automobile just as on any modern road in the States.

Had early pioneers only had such a road in their endeavor to open up this great land of untold wealth and not been forced to pick their own course through and over the great natural barriers; if they had had even an occasional bridge over the rivers and treacherous glacier streams, there never would have been so many of the world's sons who sacrificed all, even life, in the rush for fortune.

But it must be so in all new countries. Some must go first. Some must give their lives that those who follow may meet with prosperity. And indeed these pioneers did give their all. And as one comes upon the spots along the present road where signs remain of the old trails of '98 a deep spirit of thankfulness fills the heart of every true Alaskan. The pioneers are gone but not forgotten. This road of today was made possible by the death-daring men of yesterday.

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## The Fireside

---

The storm of life has taken me  
And I have drifted far  
O'er many a quaint and curious land  
O'er many a harbor bar  
And many a year I've wandered  
Far, far away from home  
And yearned for those still dear to me  
Where e'er I've chanced to roam.

I thought of that little fireside,  
Of my folks collected there  
Of Dad with his dear, old briar pipe,  
And Mother's rocking chair,  
Of brother and sister popping corn  
And Grandma sitting near,—  
I would give the world to be back again  
With those whom I hold dear.

George E. Carey, '24.



## To a Forty-niner

---

“And all fulfilled the vision we  
Who watch and wait will never see.”

Bret Harte “San Francisco, 1850.”



FROM the cold and clammy quarters that obstruct your flesh and bone  
Let your spirit rise and follow,---view a Queen upon her throne.  
We will roam together boldly, for the fog has cleared away;  
Lo! Where Francis' far famed city smiles serenely toward the Bay.

Sand dunes? ha! and shanties? Oh, their day was ended long ago.  
Streets and steely, towering monsters have replaced them all, you know.  
Rocked and razed in 'o6, they say, but her sons were scarcely dazed;  
From the dust and flying ashes, soon her newer form they raised.

Booze, you say? And bars and gun fights, Vigilantes and all that?  
Why, Old Timer, those have vanished with the broad-rimmed Stetson hat.  
Broad-rimmed hat and natty beaver formed the headgear hereabouts?  
What? You miss the roarin' miners and boisterous cowboys' shouts?

Why, all that is dead and buried well nigh fifty full-lived years.  
Handsome dudes and screeching motors now, are all one sees or hears.  
Note that cross up on the hilltop? And the school that's near its brow?  
They're the things that San Francisco loves to boast and point to now.

See that temple reared to Science? See where Arts their charms display?  
Cultured, Erudite and Polished, sits the Guardian of the Bay.  
One thing hasn't changed a trifle,---don't you grieve nor sigh and pine,---  
Her great heart is ever beating, as it did in Forty-nine!

Modern roar and bustle hasn't changed her generous spirit yet.  
The Golden Gate is still as lovely, when the sun begins to set  
Midst the endless colors, gold and bronze, maroon and silver, flung  
From the blood-red disk a-weltering, 'neath a sky with banners hung.

Well! You're going now? And happy at the vision that's fulfilled?  
You've seen and heard---you're satisfied---your very soul's been thrilled?  
Farewell, then, Old Timer. Go and tell your hopeful brothers how  
The Lion's Whelp (They crudely called it) is a Queen of cities now.

MARTIN M. MURPHY '22

# The Story of Manoa

Richard P. Doolan.

“When a star falls she enters into the spirit of a boat.”—Old Hawaiian Legend.



IN 1913, at Newport News, U. S. A., the evening was just born, and out of the bosom of the universe flashed a beautiful star, coming as a meteor from far away Hawaii, leaving behind in its path a scintillating trail of star dust that brightened the entire heavens.

The populace was amazed; men and women affrighted in the villages; the citizens of the larger cities inquired of one another the meaning and scientists were puzzled at the phenomenon; but the people of the Islands knew what had happened, for the spirit of a new boat was floating on the waters of the ocean.

\* \* \* \*

Ka-ne, the second god of the universe, was guardian of all the waters. He foresaw the birth of the raindrop on the crest of the wave, watched it falling in golden showers on the thirsty land, saw it bubbling and dancing in the mountain stream, hastened it onward to the sea in its mad tumbling and racing torrent, and was elated

when it was lost in the myriads of other drops in the vast ocean, for it was there that Ka-ne sported with the swift boats that played on its surface, or being angry, drove them before him with the fury of the gale.

Ka-ne held the waters of life in the hollow of his hand, and when he allowed them to overflow and drop on men, they gave thanks to the beneficent god, for then the fields blossomed, the wauke branched out and the koa hardened; and the Menehunes who were the fairies, and the eepa people who were the goblins and gnomes of the valley, would dance with joy as they saw the waterfalls burst over the rocks and the rainbow form into the magnificent eolors that belonged to the dress of Manoa.

So in Newport News on that eventful night a man went out from the yards of the Newport News Ship Building Company and laid down a line which in time grew to be the keel of the good ship “Manoa”. It was this far-away messenger of Ka-ne that became the spirit of “Manoa”.

A long time ago there was a chief of Maui, who lived at Wailuku, and he had

no mate, for all the noble families were childless. He was in great loneliness. The people of his tribe appealed to the Menehunes, who listened to their plea. The Menehunes came from all sections, and playing in the door-yard of Kalihi in Nuuanu Valley, they crowned the beautiful rainbow princess as queen of the day. As they gamboled and jested, they also listened to the story of the lonely chief in far away Maui. Among the residents of Nuuanu Valley was a poor Hawaiian who numbered among his large family, one daughter, a beautiful girl, whose heart was tenantless, for all the young men of Oahu looked down on her poverty. She moaned aloud in her loneliness, and the gentle princess Manoa was touched by her grief. The Menehunes danced with glee, played shuffle-board and baseball, for these little people were permeated with the spirit of sport. Whenever they came together beneath the flowers of lei ilima and inhaled its perfume, they commenced their games of sport or danced in the moonlight, using its rays for ribbons for their Maypole. So while they were thus busily engaged, the story of the lonely chief was wafted on the breezes through the branches of the ilima, and the Menchunes heard the appeal of the people of Maui. The eepes were playing ten pins, and the ball crashing into the pins would resound through Nuuanu, as peals of thunder, reverberating down the Valley, and ont into Kou (where Honolulu now stands), and frighten the children.

Manoa, the beautiful princess, suddenly made her appearance over the valley pushing aside Ka-wai-a-ke-Akus, the rain cloud, and resting one foot on the house of the poor Hawaiian, bade Ka-iwa-Ka-la-meha, the beautiful bird-like one, to go to the grove of lei ilima.

As soon as the beautiful girl appeared beneath the trees she began to weave a lei, using the flowers of lei ilima, which later became the token of Aloha. To the Menehunes the girl appeared as a messenger from Ka-ne when Manoa presented her to the little people. They were delighted to see her and commented on her beauty. They said as if with one voice "Ka-iwa-Ka-la-meha shall be the bride of the Maui chief." The eepa people asked of Manoa that when the girl should be sent to Maui she should carry with her the spirit of the danee and the spirit of sport.

A messenger was dispatched to the island of Maui and the people told to expect a bride for the chief. To the lonely chief was conveyed the story of the young girl, and his heart was filled with love.

He proclaimed to his people the joyous news, and as his musicians sounded the ukuleles, Ka-ne sent down on the thousands assembled a heavy rain cloud which fell in gentle rain, and as the storm cleared the sun came into view, followed by a superb rain-bow, and dancing down the side appeared Manoa with Ka-iwa-Ka-la-meha. Into his arms rushed the girl and the people approved the union. The following year



passed and there was born to the couple a daughter who was named Manoa, in honor of the rainbow princess, who possessed all the qualities of the beautiful princess combined with the wishes of the little people, the Menehunes and the cepa.

And so the good ship "Manoa" was

named in Newport News, combining all the fruits that the god Ka-ne could bestow, with the grace and beauty of the rainbow princess Manoa, filled to overflowing with the wishes of the Menehunes and the cepa, a shipload of good will, with dancing and many sports.

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## The Smith-Towner Bill

---

John P. Dempsey, '24

First Prize, Oratorical Contest.



THE recent world war upset the existing state of affairs more than all the combined struggles of the past centuries. It exacted a heavy toll from all peoples in money, happiness and life. It managed to embroil all the powers of Europe. It then reached across the broad Atlantic and forced the United States of America into the conflict which was too great for Europe to cope with. But once this country had taken the fatal step all her boundless resources were devoted to the successful termination of the war. Willingly and freely the sovereign states of America gave their

whole-hearted support to Washington. The states of the Pacific slope, although separated from the city on the Potomac by deserts and mountains, were no less loyal than their sister states of the Atlantic seaboard.

Gladly they relinquished their undoubted rights, to the federal Government, to the only government which could handle such a tremendous undertaking. Nor did any loyal citizen complain when the railroads were put under a federal bureau at Washington (as a war time measure, of course), nor did any raise a hue and cry when the institutes of higher learning were utilized for the sake of victory. All agreed that the war could be won only in such a

manner and bore the burden of federal control with good grace.

But now the war is over and those who threatened our integrity are vanquished. The people once more desire to follow their former paths of government without the tedious and irksome dictates of some far distant and unsympathetic person in Washington.

But here they have confronted a formidable obstacle. They find a so-called class of loyal and true Americans who deplore the intellectual standing of our commonwealth, who warn the people of the appalling advance which illiteracy is making in America, who fearfully remind them of this terrible condition although governmental statistics point to a healthy increase in learning for the past 50 years. From the depths of their morbid imaginations they picture forth the calamitous effects of illiteracy upon the peace and prosperity of the nation.

Then, lo and behold! The Smith-Towner bill, the offspring of this nefarious activity is brought forth in Congress before that august assemblage of intellects. A bill which boldly advocates the establishment of a department of public education in Washington, a department with a secretary responsible only to the President; a department for which Messrs Smith and Towner ask Congress to appropriate \$100,000,000 to be used as its secretary deems advisable. Nor is this measure without backing. A powerful and active minority is bending its tireless and relentless endeavors to the ultimate passage of the bill.

Parasitic office seekers see in it an increase of lucrative positions. Socialists exultantly detect in it the dim glimmering of the dawn of their ideal state and advocates of federalism perceive in it the overthrow of the States' last bulwark of defense against federal aggrandizement.

A more un-American measure has never been proposed before Congress or received so much support. Throughout the annals of our history we look in vain for such presumption. No state would delegate a representative to ask for a curtailment of its own inviolate rights solemnly guaranteed by the Constitution. This measure is contrary to the spirit and the letter of that document. It is unparalleled and unprecedented in our Union. It ignores the fundamental principle of the American Union which is the sovereignty of the people.

This movement is detrimental to the welfare of the nation. It will breed an apathetic attitude toward the Constitution which some of our Congressmen would twist and distort for their narrow and selfish interests. Then the keen interest and desire of participation in the government will be removed and the laws, once the voice of the majority, will become the tools of an active and selfish minority.

Imagine, ladies and gentlemen, a plan that would take from one state more advanced materially and intellectually, wealth to be expended upon a state sunk in the mire of poverty and ignorance. You would immediately

see in it an unfair and partisan spirit; a spirit that would militate against the harmonious relations now existing among the several states. Surely the union would not be benefited by robbing one state to defray the expenses of its backward neighbors.

Again let us conjure up in our minds a picture of education as the proponents of federalism would have it. We would see a department in Washington dictating to the states what books must be taught, what professors must be employed or what instructors must be obtained for the inculcation of learning into the children of the kindergarten.

What is this? By Prussianism, Bismarck, that prince of German despots, controlled the German state by controlling its channels of education. And now the emulators of that person would instil and implant a love and ardor for the flag in the breast of every American citizen by taking from him the

rights that he has held since the forming of the Constitution. By taking from him a right which was denied the federal government they would increase the spirit of patriotism!

Oh what injustices may be committed under that name!

Now is the time to strip the mask from these pretenders. Now is the time to show our love and honor for the Constitution by defending it against its defamers. Now is the time to assert our rights which are treated so lightly. Now we should muster our forces and quell the monster that would shackle and bind us. And then, the love and honor due Old Glory,—the flag baptized in the blood of men and tears of women shall burn the brighter and the United States of America—the land of Liberty and Freedom—shall not perish from the face of the earth.



# Lest We Forget

## AN ORATION

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J. E. Becker, '24



WHEN, on November 10, 1918, at about seven o'clock in the evening, orders were transmitted to the entire American Expeditionary Forces that firing should cease the following morning at eleven o'clock, you can better imagine, than I am able to describe, the wild demonstrations of delirious joy that burst forth from those weary, begrimed, horror-sick men of the American Army in France. "The war is over!" That was the hoarse-throated cry of men hysterical with relief from the agony and torment of expectant violent death at any instant.

But is the war over? Is it but a memory with the maimed, the wounded, the disabled, as it is with us? Ah no! To them the conflict will never end until the burial service has been read and taps sounded over the very last of their number. And in the meantime a grave duty is ours. Untold numbers are suffering unspeakable torments from wounds and disease incurred in the defense of their country. When the country called, they gladly went forth to serve it; cheerfully they left all that was dear to them because of their strong faith in the fair promises heard

on every side, promises that the dear ones would be well cared for.

Firm in this conviction, they landed in France. Then began the gruelling life of the campaign. Days of marching with full equipment were theirs, until the packstraps would blister the shoulders, until feet would be bleeding from the chafing of the heavy shoes. And at night, with no beds to rest upon they would spread their blankets upon the rain-sodden earth, grateful that the day's labor was ended. Yes, they were grateful for a chance to lie in the mud and puddles of France, for the mud was at least soft and yielding and would not bruise nerves and muscles already raw and sore with the colossal labors of the day. And this did not happen occasionally, but was an every day occurrence.

And what was it that sustained the spirit of these men to endure all this?

The war aims of this country were much too vague in the minds of the common soldiers to give them the moral strength to bear such hardships smilingly, uncomplainingly. Every individual man over there had an ideal. His country was in danger. His country was not the 110,000,000 of people in the United States; it was his wife, mother,



sweetheart or sister. The women of his acquaintance might become the victims of a brutal soldiery as happened in the occupied areas of France; of a horrible soldiery, because victory had given them an arrogant assurance of authority that apparently placed them above the answering to any power, divine or human, moral or physical. Secure in this false assurance a victorious soldiery spared neither age nor sex in venting their idea of retaliation for the dangers and hardships they had undergone.

Like a noble forest of pines and evergreens, that exist only upon the heights, we men of America conceived our womanhood. We conceived them elevated above others by the sacrifices of their forbears, by the privations of the Revolution, by the hardships of the Civil War, by the heroically endured sufferings of the pioneers; we conceived them existing only upon these heights of nobility, darkened and saddened in this hour of national trial, like the pines in winter, yet then possessing their greatest beauty because crowned with heaven's purest gift. We conceived their virtues like the snow, sparkling and scintillating and throwing out a thousand colors, softly, gently, unconsciously dropping upon the wayfarer among the pines and so beautifying him. Thus never in fair weather did womanly virtues so resplendently shine forth, never so softly, gently, unconsciously affect us and force us to be better men. To keep the savage, de-

structive, fearful and appalling spectre of the forest-fire of a victorious soldiery from this beautiful reality was the pervading, dominating, impelling force that enabled those weary men to struggle day after day with their heavy burdens, that carried them upon the battle-field, that sustained them in the trenches knee-deep in filth, scurried over by rats when trying to rest; that strengthened them when dearest friends were blown to atoms at their very side; aye, that sent them into the very depths of the awful agonies and excruciating torments of horrible wounds and death.

Thousands of these men are among us today, helpless and suffering because they have served their country. Where are all the fair promises heard on every side when they left? Where the aid and consolation so liberally bespoken? True, the government has the War Risk Insurance, the Vocational Training Board and the Public Health Service to look after the wants of these men.

Yet what are the facts? How do these bureaus function? Clarence Gleason, totally disabled, never received a cent of compensation from the day of his discharge on July 3rd until the day of his death in November, 1919. He died in poverty, railing against the government. John Murray was wounded in October, 1918, and discharged in July, 1919, after his right leg had been amputated at the hip, and when suffering from tuberculosis contracted in

the service. He was granted full compensation on a total temporary basis. In November, '19, this was reduced to a 60% basis, without any reason being alleged for the reduction. After violent protest, this was again raised to a total temporary rating. After repeated efforts, Murray was finally adjudged wholly and permanently disabled, though he never received a cent on this basis. On April 10 the War Risk Insurance was telegraphed that "Murray had received no compensation for the last two months. Please expedite checks so that he can sign them before he dies." Murray died six days later. The checks arrived six days after his death. James A. Day claimed compensation and died eight months later waiting for it. John Claude Kellar, totally disabled, claimed full disability pay, and was allowed half. After spending a year in various hospitals he went personally to plead his cause at the office of the War Risk Insurance. There he was seized with a pulmonary hemorrhage and died on the floor of the office before he could even voice his plea. In this case the government, after deliberating a year, admitted its mistake, but too late to even tell Kellar about it.

The instances I have given are taken from American Legion authorities quoted in a recent number of the Literary Digest.

But why need I go so far afield for

concrete examples of government neglect? You all know much better than I the sad case of one of your own citizens who was provoked to self-destruction by this criminal inefficiency. The district around here abounds with similar cases, as the American Legion of San Jose can well inform you.

These men are dying day by day, the victims of the combination of bad laws, inadequate facilities, technicalities, red tape and inefficiency that marks the government's care of the disabled.

You, ladies and gentlemen, have given generously for the alleviation of this misery, and your help is squandered by careless bureaus. You have given of the best fruits of your labors, and through your lack of further interest, the disabled do not receive them. The American Legion is fighting tooth and nail for a betterment of these conditions, for the fulfillment of the promises made, and have so far failed owing to the indifference of the public. Implore, demand, force your representatives to discharge the honorable duty to the disabled, that it may not be said, in withering contempt and scorn, that the best nation on earth is guilty of the capital crime of neglecting those who have given of their very bodies that we may enjoy the innumerable blessings that are assured to us in virtue of victorious American participation in the War.

## Land of the Future, Hail!

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Y the shores of the sullen Pacific  
Is a Land that is new and well known.  
Do you ask what the Future holds for us  
When the strength of Our Land is full blown?

Our forests are straight and primeval  
Our mountains are deep-veined with gold,  
Our people are young and are active  
Our people are young and are bold.

Our harbors invite the Far Eastlands  
Our coffers to fill with their spoils,  
The future smiles on the workman  
And the heart of a Nation that toils.

On the shores of the mighty Pacific  
A Giant is rising in Power  
He asks of the Future no questions  
But steadily looks to His Hour.

EDWIN E. DRISCOLL, '24

# Open on Sunday

James A. Toner '24.



ON this particular afternoon a crowd had arrayed itself around one of the piers along the San Francisco waterfront. There was nothing very unusual taking place. One of the Mikado S. S. Co.'s liners was leaving for the Orient. It lacked but ten minutes of starting time. Taxicabs were arriving with that air of hurry which seems to show how many consider half the fun of traveling to lie in the uncertainty of being on time. A group of half-clad urehins, papers under their arms, were playing pitch and toss for coppers; several bulky "baggage-smashers" were making fast work of the few remaining suit cases; a couple of newlyweds mounted the gangplank just as it was being taken up; the steam whistle screamed goodbye, and the Nippon Maru was on its way to the land of the Rising Sun.

Passengers lined the decks and eagerly drank in the view that was changing every moment. On the eastern shore of the bay, through a thin blue haze, a low range of mountains appeared. Out from the shore the course is changed and the rugged, green hills of Marin county rise up. The pilot veers a bit

to port and the Gate has been entered. Rapidly the winding waters glide by. A solemn stillness has crept over all. Every eye is fixed upon one object, every mind intent upon one thought. There upon the many hills in the glory of the afternoon sun it lies, the historical, the romantic center of Far Western life. And every heart seems to sway with the spirit of the lines.

"Serene, indifferent of Fate,  
Thou sittest beside the Golden Gate."

One by one the passengers drift below to prepare themselves for the trip ahead. After the Farallones have been passed and the sun is a lurid mass on the not far off horizon Captain Koreama, attired in his nattiest uniform appears on the bridge. The few passengers who are lingering about study "the skipper." In height he is very much like the Jap we are accustomed to see every day. Taking off his cap to wipe his beaded brow, for it has been a true summer's afternoon, a crop of neatly trimmed, jet black hair is revealed. His face was hard to analyze. It was, like all of its kind, a mask to the inner man. In itself the face was inclined to be moon-shaped but possibly this feature was only pronounced by the oval eyes and the penciled eye-



brows. A keen observer might say that the fixed expression of the mouth indicated steadfast determination. In short his features blended so as to give one the impression that the man could meet any ordeal with his face veiled by a smile.

A clanging of bells sent everyone scrambling for the dining-room—that is, all but the unfortunate few who were already suffering from “*mal de mer*,” as they say in France. Knowing from past experience that it would be the height of recklessness for me to entertain any idea of taking a meal the first night at sea I was quite content to roam about the first-class deck. The evening was immense, calm and quiet, with a cool breeze to exalt the spirits. Coming aft I encountered a Deck Officer and thereby hangs a tale. Like the rest of the crew he, too, was a Jap, but bear in mind that an officer on such a liner is an intelligent person, in many cases a college graduate, educated for the most part in some American institution.

Mr. Hayakawa belonged to this class. From the start he impressed me as being different from any Jap I had ever met. Instead of being quiet and sly, he was just the opposite and a person was at once drawn to him. We immediately formed quite an acquaintance and it was no time before I knew most of his life's history. He had been raised in California, his folks having come to the State when he was a mere infant. For the better part of an hour he kept

me interested with tales of the sea, and to say the least the stories were truly fascinating. Of an observing nature and with a retentive memory every little detail of a narrative was brought to the surface. I honestly envied his command of the English language and anxious to have him continue, I asked about the list of passengers. A new avenue of conversation was opened. To begin with they had a theatrical company of some sixty persons who were going to tour the Orient. Then there was an old friend of his, a Colonel Gardner, U. S. A., who was bound for the Philippines where he was to take over a new post. Besides these there was a prominent Bishop, who with his wife and a party of friends, was going to Japan to study social conditions. My story centers around these and it is needless to describe several other whom he mentioned.

Remembering that I had left my traveling grips in one of the side rooms down below I excused myself, not without first promising to meet him at eight, at which time he was relieved from watch. Upon entering the parlor my gaze rested on a tall, straight figure in olive drab. I recognized the Colonel. His hair was grey and except for a tinge of red his mustache was of the same color. A small, mixed group was about him and as he wished to make some particular point, his heavy fist thumped the table, while a mild morsel of profanity dropped from his lips. In another corner of the parlor

I noticed the Bishop and the rest of the party. From all appearances they were greatly perturbed over something pertaining to the Army man, for every few moments they would raise their heads and peer at the Colonel with a look of mingled pity and chagrin.

When the Deck Officer was relieved he joined me and we chatted pleasantly till around nine o'clock. I invited him to have some refreshments and we left the room. The bar-room was doing a rushing business. For once the three mile limit had been reached the best kind of liquors could be had. At present it seemed as though the theatrical troupe was trying to buy out the saloon. We had not been there more than ten minutes when the Colonel sauntered in, quenched his thirst with a whiskey and soda and began to talk. "I've just been talking to the Bishop's wife and she claims they're going to force the Skipper to close the bar next Sunday." A little fellow who had imbibed muchly of high calibre liquor bawled out: "It's up to you, Colonel, to see that the bar's left open Sunday and remember we're all behind you." This speech met with cheers from all present and in a fit of joyfulness the corpulent Jewish manager of the show cried: "Drinks for the house on me, Mr. Bartender." No one's surprise hindered him from accepting. The strenuous day soon won me to my state room and a much needed sleep.

After breakfast next morning I strolled into the smoking room to enjoy

a mild Havana. Colonel Gardner was seated at one end of a long table with followers flocked about him. The scene reminded me of a picture I had once seen of the President and his Cabinet in session at the White House. Trouble was brewing and everyone was on a tirade against Captain Koreama. Listening to their broken talk I made out that the Captain had compromised himself. He had told the Colonel the bar would be open on Sunday and inside of half an hour he told the Bishop it would be closed. They finally broke up after concluding that the best plan was to have the Army officer go to the Captain of the liner once more.

Several card games were started and the morning wore on. On my way to the dining room I met my Japanese acquaintance and told him about the feud aboard. He thought it a good joke and laughed heartily with a merry twinkle in his brown eye. The time spent at table could hardly be called pleasant. The wets were not able to refrain from casting distrustful glances at the Captain. And when an anti-pro-eye started throwing verbal tomahawks at all persons who were so inconsiderate about the rights of others as to even stop them from drinking, the dries pretended not to hear, although they all took on a very ruddy complexion.

In like manner the days passed. We had left San Francisco on a Monday and it was now Saturday. The fight for liberty, as many chose to term the affair, had dragged along without

either side sure of victory. Although divided as they were on one issue, they harmoniously agreed that Captain Koreama was the most unscrupulous liar they had ever before encountered. The wicked scoundrel had contradicted himself five times in as many days. First he would tell Colonel Gardner that on Sunday the bar would remain open; when questioned by the leader of the opposition he would answer in an even voice that it would be closed. But being under a dark cloud did not hinder Koreama from promenading the deck and gracing either faction with the most gracious of bows and smiles.

A queer feeling crept over everyone in the living room that evening when Captain Koreama briskly stepped in. Both sides were assembled and open hostilities might break out at any time. Several of the "Open Sunday" party whispered among themselves. An ultimatum was decided on. Gardner strutted up to the Jap and in a voice audible, addressed the Captain: "In voicing for the sixth time the desire of the majority of first and second class passengers on this liner, I ask that the bar remain open tomorrow. Before making any rash decision remember that the wish of the majority must be respected." Without so much as even flinching an eyelash Koreama replied decisively: "Colonel, have I not told you several times that tomorrow the bar will be open, and as the Commander of this steamer my word is not to be doubted." The Colonel started as if to

make a reply, but checked himself and turning around walked over to his colleagues. Then the Captain was accosted by the Bishop in a sonorous tone: "Good evening, Captain. I merely want to remind you of your promise to close the bar on the Sabbath." The Captain flashing his fine white teeth in a fatuous smile, replied: "I want you to understand, my good man, that I am not in the habit of forgetting promises, and if tomorrow is Sunday the bar-room will be closed." With an air of satisfaction the Bishop returned to his wife and friends.

The Colonel and his followers also heard and were at a loss to know how to act. Someone suggested that they adjourn to the bar for private conference and his suggestion was immediately acted upon. When they had left I tried to fathom the Japanese officer. There he stood, the captain of a large steamer, publicly contradicting himself. I went to my friend, the Deck Officer, for an explanation. He seemed more like an American than a Jap. Instead of any kind of a direct answer he resorted to the evasiveness natural to his race and told me to restrain my curiosity. Far from being satisfied I went to the bar to hear the wets talk. I was just in time to hear one fellow address Gardner: "Come on, Colonel, and we'll drink the place out tonight, what do you say?" "I say this, my friend," responded the Colonel: "If any of you get drunk tonight, they should close the saloon tomorrow." He paused a

moment. "I am not fighting for an open bar tomorrow," he continued, "because I am a heavy drinker, but because it hurts me to see the personal rights of a majority being taken away by a narrow-minded minority." The men were unanimous in avowing that they would act like gentlemen but claimed they would raise an awful complaint if the bar was closed.

At the other end of the vessel the Bishop and his party were congratulating one another on the victory.

That night after all the passengers had retired, the officers' quarters was the scene of much rivalry. Koreama and the other officers not on duty, were drinking and laughing. I overheard my friend saying, "Who would care to be an American if they are all as stupid as these passengers?" His remark was greeted by cheers from the others. Many such remarks were passed and likewise applauded. This was kept up till the early hours of the morning, and when the party finally broke up all were in high spirits.

I arose at ten the next morning and

went at once to the bar anxious to know which party had scored. To my surprise the saloon was open and the bartenders were rushed to wait on the thirsty. Shortly after I had entered, the Bishop, his wife and all their party appeared at the door and demanded an explanation. Koreama, coming from nowhere in particular, appeared in the midst. Bishop Smith spoke: "I detest a liar. Why did you tell me this place would be closed on the Sabbath?" The crowd, which included most of the passengers and many of the Jap crew, formed in a circle about the Bishop and Captain Koreama. The Jap's face flushed slightly, but he controlled himself and replied, coldly.

"At two o'clock this morning we crossed the International Date Line, and so dropped a day. This is Monday morning. Next Sunday we'll be in Yokohama."

The satisfaction of one group and the sorrow of the other was tempered by the thought that this wily brown man had kept Americans fighting for a week over something that was not to take place.





## I Saw

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SAW in a dream, a Nation,  
A Nation---proud and strong,  
And she wielded a mailed gauntlet  
And a saber, bloody and long.

And lo! as I looked at the saber  
Held warningly over the land,  
I saw a little baby  
And a kind, age-worn old man.

They were walking along together  
Peacefully, hand in hand,  
And the little babe was laughing  
And chatting with the man.

Then I saw the saber quiver---  
It was held by an eager hand;  
With two quick thrusts it killed the babe---  
With a third it killed the man.

Then I heard a fiendish laughing  
While a voice said "Might makes Right:"  
And---I looked at the bleeding victims,  
And I saw a Nation's plight.

LESLIE J. SMITH, '24

# Kevin Gerard Barry, Patriot

Edmund J. Kenney, '22



ON Friday evening, April 8th, a branch of the American Association for the Recognition of the Irish Republic was formed at Santa Clara. Its official title is "Kevin Barry Branch No. 155". It is my purpose to tell briefly who Barry was.

I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness in the preparation of this article to "America", New York.

Kevin Gerard Barry was born in Dublin, January 2, 1902, on the feast of the great soldier martyr, St. Sebastian. During his early youth he attended the convent school of his locality as well as the national school of Rathvilly, where he remained for three years. In 1914 he returned with his parents to Dublin and became a student at St. Mary's College conducted by the Fathers of the Holy Spirit. He remained here until 1916, when the great atrocities of Easter Week left an impression on his youthful mind which later years failed to erase. It was during the Summer of this year that his one determination seemed to take root. Henceforth his great ideal was to play his part in the remaking of his beloved Ireland.

At the opening of the Fall Semester, Kevin became a student at the Jesuit College of Belvidere, Dublin. Here he remained until 1919, passing in his examinations with not a little distinction and winning a scholarship in the National University.

One of his teachers writes of him:

"His masters all held Kevin in high esteem. Seldom has a gentler, kinder or more devoted boy passed through Belvidere. He was loved by his class fellows. There was a kindly smile always on his face, and a good humored remark was ever ready. He possessed a keen sense of humor which never left him even after weeks of imprisonment. A splendid athlete, he was always most devoted to the college games, and was organizing secretary of games during the season 1918-19. None could play a more strenuous game than Kevin and few could accept hard kicks in such a sporting spirit as he did. His school fellows have only the kindest remembrances of him, and speak of him with tears in their eyes."

After deciding to become a student of the medical department of the University, he entered into his work with a new vigor and determination. His ever present thought was that his im-

mediate efforts were put forth in seed time, a time of strife and oppression for his own dear land, and that they would find their reaping time only in the future that events would reveal. Very seldom did his companions realize his eagerness to stake his life for his country's freedom.

In order to judge Kevin Barry rightly it is well to keep some things in mind. The first is that the majority of the Irish people consider that a state of war exists between England and the Republic of Ireland. The second is that the British Crown Forces have been guilty of the most incredible crimes, sanctioned or connived at by the British authorities. This is done in a country which does not admit the right of England to rule her in an orderly manner, let alone by violence.

"The Irish Volunteers" or "The Irish Republican Army", to which Barry belonged, is thus described by Alice Stopford Green, widow of John Richard Green, the author of "A History of the English People".

"It would be hard to find in any country a body of men equal to the Irish Volunteers. Sober, self-respecting, upright, they give the unique spectacle of an army of revolutionaries protecting life and property, maintaining the only law and order that now exists in Ireland, suppressing burglary and crime, doing equal justice in their courts to Protestant and Catholic, landowner, policemen, Republican and Unionist. \* \* \* Men of peculiar gen-

teness, they have courage as to past and future ordeals of pain of mind and body. \* \* \*

Being a stalwart youth and athletic, Barry joined the Irish Volunteers. His enrollment in the ranks of those sturdy patriots saw a desire fulfilled, which, while still a boy, he ardently craved to accomplish. His enlistment was in name only, for, while yet a student at Belvidere, he found an opportunity for action. Unfortunately, his first encounter was destined to be his last.

One morning, in September of 1920, he was with an armed party which attacked a British escort in Dublin. The purpose of the attack appears to have been to disarm the escort. During the scuffle, Kevin Barry was captured. To the British authorities it is a technical offence for an Irishman to engage in any encounter with the R. I. C. During the melee one British soldier was killed and two wounded. All the volunteers, therefore, who took part were made accomplices in "murder".

Barry was tried by a court-martial under the "Act for the Restoration of Order in Ireland". The charge was that he took part in the attack, and was armed with an automatic pistol. As a soldier had been killed by a bullet from a weapon of the same caliber as his own, he was guilty even though his pistol had not been discharged. He was condemned to be hanged and the sentence was executed within a few days.

Reading of the unjust trial of Kevin

Barry, the Rev. C. W. Scott Moncrieff, an English clergyman, rector of Whitechurch, Edgware, near London, courageously says: "The Irish will think that the execution was hurried on to get Barry out of the way as quickly as possible, both to anticipate any agitation for a reprieve, and to make impossible any real inquiry into the torture. Are we to understand then that Sir Hamar does not care what the Irish think, that he discards all appeals to reason and good-will, that force alone is to be the method of his rule. If so, there is no true man who will not be saying beneath his breath, if not aloud, 'Stick to it, Ireland.'"

And again a member of the English Bar says: "It was not my privilege (I use the word very deliberately) to know Kevin Barry; but my friends know him, and I know his school and the teaching he got there, and for this reason I attach, perhaps, more importance than an English reader would to a document solemnly sworn to under such conditions. I can best express my feelings by saying, not that I believe his allegations to be true, but that I know them to be true."

Many descriptions of the torture of Kevin Barry have been given, but it is only in justice to this great patriot and martyr that we here give, in part, his own solemn declaration, made prior to his execution.

"About a quarter of an hour after I was placed in the defaulter's room two commissioned officers came in. They

both belonged to the First Lancashire Fusiliers. They were accompanied by three sergeants of the same unit. A military policeman who had been in the room since I entered remained. One of the officers asked my name, which I gave. He then asked for the names of my companions in the raid or attack. I refused to give them. He tried to persuade me to give the names and I persisted in refusing. He then sent a sergeant out of the room for a bayonet. When it was brought in the sergeant was ordered by the same officer to point the bayonet at my stomach. The same questions as to the names and addresses of my companions was repeated with the same result. The sergeant was then ordered to turn my face to the wall and point the bayonet at my back. I was so turned. The sergeant then said he would run the bayonet into me if I did not tell. The bayonet was then removed and I was turned around again. The same officer then said to me that if I persisted in my attitude he would turn me out to the men in the barrack square, and he supposed that I knew what that meant with the men in their present temper. I said nothing. He ordered the sergeants to put me face down on the floor and twist my arm. I was pushed down on the floor after my handcuffs were removed by the sergeant who went for the bayonet. While I lay on the floor one of the sergeants knelt on the small of my back, the other two placed one foot each on my back and left shoulder, and the man



who knelt on me twisted my right arm, holding it by the wrist with one hand while he held my hair with the other to pull back my head. The arm was twisted from the elbow joint. This continued, to the best of my judgment, for about five minutes. It was very painful. The first officer was standing by my feet and the officer who accompanied him was still present. During the twisting of my arm the first officer continued to question me as to the names and addresses of my companions, and also asked me for the name of the company commander and any other officer I knew. As I still persisted in refusing to answer these questions I was allowed to get up and I was again handcuffed. A civilian came in and he repeated the questions with the same result. He informed me that if I gave all the information I knew I could get off. I was then left in the company of the military policeman; the two officers, the three sergeants, and the civilian leaving together. I was visited by the court-martial officer last night and he read for me the confirmation of the sentence of death by hanging, to be executed on Monday next, and I make this solemn declaration conscientiously, believing same to be true. Mountjoy prison, in the county and city of Dublin, 28th day of October, 1920."

When considering the torture which he had gone through, Kevin expected nothing but death, and this he awaited with the utmost calm and cheerfulness. He spoke smilingly of his fate

and sent happy messages to his comrades of the Medical School. "Live for the ideal," said he, "for which I am about to die." He took leave of his mother in the eve of All Saints day, and then prepared himself for his last struggle. Such heroic mothers can nowhere be found but in that strife-ridden country of martyrs. Truly may the mother of this giant of patriotism repeat the words attributed to her in verse in "The Laurel", a college contemporary.

"I have no one but you in the whole world wide;

Yet, false to your pledge, you'd ne'er stand at my side.

If a traitor you lived, you'd be farther away

From my heart, than if true, you were wrapt in the clay.

Oh! Deeper and darker the morning would be

For your falsehood so base, than your death proud and free,

Yet dearer, far dearer than ever to me, My darling, you'd be in the brave gallows tree."

On the day of the execution, the great feast of All Saints, he arose at 6 a. m. Two chaplains came to the death cell where Kevin was now confined. Two Masses were said at the altar which Kevin had erected, and the youthful prisoner served them both. He received Holy Communion at the first Mass and offered the second as an act

of thanksgiving. Little did he know that thousands were gathering outside the prison walls, offering up prayers and reciting the rosary aloud.

With Mass finished, Kevin had but a few short moments to live. At eight o'clock the official arrived with the hangman. Calmly and with ease, Kevin arose, and, with the two priests and the officials, walked to the place of execution. Of those last moments on earth of Kevin Barry, A. Hilliard Atteridge says:

"One wishes Kevin Barry in his last moments on earth could have heard the sound of all this prayer rolling in over the prison walls. But he was not brought out into the open air. A short way from the condemned cell the procession to death entered a room on the second story. There was a trap door in the floor and above a noose hanging from the ceiling. Kevin had walked firmly, answering the prayers of the Litany recited by the priests. He now took his place on the trap door, praying quietly, invoking the names of Jesus and Mary, and according to one narrative, Blessed Oliver Plunkett. The executioners pinioned his arms, adjusted the rope, and the trap fell, giving a

long drop and instantaneous death. It was announced to those outside by a last stroke of the bell as the clock pointed to eight."

"Among those who knelt outside the prison wall was his mother, a woman worthy of such a son. To those who condoled with her she answered that she needed no sympathy, she was proud that her son had died for Ireland. Later in the day his sister spoke of his bright and happy character that made him everyone's friend, and added: 'He is gone to a greater, nobler reward than any of us can expect. We feel, but we do not regret his death.' While Ireland has such heroic women she will have heroic sons."

The execution of Kevin Barry has not put a check on the valor and bravery of the Irish patriots. It merely served as an impetus and inspiration for the thousands of young Irishmen over the entire world. The last testament of Barry will ever ring in the minds of Irish youth. The remembrance of such a heroic and stainless life will be a constant reminder of his message to his fellow students: "Live for the ideal for which I am about to die."



# The Redwood

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SANTA CLARA

The object of The Redwood is to gather together what is best in the literary work of the students, to record University doings and to knit closely the hearts of the boys of the present and the past

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## EDITORIAL

### Cardinal Gibbons

Of the many qualities which made Cardinal Gibbons one of America's first citizens there was none more striking than his great all-pervading love—love for his God, love for his country, and love for his fellow man. For sixty years as parish priest, then as bishop, archbishop, and cardinal, he

never lost sight of the fact that he was Christ's humble ambassador and that the honors and power and influence that were his in more or less abundance all through his career were worth while only in so far as they gave better opportunity to serve Him to whose cause he had dedicated his life.

With Cardinal Gibbons love of coun-

try was a passion. He loved her institutions and ideals with a love as deep rooted and firm as the rock upon which his Mother Church was built. His last written article was in defense of the Constitution.

"As the years go by I am more than ever convinced that the constitution of the United States is the greatest instrument of government that ever issued from the hand of man," he wrote, and all through his life he vigorously defended the fundamental principles upon which it is based. He believed that under our form of government the Church had the best opportunity to perform Her divine mission unhampered by the restrictions, privileges and favors of the European systems. Ever loyal to the Church he was yet perhaps the most whole-hearted, enthusiastic, active and aggressive soldier of liberty in the United States. He saw his country pass through the agony of the Civil War, he saw her defeat the power of Spain, he saw her emerge triumphant from the World War, and though his heart bled at the sight of the slaughter, when his country had once entered into struggle, he ever counseled the use of stern force until victory was won. If there be any normal person now living who maintains that a man cannot be at once a good Catholic and a good citizen, let him be answered as seems fit. One of the best answers is Cardinal Gibbons.

But it was in his relations with his fellow man that the great American Cardinal made most manifest the simple

unaffected tenderness of his heart. In the humbler days of his life as parish priest and missionary he lived among the poor, teaching school, catechizing, riding on horseback to attend sick calls at all hours of the day and night, performing all the disagreeable tasks incident to the lowly station. His zeal, his kindness, his democracy, his noble humanitarianism soon brought him the love of his parishioners and superiors and this, coupled with his unusual ability, won for him the archiepiscopal see of Baltimore. Here for fifty-two years he used the influence which this high position gave him to do great things for God, country and fellowman. With ceaseless vigor and untiring energy he dedicated his every moment to doing good. He took an active interest in the welfare of the working classes and the manner in which his name is revered speaks volumes for what he accomplished. He likewise took a special interest in the young. A few months before his death he gave an interview to a prominent newspaper man in which he told the young men of the country to expect great things of America. "Say to your young men for me: 'Be tolerant. Forget the prejudices that separate you from other men and remember the great common ties that bind us all together as children of God traveling the road of Life together.'"

That his love was reciprocated by those with whom he came into contact is evidenced by the several hundred thousand who solemnly marched past



his bier as he lay in state in the cathedral in which his frail figure and kindly face had seemed to have grown into a part of the very surroundings.

And now that he has departed from the world which his patient, generous, unselfish and sincere love made nobler and better, we have this consolation, that the Author of all Love will not forget to reward his faithful servant for his countless works of charity. For it was Christ himself who said, "Whatsoever ye do unto the least of these in my name, ye do it unto Me."

#### **Chesterton And Ireland**

"The argument I have used comes back with prodigious and redoubled force after hearing anything of American opinion; the argument that the only reasonable or reputable excuse for the English, is the excuse of a patriotic sense of peril and that the unionist, if he must be a unionist, should use that and no other. When the unionist has said that he dare not let loose against himself a captive he has so cruelly wronged, he has said all that he has to say, all that he will ever have to say. He is like a man who has sent a virile and rather vindictive rival unjustly to penal servitude and who connives at the continuance of the sentence \* \* \* because he is afraid of what the convict will do when he comes out of prison."

Thus does the brilliant Chesterton give us a new angle on a question that is seven centuries old. We have been

told at times that England crushed down her neighbor because of religious prejudice and because she wanted her crops and cattle and gold, and for a dozen other similar reasons. But it took the great English master of paradox to say fearlessly that the real reason for the crushing process is that England fears a free Ireland. The writer then in a forceful way brings out his point by examples from other parts of the world tending to show that those of Irish descent have at least their share of ability and readily show it both in America and in Dominions of the Empire. England fears that once Ireland were put on an equal basis with the rest of the Empire Irish statesmen and politicians would very soon be ruling the Empire upon whose flag the sun never sets.

Another timeworn idea that Chesterton attacks with his usual fearless virility is the small nationality phase of this question.

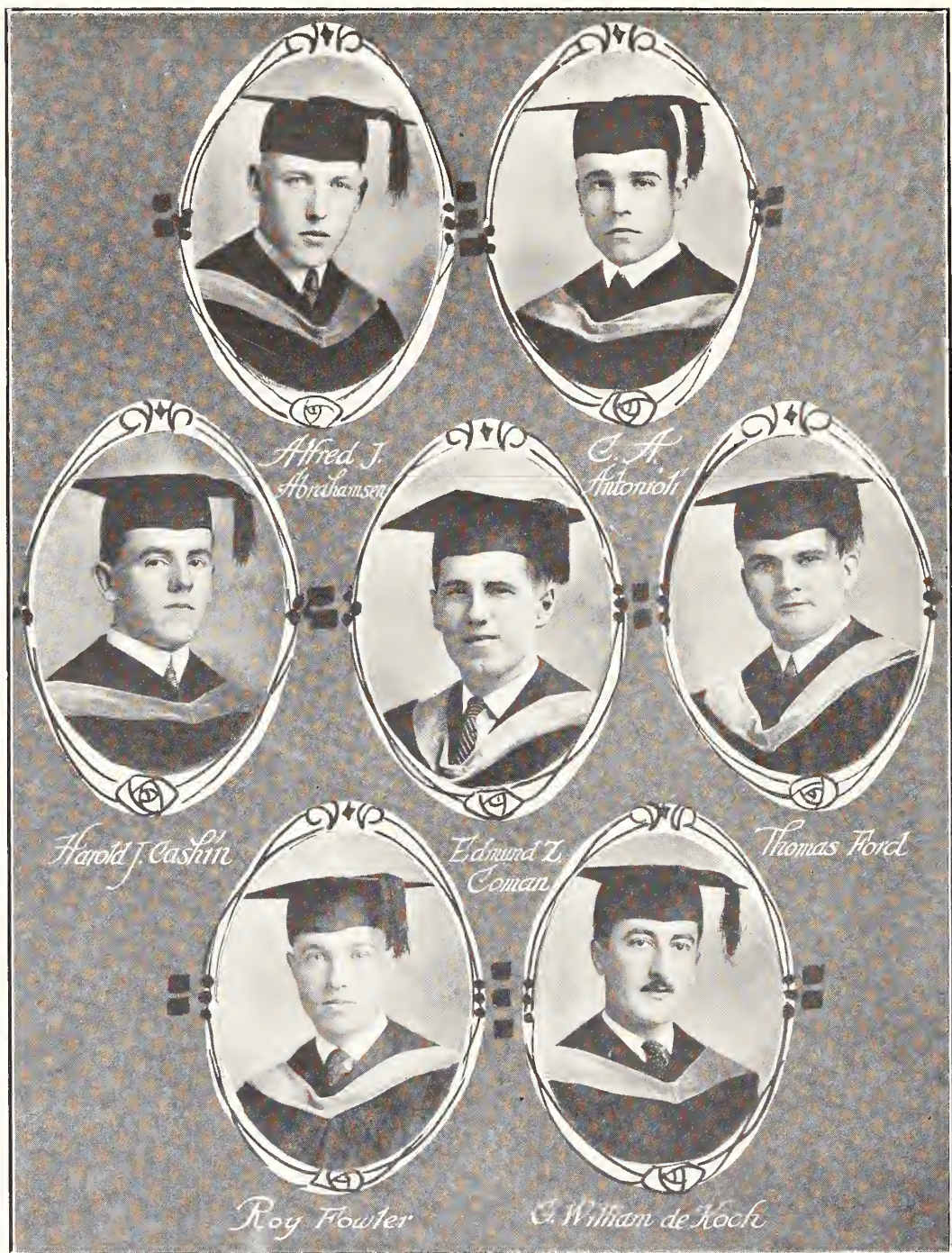
"People talk about the hypocrisy of England in dealing with a small nationality when she is really dealing with a very large nationality. She is dealing with a nationality that often threatens even numerically, to dominate all other nationalities of the United States.

"The Irish are not decaying; they are not impracticable; they are scarcely even scattered; they are not even poor."

That Great Britain fears Ireland because she is too big and the Irish are







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too intelligent is rather shocking to people who can never get out of the rut which current propaganda allows them to glide into, but a little pondering over the two ideas which the original and thought-provoking Englishman adduces in his article should convince them that at least there is something to reflect on in what he says.

He does not rant or tear his hair nor wax bitter over the bullying tactics employed by his country. He simply casts aside all the time honored "thoughts" on the subject and predicates the very human element of fear as the cause of this historical injustice. And in view of the fact that England has at her helm one of the craftiest leaders that the modern world has produced, might not the flimsy arguments with which he attempts to justify his action be mere masks behind which he cloaks the real reason for the commission of the greatest ostensible blunder in his career as prime minister?

#### **Athletic Situation**

Considerable comment has been caused and continues far and wide regarding Santa Clara's immediate future in athletics. On April 2, a report of Santa Clara's withdrawal from athletic competition was printed in one of the San Francisco papers and readily taken up in many other papers here and elsewhere.

Reports and rumors were rife for a week and then on April 7, Rev. T. L. Murphy, S. J., President of the Uni-

versity, issued the following official statement.

"A good deal of rumor, report and unauthorized quotation has appeared in the public press during the last few days regarding the athletic situation at the University of Santa Clara.

In justice to the reading public and myself the real ease should be known.

The decision is not shrouded in "mystery." To him who runs and reads the case is very simple.

Intercollegiate athletics have reached a point where undue prominence is demanded. A great amount of time and thought is required for conferences, rules and schedules. This tends to minimize the real purpose for which a student enters an institution of learning. Serious application thus becomes a side show of the main attraction. Adding to this the craving for social life, novelty and excitement prevalent among students generally, we are faced by a problem. Which shall prevail; athletic prowess or class-room effort?

Santa Clara has ever striven for a high standard of scholastic excellence. In order that this high standard might not be lowered I have seen fit to remove what threatened to be a hindrance.

Athletics have not been entirely abandoned. The importance they seem to demand has been denied them.

Studies must come first. Athletics at best are only of secondary importance.

It is true that some of our best play-



ers have left. The reason for this is, in a majority of the cases, that their study or conduct standards had made their presence undesirable."

No news from Santa Clara in recent years has stirred such widespread interest, occasioned greater expression of approval or disapproval.

Preceding for a moment from the local situation, the question "Which shall prevail, athletic prowess or classroom effort?" raises a point that vitally affects American education. Without doubt there is a tendency among the school world of this country today to accentuate athletics at the expense of the intellectual advancement of the student. No reasonable person maintains that athletics in themselves are bad. It is only when the desire for athletic supremacy overshadows in importance the real end of a university—namely to educate—that such intercollegiate competition becomes an evil.

What serious educator in the United States today but will admit that one of the greatest practical problems in education today, whether in Grammar School, High School, College or University, is the very athletic problem? One phase of it in all institutions of higher learning, from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Georgetown, Notre Dame, Fordham, down to the humblest struggling college, is the tendency toward professionalism or near professionalism in collegiate athletics.

Fr. Murphy's stand has been partly

misunderstood. Those who wish to praise or blame, and there is an abundance in each class, should first study his statement carefully. The future must reveal the actual trend of affairs.

As the case stands at present, President Murphy has announced that, although athletics have not been abandoned at Santa Clara, intercollegiate athletics will have a lesser place, at least for a period of one year, than they have had recently: that the move is being made in an effort to establish a better balance between scholastic and athletic effort.

Secondly, the heavy football schedule planned for next Fall has been dropped. It is not said there will be no football. Nothing is said of baseball nor of basketball.

As for the general stand, there are many who blame Santa Clara's President, many who praise him. Among the latter, is the San Francisco "Leader", which, in an editorial entitled "Athletics vs. Studies" says in part:

"The lad who was left unenthusiastic by the announcement that Father Riard had discovered a new sunspot, but whose pulse rose at the news that Babe Ruth had swatted the ball for another home-run, felt that he and the University and Father Murphy were disgraced forever and a day."

"The dread news filtered to the outside world, and rumor followed fast upon the heels of rumor as to the reason why Santa Clara, which had given

to the world of athletics so many scintillating stars, should be guilty of so traitorous and heretical and unpardonable and non-understandable an act."

But Fr. Murphy, it states, "made a decision that won for him three ringing cheers of approval from the fathers of the students at the historic institution in the Mission town."

### Harold J. Cashin

After having passed through a rather severe illness, Harold Cashin, Editor in Chief of The Redwood, is at present convalescing in San Francisco. The staff takes this occasion to extend to him its sympathy and best wishes for a speedy, complete recovery. Mr. Cashin's absence has been severely felt by The Redwood.

Martin M. Murphy, '22.

## One

In far off cities, large and small,  
In many a foreign land  
I've traveled, and I've met them all,  
The lowly and the grand:

Fond friendships planted everywhere  
And reaped them manifold;  
But somehow do they, now, compare  
With a friend I knew of old?

My thoughts return to things I had,  
Their memories sweetness lend,  
Of college life and one dear lad—  
Who really was a friend.

George E. Carey, '24.

# University Notes



## Dramatics

The first page picture gives an idea of the appearance of the various entrants in the Dramatic Art contest, held early in March and described in the last issue.

One of the judges has written Fr. Murphy a letter, quotations from which will be seen to be in order.

“Permit me to thank you again for the delightful hospitality and really enjoyable evening I passed at Santa Clara last Tuesday. It carried me back to the familiar scenes of long ago, forty years in fact, when I frequently went to Santa Clara to visit my two brothers who were then being educated there.

It will perhaps be of interest to you to tell you something of the deliberations of our judicial body, although in doing so I feel that I am not revealing any secret Star Chamber sessions. If you so choose you may tell the boys what I am now writing you.

In a case of this kind a surer judgment could be made if each contestant had the same selection. Where there is variety, one must estimate the degree of excellence in each separate piece.

It might be said Nolan’s number was simpler than the rest. Perhaps for that

very reason he was able to do it with more brilliancy. We ranked Nolan first for general brilliancy. It might be that in a more difficult piece Nolan would not have done so well. In his selection, he was very graceful, very earnest, with a real, sympathetic quality in all he did; and he moved around with a degree of grace and freedom that made us feel that we could see him do it all over once more.

Individually, my second choice was for Boden. A dialect part is difficult and creates a handicap. It requires skill to overcome this. Boden’s voice, pathos and general action showed him to have a very high degree of dramatic talent.

Emmett Daly was awarded second place. His personal magnetism was in his favor. His number called for a large amount of sympathy and variety of expression. I myself felt that he was rather limited in expression and that he achieved by hard work what would have come naturally to others.

Michael Dunne, who did the “Tell Tale Heart” was very earnest, sincere and realistic. It was an excellent performance, but its excellence was achieved at the cost of other qualities. He

was so tense he hampered himself in movement and diction. I believe Dunne capable of very excellent dramatic expression.

Now as to Michael Pecarovich. In this young man I think you have perhaps the most capable actor who appeared and able to do a greater variety of characters. He has a beautiful voice. To my thinking he erred in trying to show the great variety of emotions of which he is capable. He elaborated his performance so that its directness failed. He was too profuse of gesture and looked too much off stage.

Let me insist in conclusion on the value of this dramatic experience in the education of boys. It teaches them how to bear themselves, gives them grace and poise under embarrassing circumstances. It teaches them how to throw the voice, and not to be afraid of themselves in the presence of others.

There is too little importance placed upon deportment in education. I don't care what a man's calling may be, he ought to know how to stand up and sit down and walk gracefully. Even being a supernumerary on the stage is of value for this."

#### Oratorical Contest

"Ireland for the Irish!" but the judges seemed more deeply concerned that America should have American schools, and accordingly awarded the twenty-five dollar prize to John P. Dempsey for his excellent oration against the Smith-Towner edu-

cational bill. The contest was held in the University Auditorium on April fifth, before a crowded house, which well bespoke the interest these contests arouse among the patrons of university activities. Second place was given to M. H. Robidoux, who chose as the topic for his oration the Indemnity which has been imposed upon Germany, and which he claimed was excessive and liable to plunge Europe into anarchy and disaster if not lessened. Francis O'Shea, who is an Irishman, gave a masterful oration in behalf of the Irish cause, and was interrupted several times in the course of his speech by the applause of the audience. The same speech delivered in Cork would be enough to justify England in the taking of the lives of a score of the sons of Erin. J. E. Becker chose for the topic of his well rendered oration, the debt, as yet not wholly paid, that the United States owes to its soldiers who were wounded or disabled in the late World War. The following men kindly acted as judges in the contest, and also in the junior elocution contest: Judge Edward P. Shortall, Superior Court, San Francisco, chairman; Judge Daniel C. Deasy, Superior Court, San Francisco; E. K. Johnson, Editor, San Jose Mercury-Herald; R. B. Leland, Principal, San Jose High School; and Judge Charles A. Thompson of Santa Clara.

The Junior Elocution contest was won by Albert D. Halloran, who gave an excellent rendition of "The Level



Crossing''. The second prize in this contest was awarded to Louis de Leuze, who gave "Poor Little Joe" in a very touching and realistic manner. The two prizes were purses of fifteen and ten dollars. Other members of the Preparatory Department who were entered in the contest, and the selections which they rendered were as follows: "Jean Desprez", E. J. Twomey; "The Old Man and Jim", F. E. Cotter; "Smiting the Rock", J. A. Shechan; "Incentive to Patriotism", J. M. Burnett; "Song of the Market Place", R. H. Haviside; "The Lost Word", J. B. Martin, Jr.

### Irish Rally

On the evening of April the eighth the Student Body gave a huge demonstration in the University Auditorium as a fitting celebration of their advent into the American Association for the Recognition of the Irish Republic. The inauguration of the Kevin Barry Branch No. 155 was accompanied by an unusually fine program, made up of the following numbers:

Introductory.....Rev. Fr. Murphy, S. J.  
 "We Ourselves", a drama of the present time, among the hills of Tara, consisting of three acts, and played by the following cast:  
 Jerry O'Callaghan .....Emmett Daly  
 Larry Ryan .....Arthur J. Saxe  
 Myles O'Malia .....James B. Comer  
 Paddy Nolan .....Michael C. Dunne  
 Jack Riley .....Francis E. Smith  
 Sergeant Bullman.....George W. Ryan

Constable O'Connell.....John M. Jackson  
 Tommy McDonald.....Robert E. Shields  
 Mickey Dolan.....Delwin A. Brunetti

The Irish Volunteer Army: Floyd Regan, Francis O'Shea, Louis Lettunich, E. E. Driscoll, R. Driscoll, J. Dempsey, J. O'Brien, H. Maloney, R. McCauley, H. Robidoux, J. M. Murphy, M. Dunne, F. Smith, A. Saxe, E. Daly, J. Comer.

America's Obligation.....Geo. A. Nicholson  
 Santa Clara and Ireland.....

.....Charles R. Boden  
 The Star Spangled Banner.....

.....Student Body  
 Declaration of Independence .....

.....James B. O'Connor  
 Soldiers of Erin.....Student Body  
 "The Cause".....Rev. P. C. Yorke  
 Santa Clara Anthem.....Student Body

An exceedingly large crowd was in attendance, and the two hundred subscriptions from the Student Body gave evidence that the University of Santa Clara is heart and soul behind this deserving cause. The address of Father Yorke, who was the speaker of the evening, was highly appreciated by the audience.

In his introductory remarks Fr. Murphy said the question might be asked why an American university teaching Americanism and patriotism second only to love of God, should be championing the cause of Ireland. One of the principles upon which this Government is founded, he stated, is that the consent of the governed is required to give power to the government of any land. If this principle is not safe then the

government of America based upon this principle cannot endure.

Fr. Yorke in opening said: "I think I owe you an apology for daring to come at the end of this entertainment and to deaden your spirits with a sermon after you have seen on the stage what no words could describe."

He insisted that the present movement in Ireland is a young man's movement and has centered in the Universities.

He then presented Ireland's cause in his usual forceful manner, without forgetting to sprinkle all with Irish wit and humor.

**Senate** During the past month the nights upon which the Senate holds its regular meetings have been taken up for the most part with entertainments at which the entire student body have been in attendance, and as a consequence few meetings have been held. The Ryland team, however, is presumably working diligently in order that the Senate may be well represented in the coming debate with the House. They feel that they are somewhat handicapped, but promise that they will do all in their power to uphold the honor of the Senate.

**The House** The past month proved to be one of the busiest of the semester for members of the House of Philhistorians. Besides the customary weekly meetings a

number of outside affairs commanded the attention of the representatives.

Irish night on April 8 gave the House a chance to utilize some of the oratorical and dramatic training received during the weekly debates. It is a fact worth noting that every player in the splendid three-act play, "We Ourselves", was a member of the House along with all the officers of Kevin Barry Branch of the American Association for the Recognition of the Irish Republic. The House wishes to express its thanks to Fr. Sullivan for his invaluable aid and timely suggestions in preparing and staging the play. It is certainly a fitting tribute to his ability and to the acting of the members of the cast to have had Fr. Yorke pass such high praise on the production as he did. There is a strong possibility that the drama will be reproduced in San Francisco.

The House once again appeared before the public on April 6, this time for the entertainment of the Knights of Columbus of that city. Due to the good offices of John J. Jones and Grand Knight Victor Chargin, the Knights invited the House to send over six speakers to debate a question of the day. The question was, "Resolved, That the United States should recognize the Soviet Government of Russia". The victorious side proved to be the affirmative which consisted of James M. Connors, Charles R. Boden, and Charles F. Daly, while the negative was made up of Cornelius C. Noble, George

W. Ryan and Arthur J. Saxe. Charles R. Boden was named the best speaker, and Charles F. Daly second. The judges were James P. Sex, Thomas Monahan, former mayor of San Jose; Richard V. Bressani, George A. Prindle, Frank W. Hogan. The House wishes to thank Father Sullivan and Mr. Bassett for the assistance rendered in preparing the debate.

The membership was again honored on April 12, when six representatives were chosen to speak for the Irish Relief Fund in the different theatres of San Jose. The members were well received by the large audiences which they addressed and were highly complimented by the drive committee. The speakers were John M. Jackson, Edmund J. Kenney, James B. Comer, J. Francis O'Shea, Emmett Daly and Charles R. Boden.

Three members, Richard A. Duff, Francis E. Emith, and John B. O'Brien, have been picked to stage a trial debate with the Junior Dramatic Society on the Philippine question. The J. D. S. has a debate scheduled with San Jose High School for the near future and the trial debate was arranged in order to help prepare the speakers for the interscholastic contest.

A number of new members have joined our ranks during the past month. They are H. J. Miller, R. G. Wilkins, R.

E. Shields, L. J. Smith, J. F. Regan, E. E. Driscoll, R. Driscoll, G. Truman, and R. E. McCauley.

Arrangements for the House Medley and Banquet are under way.

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**J. D. S.** Two high class debates are now in course of preparation: One with San Jose High School; the other an Intra-Society Prize Debate.

In early May we clash with San Jose High on the question, "Resolved, That the United States should recognize the Independence of the Philippine Islands during the present administration". Messrs. Lloyd Nolan, William Crutchett and John Burnett with Louis Geoghegan as alternate, will uphold the affirmative side of the question. A record crowd is expected to attend.

After the above debate two other teams will meet for a prize of \$10. This will mark the final contest of the season. The successful competitors are Messrs. Collins, Del Mutulo, G. Geoghegan, Brescia, Koch and Malley. The chosen question reads: "Resolved, That circumstantial evidence is not sufficient to justify the death penalty."

This Prize Debate terminates the debating year. In the next issue of The Redwood we hope to give an account of a banquet, the details of which are being now planned.

Thomas Crowe, '22.

## Law Notes

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### SANTA CLARA LAW ASSOCIATION

As Spring is that period of the year when everything sprouts forth, blossoms, and grows, and the things that once manifested no signs of sensibility or cognition are, by the laws of Nature, ushered forth into a life that charms and pleases, so Spring has had its influence with the staid and sturdy traditions that have so long hung their dark and drapping folds about our Law Department, and where once complacent monotony was the order of the day, now youth and novelty hold sway.

On March 21, last, Santa Clara was blessed, and a new page was added to its annals with a new organization known as and called the "Santa Clara Law Association", which includes all the law students that have attended this Institution since the Law Department was established. The event was epoch making; the occasion was awe-inspiring; and the time was most appropriate and propitious. Certainly, nothing has happened with a more promising significance since the moon of Julius Caesar first floated over the pale Umbrian hills. Recurring once more to the simile, we are pleased to observe that there can only be life and growth where there is the presence of pollen and the ovules that later cause the delicate, scented petals to unfold, that cover our valley with a snowy

blanket of blossoms, and that paint our hills in all the varied colors of the spectrum and then, as if to give the scene a finishing touch of heaven, the hills are tipped with gold dust from countless yellow petals, so unsatisfied does Nature seem with the simple functions of flowers, that with a dexterous hand, she sprinkles them about as the seasoning of the season. So it was with our student population here. Everything was at hand but the enchanting touch of an organization that would make Santa Clara's Law School and its graduates better known and appreciated.

Just to indicate how serious law students may metamorphose themselves and become conscious of the great task to which they have dedicated themselves, the assembled members of the Law Department proceeded to elect officers to carry out its aims and objects. The result was as follows:

For President, Henry C. Veit.

For Vice President, Louis J. Trabueo.

For Secretary, Peter F. Morettini.

For Treasurer, Tullio A. Argenti.

For Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas J. Moroney.

On April 14th, last, another meeting was held for the purpose of formulating plans for what is to be an annual grand ball and entertainment. The



members have decided that nothing less than a complete high class formal affair will be in keeping with the spirit of the occasion and on an equal with the lofty aims and ideals of the Association. To say that it will be a success is to put it prosaically; but until a future date, we will refrain from saying anything more, for in the language of St. Thomas Aquinas, where facts end, imagination begins.

### ENGAGEMENT

Likewise, synonymous with the coming of Spring, comes the announcement that Demetrio Diaz has decorated the lily fingers of a certain lady of this vicinity with a most beautiful engagement ring, and is already on his first lap of the journey through life where two heads are better than one. Of course, Mr. Diaz felt somewhat put back when Mr. Eugene R. Jaeger essayed the same step on a certain beautiful evening last June. But now since they are both riding in the same boat there should be no cause for any further irritating misapprehensions. The date of the final disenfranchisement,

however, has not been announced in either case.

Only a few days ago Mr. Diaz left for Mexico, after taking the admirable precaution of becoming an American citizen, bona fide and completely. After a few month's sojourn in that land he intends to return and make further preparations and final arrangements—Quien sabe?

### NEW DEPUTY

The County Recorder's office of Santa Clara county has recently welcomed to its staff a new deputy in the person of James B. O'Connor, our athletic manager for the past several years. Mr. O'Connor's figure makes a very impressive appearance at the post of duty, and all the business transactions of a legal nature which take place in our county, whether liens, mortgages, deeds of trust, notices of attachment, deeds, etc., find a careful consideration in his hands. The law department is indeed well represented by students filling responsible positions and certainly reflects credit on the class and on the school in general.

Peter F. Morettini, Law '21.

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## Engineering Notes

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Saturday's meeting brought the society together for another very interesting program.

We might say Mr. Schurman of the

Byron-Jackson Company of San Francisco allowed us the pleasure of hearing one of the most enjoyable lectures of the year.

Mr. Schurman, besides being the consulting hydro-electrician of the Company, is one of the foremost consulting engineers of the country, so we were, indeed, right fortunate in having him with us.

We are all quite well acquainted with the word "Irrigation." In fact during the last few years when old man Pluvius seemed to have forgotten how to shed tears of moisture on this land of ours, irrigation became a topic of general conversation.

Irrigation is probably just a little less old than creation. Ancient history tells us the Egyptians irrigated their lands by diverting the waters of the Nile.

Modern history tells us the Egyptians irrigated, but the lack of scientific experimental knowledge ruined their lands by the use of an excess amount of water. As a result we find the uncultivated dead districts of the once fertile lands of the Nile.

But time has passed and with it countless investigations on this very important problem of how much water to supply to the land and just when. Today it seems that after great efforts of the scientist, these questions have been solved. No longer need the tillers of the soil worry about rain for their crops. Science has come to their aid. Modern methods of irrigation supply, where they are installed, exact quantities of water at the exact time that it is needed to assure bumper crops for all.

Of late years irrigation has impressed itself upon the minds of the progressive farmers of America so much that within a few years all the tillable land of the country will be a net work of artificial rain producers.

The Stereoptican slides of most of the important irrigation plants in the West were most interesting. Mr. Schurman, in minute detail explained the working of these plants. The talk was full of valuable information.

It was through Mr. George A. Prindeville of San Jose and Mr. Bilwiller, San Jose representative of the Byron-Jackson Company, that we had the privilege of hearing Mr. Schurman.

G. William de Koch, '21.

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The Engineer's Dance of 1921 is over. Even though we waited until 9:30 for the arrival of a certain prominent member of the entertainment committee, whose tardiness it seems was due to a pair of forgotten slippers and also to the fact that another, high in the society's esteem, had unfortunately chosen this night as the one on which to increase his circle of acquaintances;—yet we patiently waited and during the interval our interest did not lag a trifle. And when the enchanting strains of the orchestra commenced, it was but an easy matter to predict that last year's wonderful affair was to be eclipsed in jolly merriment.

Of course it is impossible to mention all the celebrities present. A goodly number of last year's Senior Class at-

tended, and manifested the famous spirit existing between the active members and the Society's alumni. Then there were the chaperons who honored us with their presence. Needless to say we were indeed sorry we could not count among our number Reverend Father Murphy, who was unexpectedly called away. We were immensely pleased to have with us Coach Harmon for whom the Engineers hold a deep regard. And Rumor has it that a tall dark member of the Senior Class whose avowed philosophy aims at batchelordom, startled us completely by appearing in the company of a charming young lady. Of course we don't know, but, from what we saw!—

The room was decorated right simply with pennants of red and white, with the society's immense plaque commanding particular attention. The crowd of happy couples radiated the spirit for which the Engineers are proudly famous.

Then we enjoyed the Engineer's special, a combined fox trot and waltz. It was one of those moonlight affairs.

Three small "spots" winked at us. One flooded the plaque with beaming light and the others streamed about among the dancers. The orchestra seemed to catch the spirit of the dance and played tricky music, while all softly glided to the dreamy rhythm of the waltz. Applause was voluminous—and only the approach of the 'witching' hour curtailed the number of encores. Our feature attempt was appreciated. All agree that the dance was a success.

The society wishes to congratulate the entertainment committee who "knew how" to stage the affair. The committee—Dan Minahan, chairman; Joe Byrne, electrician; Tom Bannan, secretary and treasurer; Gunlek Abrahamsen, publicity and decorations. The committee as well as the society, gratefully thank the patrons and patronesses who so kindly acted for us:

Dean and Mrs. George L. Sullivan  
 Prof. and Mrs. William D. Lotz  
 Prof. and Mrs. A. O. Evans  
 Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Fatjo  
 Mr. and Mrs. David M. Burnett.

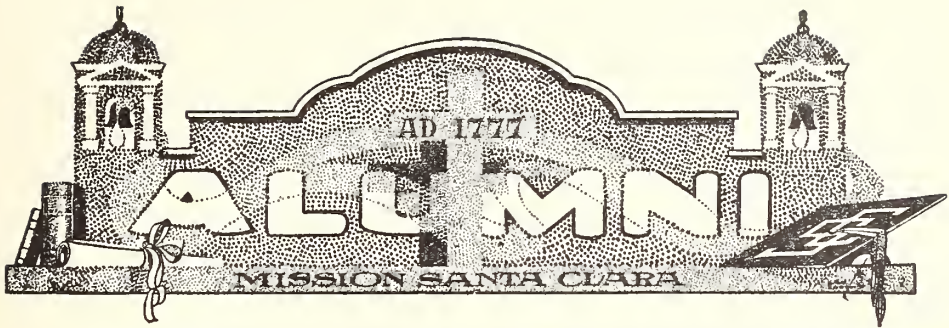
Alfred J. Abrahamsen, '21.

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### On Seeing Geraniums on a Trash Heap

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I've often noticed, past and present,  
 Up and down and here and there,  
 That the rubbish runs to beauty  
 Out beneath this Western air.



### Fr. Ricard

Plans for commemorat- ing the golden jubilee of Father Jerome S. Rieard, S. J., on May 30, have been formulated by the Alumni Association of the University of Santa Clara.

Fifty years a member of the Jesuit order, "The Parde of the Rains" on Decoration Day will be feted and honored in an all-day program at the University where he has beecome famed not only as a priest, but as a foreeaster of weather. The program will be under the direction of the Alumni Association, of which Chauncey F. Tramutolo, prominent San Franeiseo attorney, is president. The celebration will eom- mence with an open air mass on the Campus, at whieh Father Rieard will be celebrant, and Archbishop Edward J. Hanna of San Franeiseo will deliver the sermon. Following the mass a re- ception will be held, at which the veter- an scientist will greet members of the Alumni Association and the public. Athletic eontests, including a baseball game between two teams pieked from among the Alumni, will be held along with a traek and field meet in the aft-

ernoon. In the evening Father Rieard will be the guest of honor at the annual Alumni Banquet.

Among the speakers will be Arch- bishop Edward J. Hanna of San Fran- ciseo; Joseph Scott of Los Angeles; James Smith, former Governor-General of the Philippines; John J. Barrett; Father Timothy L. Murphy, S. J., President of the University; James A. Baeigalupi, and other men of promi- nence. William F. Humphrey, Park Commissioner of San Franeiseo and president of the Olympie Club, will act as toastmaster.

### PROGRAM FOR FR. RICARD'S CEL- EBRATION

11:00—Pontifical High Mass, Open Air, Fathers' Garden, Fr. Rieard cele- brant, Archbishop Hanna will deliver the sermon, also present Bishops Keane and Grace of Sacramento, Bishop Glass of Salt Lake and Bishop Cantwell of Los Angeles. Mass Deacons, Frs. Fleming and O'Connell.

2:30—Athletic and aviation events. Two baseball teams made up of former stars of Santa Clara Varsities. These teams are under the echarge of Joe



"Sneeze" Aurecochea. Mike Brown, '09, has secured a corps of old Santa Clara men who were in the aviation service, who will fly over the grounds in the afternoon and evening.

6:00—There will be a business meeting of the Alumni Association, at which the officers for the coming year will be elected and the general purposes of the organization outlined.

7:00—Open air Alumni Banquet in the Fathers' Garden. \$3.50 a plate covers everything.

Minimum crowd of purely old Santa Clarans and a few of the honorary members that are banked on being present is 500.

9:00—Corps of aviators will fly in illuminated planes over the banquet tables.

Essential thing is the banquet that night. Plan to make it the greatest home coming of old students in the history of the University.

San Francisco crowd is most anxious that Los Angeles Alumni be represented by a huge delegation. They suggest an automobile excursion and if they will let us know we will try and have the San Luis Obispo crowd put them up for one night on their first leg of the journey. Many plan to return a day previous to the celebration so as once more they may have the opportunity to sleep in the old dormitory, which will be left open for their disposal.

Duffy, who in conjunction with Ryan handled the illuminating of the Exposition Grounds, San Francisco World Fair, and who also arranges

lighting for the Bohemian Night Plays, will have charge of illuminating the garden where the banquet will be held. Needless to say from his past achievements a pleasant surprise is in store for those who will be present.

Scherzer, '12, Detels, '12, and Merle, '06, are in charge of the entertainment for the evening. The banquet will close with singing from at least 500 old students; while Brown's aviators in illuminated planes will circle overhead.

BOOST! BOOST! AND STILL  
BOOST!

Get the Los Angeles crowd out strong. Every club is to be represented by a large gathering, and remember that at this affair such a thing as money will not be asked for.

In connection with this affair the San Francisco and San Jose Clubs are meeting every week, with the purpose to further preparations, and cause the news to be disseminated to all members. To those who will be able to attend: Will they please inform Alumni Lodge at University before May 25th at the latest.

#### **San Francisco Club**

On March the twenty-ninth this club held a banquet at Marquard's with the purpose of outlining the celebration for Father Ricard's Jubilee and the Alumni Banquet. At this gathering Father Murphy, President of the University, gave his official sanction of the affair. This banquet was given in honor of Mr. William F. Humphrey.

The principal remarks of the day

were made by Mr. Otto D. Stoesser, who is president of the Santa Cruz County Club. In an eloquent manner he outlined the advantages to be derived from an Alumni Association. His remarks made such an impression that those present requested they be put in print and distributed throughout the organization.

The substance of his remarks follows:

An institution is not its buildings nor its beautiful grounds and gardens. These are impressive external elements. They are admired and remarked upon and pride is taken in them. But the buildings shall crumble and this magnificence lie in dust. They are the body of an institution.

An institution is its soul and is great as this soul is great. Its greatness is based upon the greatness and the abiding character of the truths and principles which are instilled into the minds of the young who attend it.

An institution is its faculty. The centers of learning which have come down to us, have not come down to us in the material form of their buildings but in the mental form of the minds who taught there, whose thoughts have been caught up and perpetuated for the ennobling of future generations. Take Aristotle and Plato.

And as a great artist takes pride in the work of his hands, so the faculty of an institution takes pride in its Alumni who are an honor to it.

An institution has a right to share

in the honor of its sons and to see them gathered together in a union that is great and strong, by which they may perpetuate the influence of their schooling and individually be of untold moral and material assistance to one another. Let this last point be stressed, and means perfected by which such mutual assistance may be made actual and practical.

At this same gathering Mr. McGarry from the Columbia Theatre addressed the men upon the subject of the Irish relief drive.

Those who were present are: Fr. Murphy, S. J., President of the University, Fr. Laherty, S. J., from St. Ignatius, San Francisco; Fr. Ryan, S. J., Moderator of the Alumni Association; Chauncey F. Tramutolo, '12, President Alumni Association; A. T. Leonard, Jr., M. D., '10, Vice President Alumni Association; Murray Mallon, '06, R. B. McDonald, R. W. Kearney, '10, Frank J. Blake, '11, W. B. Hirst, '10, Wm. J. Kieferdorf, '00, L. V. Degnan, '03, Thomas F. Feeney, '04, Raine Bennett, '10, Robert E. Jeffries, '12, Martin P. Detels, '12, J. I. Bradley, '87, R.M. F. Soto, '76, John P. Foley, '09, George Meyerle, Jr., Clair Nolan, Dr. L. D. Powell, Dr. Fred Hoedt, '12, Joseph T. McDevitt, '86, Harry A. McKenzie, '08, F. R. Orella, M.D., '89, Charles Austin, Maurice T. Dooling, Jr., '09, Clay M. Green, '69, Arthur E. Navlet, ex-'17, Richard N. Eisert, '21, A.B. Canelo, Jr., '15, Harold Kelly, John H. Riordan, '05, Frank T. O'Neill, '18, Wm. S. Mul-

doon, '20, Ervin S. Best, '12, and Otto D. Stoesser, '87, President of Santa Cruz County Club.

#### April 12

At this luncheon, held at Tait's, San Francisco, twelve were present. These twelve composed the leaders of the subcommittees working in connection with "Ric's" celebration and the Annual Banquet.

The meeting was called by Chauncey F. Tramutolo, '12, President of the Alumni Association. Those representing the sub-committees present are: George L. Woolrich, '86, A. T. Leonard, Jr., M. D., '10; Dan Tadich, '11, Tom Feeney, '04, Adolph Canelo, Jr., '15, Arthur E. Navlet, '17, Raine Bennett, '10, J. T. McDevitt, '86, John Collins, '04, Martin P. Detels, '12, Michael F. Brown, '09, Martin V. Merle, '06.

#### San Jose Club

This club is holding meetings weekly on Tuesdays, at various cafes. The purpose is to further formulate plans for Father Ricard's celebration and Annual Banquet.

In this branch twenty-five captains have been selected and each of these men is to be responsible for the presence of at least twenty-five others at the Banquet. A similar procedure is to be followed out in all the other clubs.

The Alumni of Santa Clara County are also making arrangements to have a booth at the St. Ignatius May Carnival, to be held at the Civic Audito-

rium in San Francisco between May 16th and 23rd. At this booth are to be displayed exhibits from the Chamber of Commerce, Fruit and Apricot Growers' Association, and also from the different canneries of Santa Clara County.

Efforts are also being made to further correct and add to lists of members to disseminate information on the purposes of the organization.

#### Santa Cruz County Club

The work so far accomplished by this club is to further enlarge its membership. Its members though have been very active in lending their time and energy to complete plans for "Ric's" day.

The next meeting of the club will be on May the twenty-eighth. Those who are now listed as members of the Santa Cruz County Club are: Otto D. Stoesser, '87, president; Eugene Kelly, '93, secretary; Edward Kelly, '94; George Kennedy, '96; J. P. Nugent, '97; J. W. Tulloch, '70; James A. Hall, '73; Geo. Freiermuth, '17; Edward Sheehy, '97; Gerald Sheehy, '17; Kenneth Sheehy, '18; J. E. Leonard, Thomas Caddy. The above are from Watsonville. The following from Santa Cruz: J. H. Leonard, M. J. Leonard, '17; Dr. Todd, '13.

#### Marin County

On Thursday, April the seventh, Fr. Ryan, S. J., Moderator of the Alumni Association, journeyed through Marin county, stopping at such places

as Richmond, San Rafael, Santa Rosa and Petaluma.

His purpose was to come in contact with a number of Santa Clarans in those parts.

Plans have been formulated for the establishment of an Alumni Club in this County. Wherever Fr. Ryan went he encountered Santa Clara spirit and judging from the reception given him, the plans for this county ought to end in a most healthy reality.

While on this trip he met such Santa Clara men as: Fr. Fleming, pastor at San Rafael; Dr. Connell of San Rafael; Frank A. Myers of Petaluma, S. J. Maggetti, Petaluma, Neg Donovan of Santa Rosa, and Reginald Archbald of Santa Rosa.

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Reminiscences of Santa Clara and the House of Philhistorians of the years 1891-2-3 were recently given the editor of this department by Mr. James P. Sex, an attorney of prominence of San Jose, who was at that time a member of the House.

In those good old days the spirit of the campus was always at a high pitch and the debating societies were very noted for the oratory displayed. To be a member of either the Senate or the House was indeed quite an honor, and required a good deal of initiative and character, as the standard was most high.

The debates were very hot and acrimonious and Fr. Mulligan, who was

then Speaker of the House, had quite an ordeal in keeping the representatives in a subdued atmosphere. Fr. Mulligan though himself was quite a disciplinarian and a debater of fame, and thus many hot arguments were settled in a quiet manner.

In 1892 a delegation from St. Ignatius of San Francisco enrolled at Santa Clara and became members of the House.

A very interesting result was considerable argument as to the relative merits of the institutions.

It was either in 1892 or 1893, that in consequence of a canvas of the House, that paraphernalia for the gymnasium was purchased by the organization. A rowing machine, parallel bars, boxing and wrestling equipment were procured.

On one occasion a committee had been appointed to hang up some pictures, and inadvertently placed them upside down. Among the pictures was one of Fr. Edmund J. Young. At the next meeting the men on the committee were fined for negligence and disrespect to the organization. The debate that followed was so hot that a settlement could only be had by an appeal to the President, who arbitrated the matter.

The House at this time was composed of about thirty-five members, some of whom were: Jim Nealon, now widely known in baseball circles; Tom Heffernan, celebrated as a movie director; John G. Mott of Dockweiler



and Mott of Los Angeles; E. M. Rea, an attorney in San Jose; Big Jim Leonard of Santa Cruz; James A. Emery, attorney of national reputation in Washington, D. C.; George Knox of the Hibernia Bank in San Francisco; Richard Bliss, George Martin of the Customs House in San Francisco; E. T. Turel in the City Store in San Jose; Mike Steffani of old baseball fame.

Mr. William K. Tuck recently paid his first visit for over forty years. Fr. '82 Menager, Professor of Chemistry, showed the old boy all around the grounds and particularly through his chemical laboratories. Mr. Tuck still remembered many of the old places though most of the buildings were new to him. In his time, the Science building was a fine new structure and the 'stately ship' of our days was one of the main buildings of the College. It was about where Senior Hall now stands. He well remembered the old study halls and had fond recollections of the countless happy hours he spent there with his books. Only they didn't seem so happy then. The old adobe walls and buildings brought up many pleasant memories of the long forgotten days when he had often clambered over those self same walls and roofs in the

darkest hours trying to evade the watchful Padres. Mr. Tuck found many familiar haunts gone, but he was delighted with the wonderful progress now being made around Santa Clara.

Mr. Tuck is a nephew of Mr. Manning, the well known violinist and music teacher of old Santa Clara, and was a great friend of Fr. Cichi and Mr. Quilty, whom he had not seen since college days. He was delighted to see his teacher, Fr. Raggio, once more and the two held a long talk about the past. Mr. Tuck resided in Tonopah for many years and has various interests in oil and mineral fields throughout the Southwest. He brought several valuable ore specimens for Fr. Menager to analyze. As he now resides in Campbell, Mr. Tuck promised to be a frequent visitor.

Arthur Delomey, an old Santa Clara man, visited the '90 University on March 7, for the first time since his graduation. He was accompanied on his visit by his young wife, who was Miss Helen Sullivan of Marysville. Delomey is now a prominent financier of Yuba County. During his school days he gained a reputation for being a fine student and was very popular among his fellows.

John M. Jackson, '23.

Charles F. Daly, '24.



### **The Prospector**

Within our range of vision reposes the literary output of Mount St. Charles College, Helena, Montana. "The Prospector" offers a field of varied gems from sparkling verse to matters out-and-out philosophical. "Across the Sands," in nine charming stanzas, is a splendid achievement with its vivid imaginative portrayal of man's journey through life under the form of the caravan floundering through the uncertain desert with death always stalking in its wake.

Partaking of an unusual but somewhat insipid plot, the short story "The Singular Genius of Galbreth" promises to engage our deepest sympathy, but the promise is unfulfilled when the pathos is permitted to become abortive.

The philosophical thesis "Theistic and Atheistic Evolution" is argumentatively complete and written convincingly, whilst "Friendship" is a timely appeal in these turbulent days when "Scrambling Haste" seems bent on forcing old-fashioned virtues into ill repute. We only regret that the essayist might not have momentarily forsaken the ideal friendship and in a

practical way told us where friendship begins and ends.

The editorial columns are replete with bright articles. Especially worthy of mention is "New But Old," which accentuates the importance of guarding American education and sounds a tocsin to awaken us to the dangers concealed in the Smith-Towner Bill.

### **The Fordham Monthly**

"The Fordham Monthly," (Fordham University, N. Y.,) is in all outward aspects invitingly attractive and one is amply repaid for lingering sufficiently long to delve into its contents where much charm awaits discovery between its pretentious covers.

"Patience", a fine bit of verse, is in our humble estimation, the crowning feature of some remarkably brilliant literary efforts. In fine allegorical style and well adapted rhythm we are given to glimpse into a life of misfortune and sorrow from whose fatal round sunshine is exempt. A perusal of these lines will not fail to arouse pensive and gratifying reflections to soothe and please the meditative mind. "Yours" and "To You", both love ly-

ries, warmed by earnest passion, are such that their quality and beauty of expression cannot be lost in the light of "Patience".

"The Blind Goddess", unfolding a tale of the ever enigmatic and wily Chinese, is told in a straightforward, graphic manner. Another short story, "The Fatal Twelve", is shallow of plot, but attended with excellent smoothness of transition, a highly essential requisite often found wanting in the short story. "The Case of John Keats" exceeds our anticipations inasmuch as it is not only a biographical sketch, but likewise an impartial review and description of the poetical fruits of the irreverent English poet. It is pleasantly different from the usual "groovesome" form we have been coerced to follow by a thousand and one pens.

We looked to the editorial department to furnish the single needed morsel to complete a perfectly balanced collegiate magazine, but disappointment confronted us.

### The Williams Graphic

"The Williams Graphic", taking its name from the College whence it hails, equals the most distinguished collegiate publication, not only in dignity and choice of subjects, but in the novelty of its differentiating features. What, we ask, could be more novel than a photographic staff? The result in its March number is no less than sixty photographs and "snaps", many of which are stories in themselves.

"The Unregenerated Generation," a masterful article, serves as an open gate to matters prosaie, poetical, descriptive and athletic, as well as travelogues, a 'who's who,' a book review and an essay on poetry. Prescinding from comment meritorious or otherwise as to the situation involved in the first named (which we hope is less acute than presented), we nevertheless, at that risk of being branded "intruders-in-family-affairs", cannot do less than express our appreciation of the able manner in which the writer has frankly portrayed his profound convictions. He has made his whole-hearted spirit the measure of his sincerity and the signifi- cance of his contentions, which almost to a challenge, is unequivocally and inexorably to the point.

In part he says: "Can culture result from a condition which does not allow leisure to indulge intellectual curiosity or creation?—true culture is the result of free will, not a product of forced marches through text books,—Culture and enthusiasm are inseparable; enthusiasm and routine are incompatible."

The lady is no stranger around whom the short story "The Smutable Feminine" centers. Her subtle character has been put into words that convey a picture either corresponding to one now clearly in mind, or beckons a sacred memory from the dimming past, depending on whether we look through the eyes of inexperienced dreamy youth or the burnt lashes of a passe game. The story is crammed full of life and pro-

gressive action, and best of all it is short so that the conclusion is reached without doubtful digressions.

Crowding the pedestal base for "first honors" is the "The Jade Vase," with its splendid surprise plot which flashes its startling conclusion on us in a trice.

Then there is "Perils Connected With Faut D'Argent". Anyone who read this fast-moving little yarn can scarcely wonder why we old-fashioned mortals blushed for our sex when the introductory paragraphs unfolded themselves. An out-and-out original plot is offered and is not hard to analyze in its breezy, felicitous manner of execution.

We only regret that space will not permit us to reprint the poem "Myth From the Persian", in its entirety, for it is wonderfully worth while. The concluding lines are:

"Oh, even the plans of the Gods go astray

When Love takes a turn at the wheel,  
Puts his careless pink hands to the  
moist potter's clay

Lays a kiss on the lips for a seal—"

"Not Yet" shares the tardy emotions of the versifier with us and causes us to comment that if "Not Yet" were a ship on the seas of uncertainty, the skipper would have plenty of company, who, too, are "not yet's". What can be plainer than this?

"And yet I cannot play with love; let  
be,—

O Love, how long? Why dost thou  
tarry so?

With the aura of the East pervading

its dreamy lines "Oriental" vivifies the phantom-like desert in all its mystic charm and enchantry. Imagination is given free rein and is alluringly and harmoniously expressed.

The opening words of "Our West Indian Possessions" seem to say "Come with me to the Virgin Islands". This descriptive account is so well and appealingly written that one must lack imagination indeed if unable to fancy himself one of the party. Realistic motion pictures and the intimate impressions of the writer who has acquired the happy faculty of continually linking the past with the present, are spread before us.

Williams College has established a high standard in collegiate literature.

### The Memorare

Next to engage our attention is one of the later arrivals, "The Memorare" from faraway Nova Scotia. Being from Mount St. Bernard College for young women we had a vague, fleeting notion that its procrastination might be the resultant of the feminine system of keeping "mere men" forever waiting on their own sweet wills. However, when our dormant geographical knowledge asserted itself and reminded us that Nova Scotia is "quite a look" from California, we were, figuratively speaking, on bended knees with an apology framed on our lips.

Curiosity took us from a perusal of the contents to "Gossip" whereupon the opened page revealed an essay



twinkling with subdued humor and much previously untold truth.

"Social Uplifters" is the heaviest undertaking attempted and success accompanies the endeavor to point out a profitable lesson and holds aloft a hand of inhibition to the ultra wise.

"The Irish Literary Revival," a refreshing historical account, carries us back to the early Irish lords.

"The Prophecy" and "The Mottled Stone" are short stories. The former involves a dream with the old-fashioned lovers' quarrel, but arrives at a happy conclusion. The latter is mediocre of plot, but faultlessly narrated.

"Whistling" is the best of three poetical offerings and while flat and even unpoetical in places is attended with glowing earnestness and suggests scenes that invite retrospection.

The fifth stanza is typical of the whole.

"There's the whistle of the wind round  
the corners of the house,  
There's the whistle of the birds by  
day,  
But there's nothing in all the wide,  
wide world,

Like the whistle of a boy at play."

We agree, as stated in "One Crowded Hour", that duty is of paramount importance in the procedure of life, and are reminded that fame is, at best, but a fleeting thing.

Two original departments. "The Weekly Essay", presenting several fine compositions, and "Wise and Otherwise", made up of miscellaneous no-

tions, troubles et cetera, in rhyme, are well conducted.

"The Memorare" is a credit to Mount St. Bernard and reflects the high standard of learning maintained at the institution.

Of our February number "The Pebble" (Little Rock College, Little Rock, Ark.), says:

"Beyond a doubt the best exchange received this month was "The Redwood" from the University of Santa Clara. It is brimming with college news, has interesting stories, well written poetry and the exchange column is very fine. If the paper is a fair example of their activities and they support the others in the same way they do this with as good results, the university must be filled with "peppy" students—students that take an interest in their Alma Mater.

From the minute you take "The Redwood" up to read it, it creates an atmosphere about it, an impression that it is good. And the impression remains even after you have thoroughly perused the magazine. "University Notes" is a column that is interesting even to outsiders. And in the "Exchanges" you have accomplished something a little out of the ordinary as it is filled with criticisms of your own paper that were in other college papers. It is usually pretty hard to get so many favorable criticisms all at once—this proves that "The Redwood" is

a little above the common run of college papers.

"Sal", a humorous story of a dog and Ezekiel Hephzibah is a fine example of what a dog and a negro can do. It is well written as indeed all the articles in this publication are, but as we are situated in the sunny South a good negro story attracted our attention at once, and it stands forcibly out among the other short stories.

We anxiously await the future numbers of your publication. We suggest that you publish in your paper a short history of your college as the story of the activities of any college that can produce as good a magazine as "The

Redwood" must be interesting to every one."

Of our March number  
**The Bulletin** "The Bulletin", San Francisco, says:

"A pleasant surprise to pick up The Redwood, student organ of Santa Clara University, and find a quite enjoyable appreciation of F. Hopkinson Smith, artist, novelist and engineer, by a youthful contributor, Frank J. Maloney, '24. Reminds one that we deserve a good biography of the genial, humorous and brilliant writer who took up the challenge and defied Fate when she "tried to conceal him by calling him Smith."

George D. Pancera, '22.

## The Path of Life

Some know the trail they wish to take,  
And see the pathway clear,  
While others doubt and hesitate  
For fear, for fear, for fear.

Slowly we climb the path of life,  
Each day we're drawing near  
The hour, we must confront the world,  
Strong men, without a fear.

M. Henry Robidoux, '24.

# AP H L E T I C S

## Varsity 5. University of California 10

The Varsity journeyed to Berkeley on March 12th and the Blue and Gold romped off with a victory.

Ragged baseball lost for us. Perhaps it was the inclement weather or the strange grounds, but whatever it was, we did not exhibit the same brand of ball as in our initial game with the Bears on our home lot, when we put up an eleven-inning battle against them.

California started early. In the first, Meyers walked, stole second, and scored when Rowe hit a mean one between first and second. The third inning started the parade for the Bears. They were credited with six hits in this frame, and with three errors made by the guardian of the third sack for the Varsity, the Berkeleyites' side of the scoreboard read seven runs.

The eighth inning was ours. Captain Manelli succeeded in banging one to left that was good for a double, and scored a man who had walked. Manelli went to third on Riley's single and came home on a passed ball by Smith. Morrow threw another away, scoring Riley. Coach Zamloek yanked Morrow, who was replaced on the mound

by Mitchell. The bases were all populated. With two strikes on Bedolla Mahoney was put in as pinch hitter. Mitchell put over a fast high ball across the pan and retired the side.

Although we outhit California and pilfered more bases than the Bruins, we lost by a wide margin, due to the fact that Purdy was not given the best of support. Box score:

### VARSITY

	AB	R	H	SB	PO	A	E
Clark, 2b .....	5	0	2	1	3	2	1
*Bedolla, lf.....	4	0	1	0	3	1	0
Fitzpatrick, c .....	5	0	1	0	3	3	1
Haneberg, 3b .....	4	1	1	1	2	2	3
Manelli, lf .....	4	1	1	1	2	2	3
Riley, ss .....	4	1	2	1	3	1	1
Doyle, 1b .....	3	1	1	1	4	1	2
Patten, rf .....	3	1	1	1	2	0	0
Fawke, rf .....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Purdy, p .....	4	0	1	0	0	1	0
Pecarovich, 1b .....	0	0	0	0	2	0	0

35 5 11 5 24 12 8

\*Mahoney batted for Bedolla in the ninth.

### CALIFORNIA

	AB	R	H	SB	PO	A	E
Meyers, cf .....	4	2	2	1	1	0	0
Hermle, 1b .....	4	1	1	2	9	1	0
G. Makin, ss .....	4	1	1	0	1	1	1
Rowe, rf .....	4	1	1	0	1	0	0
Smith, c .....	4	1	1	0	9	1	0
Douthit, lf .....	5	0	1	0	2	1	0

The game was well played from start to finish.

Riley batted a thousand, getting three out of three. Clark made a triple which scored two runs, and covered his position like a big leaguer. The score:

### VARSITY

AB R H SB PO A E

Fitzpatrick, c	4	1	1	2	3	1	1
Riley, ss	3	1	3	0	3	5	1
Clark, 2b	4	1	1	0	3	5	1
Haneberg, 3b	4	0	1	0	0	1	0
Manelli, cf	4	0	0	0	3	0	0
Bedolla, lf	4	0	1	1	2	1	1
*Doyle, 1b	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Fawke, rf	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Logan, rf	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Berg, p	3	1	0	0	0	4	0

\*Pecanovich batted for Doyle in the ninth inning.

### STANFORD UNIVERSITY

AB R H SB PO A E

Mitchell, 2b	5	2	3	0	4	3	1
Kallam, ss	4	0	0	0	1	3	1
Carver, rf	4	1	1	0	0	0	0
Kline, lf	3	0	1	0	1	0	0
Patterson, 1b	4	0	1	0	11	1	0
Heckendorf, 3b	3	1	0	0	2	2	1
Whalen, cf	3	1	1	0	2	0	0
Bundy, c	3	0	0	0	6	1	0
Draper, p	4	0	1	0	0	1	0

Summary: Three base hits, Clark,

Kline, Whalen. Two base hits, Riley, Kallam. Sacrifice hits, Kallam, Kline

Bundy, Heckendorf. Base on balls, off Berg 1, off Draper 1. Struck out, by Berg 1, by Draper 5. Time of game, 1:55. Umpire, Burnside. Scorer, Mol

len.

Sheehan, 1b	5	0	1	1	1	2
Sheehan, 1b	4	0	0	12	0	0
Compton, rf	4	1	0	2	0	0
Ryan, cf	3	1	1	0	0	0
Ort, ss	4	2	1	0	3	0
Elliot, c	4	0	0	9	1	1
Prough, p	2	1	1	0	2	0
Faeth, p	2	0	1	0	0	1

Totals 35 10 10 27 10 4

Score by innings:

Santa Clara 0 2 0 0 0 1 0 0—3

Base hits 0 1 3 1 0 0 1 0 1—7

Senators 1 1 2 4 0 0 1 1 \*—10

Base hits 1 2 1 4 0 0 1 1 \*—10

Summary: Two runs, 5 hits off

Prough in 5 innings; 1 run, 2 hits off

Faeth in 4 innings. Three base hits—

McGaffigan. Two base hits—Fawke,

Kopp, McGaffigan, Riley. Stolen

bases—Manelli, McGaffigan, Schang,

Sacrifice hits—Kopp, Ryan. Base on

balls—Off Faeth 1, off Berg 2. Struck

out—By Prough 3, by Faeth 6, by Berg

2. Double play—Schang to Sheehan.

Time of game—1:40. Umpire—Bacon.

**Varsity 4**

A fair sized crowd turned out at Palo

Alto on the afternoon of March 23rd to

see the Stanford Varsity and the Red

and White clash in the first of their

three-game series. Stanford got the

game and kept the lead until the eighth

inning.

The eighth stanza was ours. Four

runs were scored off Draper, the Stan-

ford twi-ter, in this frame, and the

score was tied. In their half of the

eight Stanford scored the winning

tally.



Kuntz, p	4	1	2	0	3	0
Pick, 3b	1	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	37	8	15	27	14	2

Score by innings:

Santa Clara	1	2	0	0	0	2	1	1	7
Base hits	1	2	0	1	2	0	2	3	13
Senators	1	5	1	1	0	0	0	0	*—8
Base hits	3	5	1	1	0	2	1	2	*—15

Summary: Four runs 5 hits off Purdy at bat in 1 2-3 innings; four runs ten hits off Pecarovitch at bat in 6 1-3

innings. Three base hits—Riley, Clark. Two base hits—Elliot, Schang, Compton, Manelli. Stolen bases—McGaffigan 2. Mollwitz. Sacrifice hits—Ryan, Schang. Bases on balls—Off Purdy 1. off Pecarovitch 1, off Kuntz 2. Struck out—By Pecarovitch 1, by Kuntz 5. Doubles—Purdy to Orr to Mollwitz. Wild pitches—Purdy 2. Hit by pitcher—Hanaberg. Time of game—1:45. Umpire—Bacon.

## Sunday's Game

## SANTA CLARA

Clark, 2b	5	1	10	2	1	2
Riley, ss	4	0	1	0	1	0
Fitzpatrick, c	4	0	0	3	0	1
Hanaberg, 3b	3	0	0	0	2	3
Manelli, cf	4	0	2	2	0	0
Bedolla, lf	3	0	1	5	0	0
Doyle, 1b	4	0	0	7	0	0
Fawke, rf	4	2	2	2	0	0
Berg, p	3	0	0	1	1	2
*Pecarovitch	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	35	3	7	24	6	5

## SENATORS

McGaffigan, 2b	3	3	2	3	3	0
Kopp, lf	4	2	1	1	0	0
AB R BH PO A E						

In the first game Clark secured five bingles out of as many trips. One of these was a three bagger to deep left that scored Doyle and Patten.

Purdy started to hurl in the first innings, but was taken out on account of wildness. Pecarovitch relieved him and in the six innings he chucked, the Senators were only able to make four runs. We were unable to give the Coast Leaguers much competition in Sunday's contest. Berg and Fitzpatrick formed the battery for the Varsity. The real feature of the game was Fawke's batting, being credited with two solid walllops out of four cantos to the rubber. The box scores:

## SANTA CLARA

Clark, 2b	5	3	5	4	0	1
Riley, ss	5	0	2	1	1	1
Fitzpatrick, c	5	0	1	4	2	0
Hanaberg, 3b	4	1	1	1	2	0
Manelli, cf	5	0	2	3	0	0
Bedolla, lf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Doyle, 1b	3	2	2	10	2	0
Patten, rf	2	1	0	0	0	0
Purdy, p	1	0	0	0	1	0
Pecarovitch, p	3	0	0	0	5	1
Fawke, rf	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	38	7	13	24	13	3

## SENATORS

McGaffigan, 2b	5	2	2	2	1	0
Kopp, lf	5	0	2	2	2	0
Schang, 3b	3	1	1	0	1	0
Mollwitz, 1b	5	2	3	13	0	0
Compton, rf	3	0	2	1	0	0
Ryan, cf	4	0	0	2	0	0
Orr, ss	4	0	0	1	7	0
Elliot, c	4	2	2	6	0	1
AB R BH PO A E						

in the fourth. H. Makin and Twomey of football fame, gathered two hits each. The summary:

# Varsity

AB R H SB PO A E

Clark 2b	4	0	2	1	3	2	0
Bedolla, lf	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Fitzpatrick, c	3	0	0	0	4	5	0
Haneberg, 3b	4	1	1	0	5	4	0
Manelli, cf	4	1	0	0	1	0	0
Riley, ss	3	1	2	1	1	3	0
Doyle, 1b	4	0	1	0	11	0	1
Patten, rf	4	0	0	0	1	0	2
Berg, p	3	0	0	0	0	0	0

# California

Meyers, cf	4	1	1	0	0	0	0
Hermle, 1b	3	0	0	0	5	1	1
G. Makin, ss	4	0	1	0	2	2	1
Howe, rf	4	0	1	0	1	0	0
Radebaugh, lf	3	1	1	1	2	0	0
H. Makin, 3b	4	0	2	0	4	2	0
Kels, 2b	2	0	1	0	2	0	0
White, 2b	2	0	0	0	4	1	0
Twomey, c	3	1	2	1	6	5	0
*Mitchell, p	1	0	0	0	1	0	0
Morrow, p	1	0	0	0	0	1	0

\*Smith batted for Mitchell in sev-

enth.

Home run, Radebaugh. Two base hits, Doyle, Meyers, Rowe. Sacrifice hits, Radebaugh, Hermle, Twomey. Base on balls, off Berg 1, off Mitchell. 3, off Morrow 0. Struck out, by Berg 3, by Mitchell 3, by Morrow 1. Time of game, 2 hours. Umpire, Baumgartner and Crowder. Scorer, Mollen.

In the first of a two-game series with the Coast Leaguers, played on March 19th, the Varsity game mightly near beating the Sacramento Ball Club. With the score in favor of the Coasters by a one run margin, and the bases well grammed in the ninth, Bedolla hit a ball to deep center which in a college game would have meant a triple. In this case one Ryan stretched out his hand, the ball was neatly tucked away and the game over. On the following day, Sunday, we had to lower our goals to the Senatorial squad by the score of ten to three. A big crowd, perhaps the biggest that ever attended a Sacramento practice game, witnessed the struggle.

"Pinches" Kuntz was on the hill for the Solons in the Saturday melee, while Purdy and Pecarovich performed for the Varsity. Thirteen bingles were gathered by us, while Sacramento hit for fifteen safe swats.

Doyle covered first in stellar form for the Mission nine and showed to his home town folks his ability as a ball player. Commenting on his playing "the Sacramento Bee" chronicled the following: "Stanley Doyle, son of the well known Charley Doyle of this city, was on first base for the college team. Stan played a fancy game about the initial sack, and connected for two hits in three times at bat. He also crossed

H. Makin, 3b	1	0	0	0	1	4	0
White, 2b	3	2	2	0	1	1	0
Eels, 2b	1	0	0	0	1	1	0
Morrow, p	4	2	0	0	1	1	0
Mitchell, p	1	0	0	0	0	0	0

Three base hit, Meyers; two-base hits, Manelli, Smith. Sacrifice hits, G. Makin, H. Makin. Base on balls, off Purdy 2; off Morrow 2; off Mitchell 0. Struck out, by Purdy 2; by Morrow 6; by Mitchell 1. Time of game, 1:55. Umpire, Baumgartner. Scorer, Mollen.

### Varsity 2 (12 Innings) Olympic Club 5

On March 13th the Varsity and the Olympic Club battled for twelve hair-raising innings on our diamond, only to be conquered in the twelfth frame.

It was a pitcher's duel between Berg and big Tom Hickey, former Varsity pitcher. Both men pitched good ball. We had a fine chance to bring over the winning run in the last of the tenth, when with but one out, there were men on second and third. A fly to the third baseman and a ground ball to short spoiled things.

### Varsity

Clark, 2b	5	0	2	0	5	4	3
Bedolla, lf	5	0	0	0	3	0	0
Haneberg, 3b	5	0	1	0	0	1	0
Fitzpatrick, c	4	0	1	0	9	4	0
Manelli, cf	3	0	0	1	7	0	0
Fawke, rf	3	0	1	0	1	0	0
Fowler, ss	5	1	1	0	2	1	1
Toso, 1b	3	1	0	0	7	0	0
Pecarovich, 1b	2	0	0	0	1	0	0
Berg, p	4	0	1	0	1	2	0
Patten	1	0	1	0	0	0	0

AB R H SB PO A E

AB	R	H	SB	PO	A	E
Maggini, lf	6	1	0	0	3	0
Maloney, 3b	4	0	1	0	2	5
Perasso, cf	6	1	2	1	2	4
Kelly, cf	6	1	1	0	2	0
Morrissey, 1b	4	1	3	0	15	0
Varni, ss	4	1	1	0	2	2
Norton, rf	4	1	2	0	2	0
Manning, c	6	0	2	0	8	1
Hickey, p	4	0	0	0	0	5

Three base hits, Norton. Two base hits, Maloney, Clark. Sacrifice hits, Morrissey, Varni, Haneberg, Manelli, Berg, Maloney. Base on balls, off Berg 5, off Hickey 5. Struck out, by Berg 3, by Hickey 7. Time of game, 2:5. Umpire, Fields. Scorer, Mollen.

### Varsity 3 (9 Innings) Univ. of Cal, 3

St. Patrick's Day saw the Varsity on the Berkeley campus with a firm determination to come back strong. The game started at four o'clock and when the last of the ninth rolled around it was well nigh six bells. The players could hardly see the spheroid, and Hizzoner, the Umps, called the game off—a tie, 3 to 3.

Berg twirled a wonderful game and his mate, Fitzpatrick, performed ably with the big mitt. Clark garnered two hits out of four trips and fielded all his chances. Two hits out of three times at bat, and three assists and a putout were Riley's contributions for the Red and White. Stanley Doyle got a timely two-base hit in the eighth inning which sent two men across. Radebaugh of California got a homer







1921 BASEBALL TEAM

**Varsity 16****Olympic Club 15**

Dust and a cold wind were responsible for the freakish game displayed on Mission field on April 3rd. Three hours of playing, with the lead changing continually, tells the story.

Purdy, Pecarovieh and Clark pitched for the Varsity. Clark was a surprise on the mound.

Captain Manelli, Bedolla, Fitzpatrick and Patten of the Varsity and Maggini of the Olympic Club each secured a homer.

Patten scintillated like a real luminary of the heavens. He hit the ball for three safe swats, pilfered two sacks and handled eighteen chances around the initial corner.

**VARSITY**

	AB	R	H	SB	PO	A	E
Haneberg, 3b .....	3	2	1	1	0	2	1
Bedolla, lf .....	2	2	1	0	1	0	0
Fitzpatrick, c .....	4	2	2	0	7	0	0
Clark, s. s., p .....	5	3	1	1	0	3	0
Manelli, cf. ....	5	2	2	0	0	0	0
Logan, 2b .....	4	2	2	2	1	7	1
Patten, 1b .....	4	2	3	2	17	1	1
Mahoney, rf .....	4	1	1	0	0	0	0
Purdy, p .....	2	0	0	0	1	1	1
Pecarovieh, p .....	1	0	0	0	0	1	0
Riley, ss .....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Fawke, rf .....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
	37	1	13		27	15	4

**OLYMPIC CLUB**

	AB	R	H	SB	PO	A	E
Maggini, lf .....	4	3	1	0	2	0	0
Maloney, 3b .....	3	4	1	0	2	1	2
Kelly, cf .....	4	1	2	0	1	1	0
Morrissey, 1b .....	6	2	2	1	8	1	2
Varni, ss .....	4	1	0	0	0	3	1
Murphy, rf .....	4	2	2	0	1	0	0
Garrigan, 2b .....	3	1	2	0	2	5	1
Harrington, c .....	3	1	1	0	9	1	1

Johnston, p .....	3	0	0	0	0	1	0
Soar, p .....	1	0	0	0	0	1	0
	36	15	11	1	25	14	7

Summary: Home Runs, Bedolla, Fitzpatrick, Menelli, Patten, Maggini; Three Base Hits, Kelly, Morrissey. Two Base Hits, Manelli, Murphy, Harrington. Bases on Balls, off Purdy, 2; off Pecarovieh, 2; off Clark, 1; off Johnston, 5. Struck out, by Purdy, 2; by Pecarovieh, 0; by Clark, 1; by Johnston, 5; by Soar, 1. Sacrifice hits, Kelly (2), Harrington, Fitzpatrick (2), Bedolla, Logan. Hit by Pitcher, Bedolla, Haneberg. Time of game, 3 hours. Umpire, Berg; Scorer, Mollen.

**Varsity 17****Stanford University 2**

This game was slated to close our season, but taking the Cardinal baseball nine into camp by the overwhelming score of 17 to 2, made it one win for each team and necessitated a third game to decide the series. This victory was an easy one. At all stages of the game the victors found little difficulty in connecting with everything the Cardinal slabsters were able to put across the pan.

"Turk" Bedolla was in the limelight throughout the afternoon's performance. In five trips to the plate he gleaned four hits, two of them being home runs. He added two infield hits which he beat out. It is safe to say that "Turk" is unquestionably the fastest man on the Varsity crew. He has made many of his hits by beating out infield swats.

We started a batting rally in the ini-

tial frame, and when the side was retired we had chalked up six runs. Three home runs in this inning were the main features in the half dozen scores. The Cardinal came back in the second and scored two when Carver's circuit wallop scored Kline ahead of him. These were the only runs secured by the visitors. After that Ken Berg had them always at his mercy.

#### VARSITY

	AB	R	H	SB	PO	A	E
Haneberg, 3b .....	3	2	2	0	2	3	1
Riley, rf .....	5	2	0	0	1	2	0
Fitzpatrick, c .....	3	2	2	0	9	2	1
Clark, ss .....	5	1	1	0	3	2	0
Manelli, cf .....	5	2	2	0	2	0	0
Bedolla, lf .....	5	4	4	2	2	0	0
Logan, 2b .....	3	2	2	0	4	1	0
Berg, p .....	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Patten, 1b .....	4	2	1	0	3	0	0
Mahoney, cf .....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
	37	17	14	2	27	10	2

#### STANFORD UNIVERSITY

	AB	R	H	SB	PO	A	E
Mitchell, 2b .....	4	0	0	0	3	3	1
Kallam, ss .....	3	0	1	0	1	4	1
Crowe, rf .....	4	0	1	0	0	0	0
Kline, cf .....	4	1	1	0	3	0	0
Patterson, 1b .....	4	0	1	0	8	0	1
Carver, lf .....	4	1	1	0	3	0	0
Heckendorf, 3b .....	4	0	1	0	0	2	0
Green, c, rf .....	4	0	1	0	4	1	0
Kelly, p .....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Gray, p .....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Nehf, p .....	1	0	1	0	0	0	0
Bundy, c .....	2	0	0	0	2	1	0
	36	2	8	0	24	11	3

Summary: Home Runs, Manelli, Bedolla (2), Carver, Haneberg, Patten. Two Base Hits, Fitzpatrick, Manelli, Bedolla. Bases on balls, off Berg 1, off

Gray 4, off Kelly 1, off Nehf 1. Struck out, by Berg 9, by Gray 2, by Kelly 1, by Nehf 0. Sacrifice hit, Patten. Time of game, two hours. Umpire, Fields. Scorer, Mollen.

#### Varsity 2      Stanford University 5

April 13th marked our fifteenth and last game of the 1921 baseball season. The game took place at Palo Alto. Five to two in favor of the Cardinal, it was the deciding factor in the series.

Berg pitched the entire game for us, while Draper, Kelly and Nehf were on the hill for the Stanfordites. Draper was taken out in the third inning in order to keep him in trim for their Saturday game against the Bruins.

Captain Manelli, Riley and Logan were the stars with the bludgeon. At this time the writer is unable to give a box score of this game as the official scorer has not been able to furnish this department with the figures. With the "big chief" clamoring for the notes, the writer is forced to ask you, followers of the game, to draw your own conclusions relative to the details of this last intercollegiate contest.

	R	H	E
Santa Clara .....	2	7	4
Stanford .....	5	8	3

So closed the 1921 season. Coach Harmon succeeded in rounding out a classy team.

Perhaps never before in Santa Clara baseball history did the Varsity play so many games that went into extra innings. Certainly never before in extra inning games did the breaks so often go



against them. The merciless 17 to 2 trouncing given Stanford says a great deal.

\* \* \*

### **Coach Harmon**

Santa Clara's contract with Athletic Coach Robert E. Harmon will expire at the end of the present semester in May and at that time he will leave Santa Clara.

For two years Mr. Harmon has guided our athletic destinies. He came to us when we were abandoning Rugby and re-learning American football. His coming at that juncture placed before him an uphill fight and he has fought it well. For two years he gave us football teams that, while not always winning, fully kept Santa Clara on the football map in competition with

teams which had been playing the game longer than we.

Mr. Harmon will long be remembered at Santa Clara as a gentleman of forceful character and high principles. In intercollegiate circles he has given Santa Clara a name for clean sportsmanship of the highest type and numberless testimonies to this effect could be gathered from California coaches, athletic officials and newspaper men.

Mr. Harmon plans remaining in California during the Summer and is considering a trip to Europe in the Fall. He intends ultimately to take up the practice of his profession, law, with a brother in Chicago.

Santa Clara heartily wishes him success.

George L. Haneberg '23.





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Sworn and subscribed to before me this  
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NO. 7

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## Father Ricard

IN HONOR OF HIS GOLDEN JUBILEE

### A SONNET



LIKE Galileo, traversing alone  
The boundless sea of universal space---  
Interpreting the moods upon the face  
Of fiery Phoebus on his dazzling throne,  
Or rousing earth anent the tempests sown  
Across the cosmic distance---thou canst trace  
Thy fame unto the stars; yet thou wilt place  
High o'er thy fame a glory that will shine  
When stars and suns, in fields ethereal strown,  
With Time's demise grow lusterless and cold;  
Thy glory of Companionship Divine,  
Of spiritual triumph o'er the mold,  
Thy glory in Redemption's saving sign---  
Thy Priesthood's glory framed in years of gold.

CHAS. D. SOUTH, A. M., 1901.



# The Padre of the Rains

---



THE word "Padre" conjures up to a Californian, a brown robe and the atmosphere of the early Mission Days. During the

World War it came to mean a chaplain with the forces. As applied to the black-robed man who has spent a life time in the shadows of adobe ruins reared by Franciscan hands it seems singularly appropriate.

Fr. Ricard has never objected to the full title "Padre of the Rains". His first aim, however, has been to tell far in advance what storms may be expected and when. These may or may not bring rain. His predictions also aim to cover that point. In the popular mind, whether or not there shall be rain and when are the matters of prime importance. Along with this, the knowledge in advance of coming heat or cold, (especially frost) or wind, enters in. All these things are influenced by the coming and going of storms, those atmospheric disturbances marked by barometric variations. These are Fr. Ricard's special care.

That Fr. Ricard's efforts have been marked by no mean success is manifest from the degree of interest taken in his predictions and by the degree of confidence in them on the part of those who are most vitally concerned in pos-

sessing advance information regarding conditions of rain, wind, heat and cold. Those interested in agriculture in all its forms are Fr. Ricard's warmest admirers.

So Fr. Ricard has come to be known as "The Padre of the Rains".

In his monthly publication, "The Sunspot" for May, 1921, Fr. Ricard thus sums up his position:

"An elaborate side by side comparison between each solar event and the corresponding event on the earth, bears out the fact so often mentioned before, namely,

(1) That to each solar disturbance in the northern hemisphere corresponds a fall of pressure on the Pacific Coast and

(2) That to each southern solar disturbance corresponds a rise of pressure on the same Coast.

May not such opposite events be due to the opposite polarities of spots in the northern and southern hemisphere? If so, all weather change would be due to electromagnetism."

On May 30 of this year will be observed the fiftieth year as a Jesuit of Rev. Jerome Sixtus Ricard, S. J., Meteorologist of the University of Santa Clara and this event will be made coincident with the Annual Alumni Reception and Banquet. Elaborate plans are

being made and this should be one of the most notable gatherings of Santa Clara men, graduates and former students, ever witnessed.

The remainder of this article contains matter prepared with the aid of Fr. Ricard himself. The first part is made up of data of a biographical character; the second, an account of observatory equipment, and the third a brief outline of the theory which caused Fr. Ricard to be looked on in some quarters as a scientific rebel, but which is gradually compelling more and more attention.

## *Jan 21* I. Biographical Data.

**June 1, 1850** — Born, Plaisians, France.

**1862-65**—Attends public school at Plaisians.

**1866**—Studies Latin and Greek under Abbé Espouiller, Plaisians.

**1867-68**—In Apostolic School, Jesuit College, Avignon, France.

**1869**—Travelling, Africa, Italy, etc.

**1870**—In Apostolic School, Turin, Italy.

**June 1, 1871**—Enters Jesuit Novitiate, Monaco.

**Aug. 12, 1872**—Comes to California with Fathers Razzini, Giacobbi, Coltelli, Chiappa.

**June 1, 1873**—Ends novitiate, takes vows.

**1874**—Reviews Rhetoric under Frs. Traverso and Leonard.

**1874-77**—Philosophy under Fr. Polano.

**1877-80**—Teaches Grammar, studies

Higher Mathematics under Fr. Veyret at Santa Clara.

**1880-83**—Teaches Grammar and Mathematics at St. Ignatius, San Francisco.

**1883-87**—Theology at Woodstock, Md.

**1886**—Ordained eodem loco by Cardinal Gibbons.

**1887**—Summer course in Mathematics, Johns Hopkins, Prof. Craig.

**1887-89**—Prefect of Studies, Professor of Physics, 1 year; teaches Higher Mathematics and Classics.

**1890**—Summer course in Astronomy, Creighton Univ., Prof. Wm. Riggs; thence to 3rd year probation, at Florissant, Mo.

**1891-1917**—Professor of Ethics, Mathematics, Political Economy, History of Philosophy, 26 years.

**1917**—Set apart for Observatory work.

**1917**—Elected a fellow of American Association for the Advancement of Science, December 31st. Member of several astronomical societies.

## II. Observatory Equipment.

**1895**—Fr. Jos. W. Riordan bought the eight-inch equatorial of the Methodists of Napa, Calif., for \$1000.00, Peter J. Donahue of Laurelwood Farm contributing \$500.00, J. B. McNamara agent, Jos. Sala and an engineer of San Francisco, dismounting and shipping to Santa Clara, dome included. Found too heavy, finally discarded.

**1900**—Said Equatorial put in position in Mission vineyard, under a house

on rails. Later on, Peter Donahue donated \$1500.00 to build a dome. Chas. Welch, Louis Welch, and Andrew Welch must have donated nearly \$1000.00.

**1903**—Meteorological Observatory begun, completed and set in operation. Associated to United States Weather Bureau, reports made in triplicate.

Weather Instruments:—Standard Mercurial barometer, large bore; maximum, minimum and exposed thermometers; meteorograph, hydrograph, barograph, thermograph; whirling Psychrometer; 3 rain gauges, one registering; 2 standard Weather Bureau wind vanes, 2 anemometers. Daily and monthly long range forecasts.

**1904-1905**—Obtained a sidereal clock. Rifler pendulum, by Fauth & Co. of Washington, D. C., also a large Chronograph from Paris.

**1906-1907**—Got the four-inch objective of Fr. Messia mounted equatorially, cost \$425.00, by Fauth & Co. of Washington. The same now reposes in Mission Vineyard under a dome made in Paris. This instrument is destined to serve as a follower to an astronomical Camera ordered in Paris. Whole cost nearly \$1200.00, of which John Ryland of San Jose, contributed \$800.00.

**1908**—Acquired a 3-component seismograph, in operation in a separate building open to visitors. Established a Seismic Bulletin appearing occasionally and reporting to about 60 stations in all parts of the world.

**1908-9-10**—Bought a horizontal photoheliograph, consisting of an eight-inch flat surface, six-inch photo lens, 38 foot focal length, to all of which was later added a focal plane shutter by the Kodak Company of Rochester. Also a position-micrometer for the eight-inch equatorial by Fauth & Co. of Washington, and an Evershed spectroscope by Hilger, for work on the solar spectrum and for the prominences in particular.

An eight-inch equatorial, a four-inch equatorial, an engineer's transit, large size, a position micrometer, damaged by the fire in 1908, now under repairs by Hilger, London, an Evershed solar spectroscope, astronomical camera being made in Paris. A photoheliograph by the Mogies of Bayonne, N. J. A sidereal clock by Fauth & Co., with Rifler pendulum.

With a view to keeping accurate time, a loop was strung from the observatory to the Southern Pacific Depot and a supplementary device was installed in the shape of an aerial with an audion receiver. The Southern Pacific Co. kindly offered to send the signals for time once a day five minutes before noon.

**1915**—Undertook the publication of a magazine appropriately called "The Sunspot", intended to affirm and reaffirm the relations that sunspots bear to the weather.

### III. Purpose, Principles and Progress.

The main work of the observatory

from its inception up to the present has been to settle an old debate, to-wit: whether sunspots and allied solar phenomena do or do not affect terrestrial weather.

A preliminary endeavor, 1900-1907, convinced the Director that the affirmative had the better of it. This idea naturally prompted the publication of a daily and monthly forecast which forecasts have made good and promise a rich harvest for the future.

For a time it seemed that a certain meridian about mid-way between the central one and the western limb of the sun, would be the line of reference for the entering of storms on the Pacific Coast. But, since the memorable discovery of the magnetism of sunspots by Professor G. E. Hale and associates on Mount Wilson and at Pasadena, more attentive study of the situation, both on the sun and the earth, compelled the conviction that the central meridian is the only one that need be considered. The results of this later study is now appearing in the "Sunspot" magazine in a serial under the caption, "Sunspots and Atmospheric Waves", the object being to set before the scientific world an induction of so blameless a character as to convince the most exacting.

But, in as much as forecasting the weather far in advance by the use of sunspots requires a knowledge of their future appearance, the observatory director caused an investigation of their alleged planetary origin to be made at

an expense of \$1000.00. It is believed that the computations then made proved successful, although the intention is to test once more the validity of the theory then formulated, in the light of successive facts covering even more than a sunspot cycle.

The method which has been used since 1914 is simply this. All the planetary oppositions and conjunctions taking the sun as a center of reference, are made out for a given year, a year in advance, the main data being taken from the American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac and the finishing touches added by an expert computer. At the very time of an opposition or conjunction, imaginary lines are supposed to be drawn from the center of each planet to the center of the sun. These lines certainly strike the solar surface somewhere.

Thus we get solar points either 180 degrees apart or fairly near each other. Their distance away from the central meridian and the equator, as lines of reference, is then calculated by using appropriate formulae of Spherical Trigonometry and finally converted into days and fractions of a day.

By this process the operator is enabled to know on what particular day of the year a sunspot or solar equivalent will lie across the central meridian. If the solar position thus computed happens to be north of the equator, it marks the entrance of a storm, generally over the north Pacific Coast, sometimes, but very seldom, over the Cen-



tral Coast, and sometimes again over the Southern Coast. If south, the counter storm (area of rising pressure) will begin to enter.

Strange to say that the very man employed, directed, inspired and duly

paid as an aid in finding and formulating the method just described, now claims it as his own phenomenal discovery, even though he left to his employer the burden of establishing its correctness.

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## A Martyr Cometh Singing

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One has touched me like a wing  
And I weep before the stars—

No heart may long endure  
The breath of that persuasion  
Without breaking!

One has touched me like a prayer  
And I kneel, with silence  
On my Soul. In this hour  
Of pain, O God,  
What spirit fallen from thy moon  
Is whispered at the door?

**"I think a gentle Poet  
Hath come, bleeding  
Into my world . . ."**

—Raine Bennett, Class of 1910.

*Written to the memory of  
Terrence MacSwiney of Cork*

# Graduates 1921

## **Alfred Joseph Abrahamsen**

Born in San Francisco December 3, 1900. Attended St. Ignatius Grammar and High School. Entered Santa Clara as resident student in 1918. Course, Engineering. Degree B. S. in C. E.

Activities: Member, Engineering Society, Reporter in 1920, member of Sanctuary Society, Sodality in 1920-21, First Prefect in Sanctuary Society 1920-21, Vestry Prefect in Sodality. Won Nobili Medal in 1920. Manager of Co-op in 1920. Will begin the practice of his profession, Engineering.

## **Casimir Andrew Antonioli**

Born in San Francisco, Cal., November 30, 1898. Attended Mountain View Grammar School, entered Preparatory Department of University of Santa Clara in 1912, and the College of Letters and Science in 1917. Courses—Law and Letters. Present degree, B. S. Home address, Mountain View. Non-resident student.

Activities: Member of Orchestra in 1919-20, of House of Philhistorians 1919, of Senate 1919-20-21, of Law Fraternity 1921. Class Secretary in Junior year. Sophomore Yell Leader. Will take post graduate course in Law at Santa Clara next year.

## **Harold John Cashin**

Born in Los Angeles, California, April 8, 1898. Attended Vermont Avenue Grammar School, Manual Arts High School, University of Southern California (Fr.), Loyola College

(Soph.), Los Angeles. Entered Santa Clara University 1919 as resident student. Courses, Law and Letters. Present Degree, B. S.

Activities: Member Orchestra and Band in 1919-20-21, member House of Philhistorians 1919-20, member of Senate 1920-21, President of Senate 1921, Editor-in-Chief of The Redwood 1920-21, member of the Sodality, and of Law Fraternity. Winner of Redwood's History Prize, 1920. Will take Post Graduate course in Law.

## **Edmund Zan Coman**

Born in Portland, Oregon, May 4, 1899. Attended Couch and Chapman Grammar Schools, Lincoln High School and Portland Academy, Portland, Oregon. Entered Santa Clara August, 1917. Courses, Law and Letters. Present degree, A. B. Residence, Spokane, Washington. Resident Student.

College Activities: Member of House of Philhistorians, Senate, Dramatic Society, Law Fraternity. Vaudeville Shows, President's Day 1920-21. Secretary of House of Philhistorians in 1919. Member of Choir and Glee Club V. P., 1919-20, Treasurer of Law Fraternity 1921, Assistant Prefect of Sodality of Blessed Virgin 1920, Treasurer in 1921. Student Body Treasurer 1919-20. Circulation Manager of the Redwood 1919, Business Manager 1920-21. Athletics, Basket-ball 1920-21, Track team 1920. Member of Jazz Or-

## Graduates 1921

chestra 1920-21. President Junior class 1920.

Intends to finish Law Course.

### **Thomas Joseph Ford**

Born in San Jose, California, March 30, 1897. Attended Pala Grammar School and entered Santa Clara Preparatory Department September, 1912, as non-resident student. Course, Civil Engineer. Degree, B. S. in C. E.

Student Activities: Member of Engineering Society, 1920, President, 1921. Participated in Dramatic Art Contest, won High School Medal in Elocution, won Calculus prize in 1918. Valedictorian for the Class of 1921.

Will enter the practice of his profession.

### **Roy Wilbur Fowler**

Born in Portland, Oregon, December 18, 1894. Attended 30th St. Grammar School, Los Angeles, Oakland High School, Oakland Cal., and entered Santa Clara in August, 1915. Course, Civil Engineer. Degree B. S. in C. E. Residence, San Jose.

Student Activities: President of Student Body 1920-21. Member of the Engineering Society, Block S. C. Society, Sanctuary Society in 1916, Manager Book Store 1919-20-21, won medal for Application and Conduct in 1916, and is president of the Senior Class. Athletics: Played on Basketball and Baseball teams in 1916, Rugby in 1915-16, captain football team in 1917, made All-American Rugby team in 1916.

Will begin the practice of his profession.

### **G. William de Koch**

Born in San Francisco, March 25, 1898. Attended St. Bridget's Grammar School, St. Rose Academy, San Francisco, Hicks Prep School, Santa Barbara, St. Vincent's College, Los Angeles. Entered Santa Clara, August 1917, as a resident student. Course, Engineering. Degree, B. S. in C. E.

Student Activities: Member of Engineering Society two years, President Sodality Blessed Virgin 1918-20, Member of House, 1918, of Senate, 1920. Assistant Business Manager Dramatic Society 1920. Redwood Staff Engineering Notes, 1920-21. Captain Tennis Team 1920, took part in French Play "Doctor in Spite of Himself", 1918. Will practice Engineering.

### **Daniel Joseph Minahan**

Born in Vallejo, September 9, 1897. Attended St. Vincent's Grammar School, St. Vincent's High School. Entered Santa Clara as a resident student in October, 1918. Course, Engineering, Degree, B. S. in C. E.

Student Activities: Member of Engineering Society, Sodality, and Secretary of Senior Class.

### **Richard Ignatius McCarthy**

Born, San Jose, California. Attended Orchard Grammar School, Preparatory Department of University of Santa Clara in August, 1913. Courses, Letters, Law. Present degree, A.B.





*Daniel Minahan*



*Richard McCarthy*



*John W. Murphy*



*William H. Osterle*



*W. Ward Sullivan*



*Adolfo Vergara*







## Graduates 1921

**Student Activities:** Member of House in 1918, member of Senate 1919-20-21, Treasurer Senate 1920-21, Won Day Scholar's Medal for Conduct and Application in High School Department, 1917, won Donahue prize for Latin, 1917-19. Will take Post Graduate Course in Law at Santa Clara.

### **John Wilfred Murphy**

Born in Watsonville, California, September 15, 1897. Attended Horace Mann Grammar School, Saint Joseph's Grammar School, San Jose. Entered Santa Clara, August, 1917.

**Student Activities:** Member House of Philhistorians, 1919-20, member Senate, 1920-21. Class vice-president in Sophomore and Junior year. Will take Post Graduate Course in Law at Santa Clara.

### **William Henry Osterle**

Born in Xenia, Ohio, August 1, 1898. Attended Colusa Grammar School, Colusa High School. Entered Santa Clara August, 1917. Course, Engineering, Degree, B. S. in C. E.

**Student Activities:** Member Engineering Society, Sodality, Sanctuary Society. Treasurer Engineering Society in 1919, Assistant Prefect of Sodality, 1920-21, President Sanctuary Society. Won Orella Medal for Scientific Essay, 1919, silver medal for Conduct and Application, 1919, Donovan cash prize, 1919. Reporter in Engineering Society in 1919. Will practice Engineering.

### **William Ward Sullivan, A. B.**

Born in Salina, Kansas. Attended Grammar School at Salina, Kansas, Helena, Montana, Yakima, Washington. Entered Preparatory Department of University of Santa Clara September, 1912. Courses, Letters and Law. Degree, L.L.B. Received A. B., 1920.

**Student Activities:** Played on Prep Baseball team, 1915, member of House of Philhistorians in 1915-16-17, member of Senate in 1917, 18-19-20. Recording Secretary of Senate in 1919-20. Member of Band and Orchestra for six years. Won Latin prize in 1919. Won medal for Conduct and Application for High School Department in 1917. Vice-president of Junior Class, 1917-18, Valedictorian for Graduating Class of 1920. Member of Legal Fraternity.

### **Adolfo Vergara y Rodriguez**

Born in C. Guzman, Jal, Mexico, May 9, 1898. Attended C. Guzman Grammar School, Guadalajara High School. Entered Santa Clara as resident student in 1917. Course, Engineering, Degree, B. S. in M. E. Residence, C. Guzman.

**Student Activities:** Member Engineering Society, Sergeant-at-Arms in 1919, Librarian, 1918, member of Sodality. Won cash prize for Mathematics in 1917-18. Will enter Mass. Institute of Technology next year.

## Friendship's Tree

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THE towering oak on the hillside stands  
Its roots spread out like gripping hands  
To clutch its life. And tho' the sands  
Of time show startlingly  
The hosts of wearied, faltering feet  
That mark the years; yet years so fleet,  
So free with storms that wrench and beat,  
Ne'er hurt that sturdy tree.

And like the oak is Friendship, too.  
It matters not if skies are blue  
Or skies are gray when friends are true,  
You bear each smilingly.  
Each tiny root holds at its end  
A mem'ry, and much more, a friend;  
While wind and storm but closer bend  
And bind thy friend to thee.

The glory of the tree is shown  
By the depths to which the roots have grown,  
And deepest down give loudest moan  
When torn out suddenly.  
Watch carefully the roots, and the earth  
In which they grow, and soon the birth  
Of your tree's beauty shows the worth  
Of guarding tenderly.

HAROLD P. MALONEY, '23,

# Valedictory

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HIS afternoon recalls to mind a picture which it was my pleasure to observe. It was a picture that carried with it a lesson, a lesson which if falsely interpreted would mean failure, and if on the other hand, studied correctly bore with it a lesson that every young graduate should know. The picture was composed of the three following elements, a young graduate from college, his diploma, and a class room globe representing the world. The cleverness of the artist combined these three elements in such a way as to represent and convey the feelings of the young graduate. There he stood with his diploma in one hand while the other was resting upon the world. The look of victory and of work accomplished was upon his face, his very expression conveyed the impression that he thought the world was his.

We must confess that there is much truth in this, because we also feel proud to be numbered among the few who have the privilege of possessing a college education. But we harbor no illusion that our work is done. In fact we realize that it is just beginning. And we are now ready to go forth and do our work, like so many others

who are now striving to accomplish the tasks set before them. But before we leave these sacred halls of learning, before we bid adieu to the memorable structure under whose historic roof we are now gathered and whose very walls re-echo with the farewell addresses of those who have gone before us, we feel that we, too, must say farewell.

Reverend Fathers and other members of the Faculty, to you, we bid farewell. But before bidding that farewell we wish to thank you for all that you have done for us, and we earnestly hope that in years to come, when our names enter your minds that you may utter them in pride and feel that your efforts have not been in vain. We hope that our after life will bring honor and credit upon old Santa Clara and help to keep her world famed standard where it now is, high in the minds of men. We leave this institution with all confidence of success, a success which is to be based not upon an absence of difficulties, but upon a will determined to face and overcome every difficulty, and that confidence and determination is the result both of your untiring efforts and sacrifices and of our efforts, however feeble, to co-operate with you. We leave here with those principles which you have so carefully instilled into our hearts,



those principles which raise man above the brute, those principles which make life worth living and without which failure would result: loyalty to Holy Church, and loyalty to Holy Church means loyalty to God, and a man who is loyal to his God will be loyal to his country and his family, and if loyal to his country and family, success and the respect of his fellow men is his. So in all humbleness we thank you, and in thanking you we say "farewell."

Members of the Student Body, allow me to thank you in the name of the class of '21 for the kindness and good fellowship that you afforded us during our college days, and before we leave you we wish to impress upon you those duties which are yours. In your hands and keeping we leave the affairs of the Student Body. Upon you depends its future success. That success which can only be attained by your hearty co-operation with the members of the faculty to help them to carry on the undertakings which have been so successful in the past. Realizing these duties we feel confident that you will ever strive to make old Santa Clara more prominent and successful. So with this confidence we bid you a hearty farewell.

Fellow Classmates, it is hard for me to say farewell to you. For I have a strong feeling in my heart for each and every one of you, a feeling that makes it ever so much harder to realize that we are about to be separated, a feeling that seems to overcome the happiness

that is connected with graduation. Yet it seems it must be so, it seems that it has been ordained to be so. Fellow Classmates, allow me to thank you for the happiness and pleasure that you have added to my days at college and in thanking you, allow me to wish you all success. I wish you success in your every undertaking, I wish you all the success, material and moral, that can be attained in this life, and in wishing this success I say farewell.

There are those here present to whom we do not say farewell, but we feel that we could not let this occasion pass without expressing our appreciation and gratitude for the innumerable sacrifices which they have made that this day might be realized. We feel that we owe them an unpayable debt, a debt that all treasures of the world could not reward. But here we wish to thank them from the very depths of our hearts and as they look upon this day with pride, we hope, in the years to follow, that they can look upon the results of their sacrifices with pleasure and contentment. So we take this opportunity to thank our parents for all that they have done for us.

In a broader sense we feel that we are not saying farewell. To a degree which we as yet can scarcely realize, every thought and feeling which we have experienced while here at Santa Clara has entered into our very being and become for all time a part of ourselves. In that sense we cannot say

farewell to Santa Clara, for wherever we are there is Santa Clara.

Moreover, we are being initiated into a family, a family that consists of the sons of Alma Mater. Membership in this family can and must be to our honor and profit and to the honor of Santa Clara.

Proud, therefore, of what this day

brings us, yet harboring no illusions concerning it, throbbing with gratitude to those who have made it possible for us, we today say farewell to one and all,—without deep down in our hearts, and in a broader sense, really meaning that “farewell” to be complete or final.

Thomas J. Ford, '21.

## We Never Know

Edmund Z. Coman, '21.



“OUR old Prof,” mused Bill, “I don’t see what joy he gets out of life. Why he’s married to his books.”

“Yes, you’re right, Bill,” Fred Lawrence smiled, “I wonder if romance ever entered his life. Perhaps he was a stepper in his college days. I’ll bet the old boy—”

“Class will please come to order!” The old familiar voice of Professor Lamar issued forth the usual salutation to the members of the third year law class; “Anderson, Atwell, Cronin—”

After the evening session the members of the class began to wend their way to their respective halls, and the “day scholars” to their homes. On the

way home that evening Bill and Fred pursued the usual familiar dialogue and in the course of their conversation the name of Professor Lamar was mentioned again.

“Do you know, Fred, I believe that we should invite him over to the party. I doubt if he would come, but still he might enjoy it after all. What do you say?”

“I don’t think the old boy would come, but, if Aliee would like to have him, why not ask him?”

After interviewing Aliee, who was none other than Bill’s sister, it was decided that Professor Lamar should be included in the list of guests for the evening. At the next evening’s class Bill approached the professor about the party. Much to Bill’s surprise, you

may be sure, the old gentleman accepted heartily.

Saturday evening arrived and with it came Professor Lamar to the Layton home. He was introduced to all present and as Fred put it, "The old boy felt right at home. He was among his own victims, his own pupils, so why shouldn't he feel at ease," Alice Layton had a way all her very own of making guests feel at home and if anyone was ill at ease all that was necessary was to have her show the individual some attention. It was soon observed that she had of course captivated the professor and before the evening was well under way the dispenser of legal knowledge to the class of '21 could be seen gliding gracefully to the strains of a waltz over the well polished floor and in the company of that winsome miss. Apparently he had not learned the new steps that the younger members of the party displayed. But, as mother will tell you, he knew how to waltz in "the real old way".

After the dancing had continued for some time the guests began to saunter out upon the spacious veranda and gradually seated themselves in groups of three or four couples each. One of these groups at the further end of the porch consisted of Bill, Fred, two young ladies, the professor and Alice.

"I am surely grateful to you for having invited me this evening," he said slowly. "I'm afraid I have been neglecting my social activities for my work. I have always believed that all

work is not entirely beneficial to any of us. We should have our play as well." The professor seemed to really feel the sentiment he expressed and his listeners were manifestly pleased with his words.

"Certainly, Professor, I was sure that you felt that way about it all the time," remarked Alice kindly.

"I may seem rather reserved to Fred and William and the rest of my pupils, and perhaps I am getting rather old."

"No sir, not at all," rejoined Fred; "if you will pardon me for saying so, I'll be bold enough to tell you that Bill and myself have always believed that some time in your life romance has reached you, for you know, there are very few people who have not had experiences that remain in their memory as a bit romantic."

"Well, my boy, perhaps you were right. Yes, there is a recollection such as that. It played a great part in the drama of my life, but that is long since and probably of no interest to you now," and he blushed slightly as he spoke.

"I am sure we would love to hear your story Professor, if you would be so kind as to relate it to us," remarked Alice.

"We could certainly enjoy it, sir," put forth Fred.

"Well," began the professor, "if you would really like to hear my experience I will do my best to tell it to you."

"When I was in my senior year in the Law School at Denver I first be-

came acquainted with the young lady who will play the important part in my story. In conjunction with my studies which I followed in the evenings, I was working in the day time for my uncle at his hardware store in the town. During the course of the day's work I had occasion many times to deliver some special article or another and to help me in these errands I had the use of my uncle's own horse and buggy. One day as I was driving up State street a young lady, wearing an extremely dark dress and a long black veil, dashed out from one of the residences and excitedly beckoned to me to stop my horse. So I did. She rushed up and before I could realize just what had happened, climbed into the rig and told me to drive away as fast as my horse could go. I was inclined to hesitate, but her urgent attitude told me that something was wrong, and without a word of inquiry I cracked the whip and away we sped up the avenue. My uncle's favorite needed no encouragement, for she loved to gallop. The crack of the whip and the call to go from my lips were sufficient.

"We drove along State street and continued out the road to the country. I noticed by an occasional glance that the girl was somewhat disconcerted. At short intervals she would turn around and scan the road that began to stretch out behind us. The black veil which she wore hid her face and I believe that I was thankful for that, for I had always been ill at ease under the ser-

tiny of a woman's gaze, especially if her eyes had occasion to meet mine. We proceeded to drive onward until we were now quite some distance from the town proper. Up to this time she had uttered very few words except to urge me to keep on our course.

"At length I felt a small hand grasping my arm and as I turned to her she said, 'We have gone far enough. He will never think to follow me here.' Good Heavens, could some brute be following her? What did it all mean? But I was not left long in a puzzled state of mind. 'I want to thank you so much for the service you have rendered me, and if you don't mind I can get off here and walk back slowly and then everything will come out all right. As she spoke she lifted her veil and revealed extremely beautiful features. 'Why,' I managed to stammer in some sort of fashion, 'my time is plentiful and if it would save you from any harm or embarrassment would be pleased to stay for your assistance'. She then laughingly explained to me that it was really nothing serious and that she could not be harmed in any way.

"It seems that her uncle, who was her guardian and with whom she lived, was receiving some great friends of his that afternoon and among them a young man whom he desired that she should meet. He had intimated that the young gentleman would be a very suitable husband for her. It also appeared that she was not in favor of this young man and to escape the neces-



sity of meeting him had donned her widowed aunt's apparel and successfully evaded her uncle. So you understand the part that I played in furthering her escape. We finally agreed that we would drive along the country road until five o'clock and if she would return at that hour all chance of encountering the young man would be over.

"The time came that I should drive her home. When we reached the residence and she was about to alight she held out her hand for me to grasp and said; 'I truly do not know how to thank you for all this, as you have pulled me out of a great difficulty. Good bye and perhaps we may meet again.'

"I did meet her again, and in fact a great many times after that. The young man in question remained for some time. Still I thought things were prospering for me and held high hopes for the future.

"But we are never aware of the future and one evening upon returning home from my office I found a letter awaiting me. It read something like this: 'Lawrence and I have decided to marry and return to the home of his parents. Try to forget that such a name as Gladys has ever entered your life.'

"That was all it said, but it meant

enough to change my career as a lawyer and so I gave up my profession. In time I came here and obtained the position of instructor and so I have been here ever since."

The spell which the story had brought upon the listeners was interrupted by her mother's voice calling, "Aliee, Aunt Gladys has arrived!" A moment later Aliee was introducing her aunt from Boston to the guests. They came upon the group in which the professor was included. "Professor Lamar, I would love to have you meet my Aunt, Mrs. Walton," said Aliee.

"I am very pleased—"

"Why Auntie what has happened?"

And so it was that strange fate had brought the two former lovers together once more, and strange fate it was also that decreed that Mrs. Walton was now a widow, had been for the last three years. They will tell you also that the professor was obliged at a certain period to dust off his law books after an absence.

The unusual event often occasioned gossip among those who knew it. Some said she had her reasons and explained to his satisfaction; some said she had been fickle and he always was a fool; some said it was strange how slowly an early flame will die.



## Onward

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HE timid orb peeps o'er the line of earth and sky,  
Grows slowly great and rising high,  
Spreads far the fiery flare that opens up the day.

He mounts in glory to the centre of the blue,  
Holds sway there long, enduring, true;  
Until, as tired grown of ceaseless, constant stay,

Sinks to the swelling bosom of the sea---to rest,  
A blotch of scarlet in the West.  
One final flame of splendor e're he slips away.

Shall our lives, too, already born, climb up and tower  
There in the zenith of cur power---  
Then slow decline? Has death some secret speech to say?

May not unleashed storms their pent-up fury lend  
To blast the hopes of such an end?  
We struggle on. Let Destiny hold all it may!

ALFRED J. ABRAHAMSEN, '21

# Concrete Pipe and Irrigation

Daniel J. Minahan, '21



**D**URING the past thirty years cement pipes from 6 to 36 inches in diameter have been used extensively in California for the conveyance of water on the farm and the distribution of water to orchard furrows or alfalfa fields. They have also been used to a considerable extent in the place of open ditches for the laterals of irrigation systems. The use of concrete pipes is largely the result of the high value of water, which has made it desirable to prevent losses in conveyance and distribution in order to obtain the most economical use of water. Many hundred miles of cement pipes have been used in California, and in more recent years many miles of pipe lines have been used on irrigation systems and for farm distribution systems in other places.

In the more arid parts of the West arable land possesses little value without water. The water which can be put to a beneficial use is limited to relatively small quantities, so that when it is fully utilized only a small percentage of the total fertile and arable lands of the West can be reclaimed by irrigation. In recent years, owing to

the rapid increase in the value of soil products, intensively farmed land under irrigation systems has risen in many cases to double its former value. This great advance in the value of irrigated land has placed a premium on water, and a widespread effort is being made to convey, distribute, and use the appropriated waters in such a way as to incur the least possible loss. Every gallon of water wasted by seepage and absorption in porous earthen channels or in careless use on the land, robs the farmer of so much profit, whereas every gallon saved protects fertile soil from water-logging and results in larger yields and profits to the grower.

An experience covering a period of over a quarter of a century on the Pacific Coast, and more especially in California, has demonstrated that large quantities of water can be saved by the substitution of pipe for earthen ditches. The results of a large number of tests show that the transmission losses in earthen channels vary from 10 to 60 per cent and average fully 35 per cent of the quantity of water admitted through the intake. When pipes are substituted for earthen channels, the loss of water in conveyance is usually negligible.

The use of pipe for the carriage of

water and of pipe systems for its distribution to farmers, not only prevents loss of water but affords better facilities for its control, distribution, and delivery. Irrigating land by means of open channels in earth is a laborious and unpleasant task, wasteful of water, time, and effort. On the contrary it can be rendered comparatively easy and pleasant if the proper equipment is provided in the way of pipe, pipe systems with proper gates, turnouts, and other fixtures. The interest on the cost of such betterments for highly profitable crops is more than likely to be amply compensated for by the water and labor saved and a more uniform moistening of the soil.

Concrete pipes for irrigation purposes have now reached a stage of development where the cost is sufficiently low to make the use of pipe practical in many instances where open ditches were formerly used. In general, where it is necessary to make an earth fill or bank greater than three feet in height to form a farmer's ditch, a concrete pipe can be installed for the same and in many cases less cost. This is especially true where some drop in the grade line is available which will give a water pressure head on the pipe, as the size of pipe can be made smaller in proportion to the water pressure.

Where concrete pipe replaces earth fills, the maintenance cost becomes practically nothing and the usual difficulties experienced from gophers, weeds and breaks are obviated. The

land which would otherwise be necessary for the ditch right of way and would permanently be lost for farming purpose, is saved. The value of the land often throws the cost greatly in favor of a pipe line.

The use of concrete pipe for permanent road crossings of farmer's ditches is becoming common. The pipe can be placed low, in the form of an inverted siphon, so that the road may be built on the level of the ground surface, doing away with objectionable earth approaches. Either a concrete bulkhead can be placed at each end of the culvert, or a few extra lengths of pipe used, and an earth fill extended over each end at either side of the road to form the intake and outlet ends of the siphon. Earth fill bulkheads should only be used, however, where a very stiff soil that does not wash can be obtained.

Concrete pipe also makes an excellent permanent tube through ditch banks for irrigating alfalfa checks or furrows in the case of cultivated crops. The size in each case can be varied to suit the local available water pressure and the amount of water needed. A pipe outlet of this kind leaves the ditch bank continuous for travel and aids greatly in its maintenance when kept clean from growth. Such gates can be purchased from several irrigation equipment companies. A number of concrete pipe manufacturers in the state are casting a concrete gate slab on the end of a pipe section, into



which a sheet iron slide works, making a very good control gate for ditch purposes.

The use of concrete pipe for all or a portion of the distribution systems where water is pumped should always be considered before open ditches are constructed. The saving of water and the ideal control which a pipe system gives, helps greatly in keeping down the cost of irrigation by pumping. The saving of land over open ditches, especially in orchards, is also an important item.

Concrete pipe distributaries are laid underground beneath the reach of farm tools, and therefore offer little obstruction to cultivation and farm operations.

When a farmer buys concrete pipe, he should specify that there shall not be less than one part of Portland cement to four parts of total sand and rock used in the making, where the pipe is to be placed under a water pressure of one to ten feet, likewise one part of cement to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  parts of aggregate should be used for heads from 10 to 25 feet.

Under special design, concrete pipe without reinforcing can be used under water pressure heads running up to 100 feet, but such construction should be carefully designed by an engineer who

thoroughly understands concrete pipe manufacture and irrigation design.

If the pipe is made of poor material or a very lean mixture, it is apt to split even under low pressure. A poor grade of pipe may appear to be in good shape when first installed, but may fail after a year or more due to softening of the concrete.

Pipe lines in orchards must be free from cracks because the fibrous roots may enter the pipe and completely clog it. Adobe soil will heave and crack pine lines. This may be overcome by filling the bottom of the ditch with sand.

The greatest trouble with leaks and breaks in concrete pipe lines is caused by expansion and contraction. The cause of them is the change in temperature and the alternate melting and drying of the pipe.

A good scheme to prevent this is to lay the pipe so that expansion due to wetting the pipe when first laid in the trench will counteract the contraction due to cooling off when covered with soil.

The use of concrete pipe for irrigation is practical and the manufacture of concrete pipe is becoming an important industry.



# Upholding the Legal Standard

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W. Ward Sullivan, Law, A. B. '20, LL. B. '21.



IN April, 1917, the State Legislature changed the manner of admitting applicants to the practice of law in California and stiffened the requirements for admittance. Before that time bar examinations were held by the District Courts of Appeal in their respective districts, which examinations had to be taken only by certain applicants. Those who could produce a diploma of graduation from designated law schools and colleges throughout the State were entitled to admission merely on motion, subject only to the right of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court to order an examination in certain cases. The same held for attorneys seeking admission from other States. All others were required to undergo the regular examination conducted by the District Court of Appeals.

In 1917, however, the Legislature, perceiving the need for more stringent entrance requirements, repealed those statutes providing for admission without examination in the case of the law school graduate, who by this change in the law was put upon the same footing

as other applicants. At this same session a further departure was made requiring every applicant for admission as an attorney and counselor at law, not only to produce satisfactory testimonials of a good and moral character, but also satisfactory proof of his having for a period of at least two years diligently pursued the study of the law. Requirements for admission were thus being gradually made more stringent.

It was not, however, until 1919 that the legislature passed the most important and far-reaching enactment. This took the form of constituting a board of bar examiners. While the matter of formal admission was still left in the hands of the Courts, this new tribunal, the board of bar examiners, to consist of three competent attorneys appointed and supervised by the Supreme Court was created. At the same time it was provided that applicants not holding a license from another State must in addition to the other requisites, present satisfactory proof of having studied law for a period of at least three years; that no person could be admitted on license from another State except after reference of his application to the board and a favorable report therefrom,

together with proof that such applicant had for three years been engaged in actual practice in such other State. This latest change in the law was the result of the work of the California State Bar Association,—which had recommended something of the kind year after year, and had followed up its recommendations by earnest endeavor at session after session of the Legislature.

The new system, a distinct and noted improvement over the old, has been in operation now for nearly two years. As the first appointees to the board of bar examiners, who are still holding office, the Supreme Court nominated Judge M. C. Sloss, former member of the Supreme bench; Mr. Charles A. Shurtleff, former President of the San Francisco Bar Association; and Mr. Warren Gregory. In the words of Chief Justice Frank M. Angelotti of the Supreme Court of California,—“These three gentlemen are universally known as entertaining the highest possible conception of the functions of a lawyer, and as realizing the necessity of maintaining a very high standard on the part of the applicants, both in point of knowledge and character. It will be the duty of the Supreme Court to see that the board is, in point of membership, constantly kept up to the high standard set by the first appointments.”

Thus California has a system that may reasonably be expected to keep out those unfit to enter the legal profes-

sion. It is probably as effective as any scheme that may be devised to carry out its purpose.

What is the purpose? What is the reason for the enactment of this new system? These questions are superfluous, for the end in view is as apparent as are the means chosen to effect it. The idea of the legislature is and can be, only one, to uphold the standard of the legal profession. This can be accomplished only by raising that standard; for to remain stationary is not to progress, and it is only by constant progress that advancement is made. Therefore it is only by raising the standard of the bar, that we are upholding that standard.

In this day of specialization and efficiency, it is necessary that the legal as well as every other profession protect itself, by admitting within its ranks those who are best qualified to carry on its work and uphold its honor. In every avocation, in the interest of success, a man must be well equipped to carry on his work. It is only those who are the best in their respective lines of endeavor that attain the highest honors and success therein, for at the present day it is not sufficient to be merely good,—one must be better than others, to reach the goal of his ambition. Therefore in raising the standard of any profession, not only is the profession itself protected, and those with whom it comes into daily contact, but each member thereof is required to prepare well and by that

preparation he is laying the foundation for his own future success. In law, especially, no one unlearned in its science, nor unfit for its practice, can ever achieve a prominent place in the estimation of his fellow men.

Exhaustive preparation for the successful practice of the law therefore, is indispensable; for in order to do, a man must know, and to obtain knowledge, he must learn. This brings us naturally to the question of how, or in what manner, may one best learn the law. What is the most desirable method of preparing for its practice? In other words, what should constitute the lawyer's education? Without the necessity of becoming involved in a lengthy dissertation on the subject, it will suffice for present purposes to point out generally the difference between law school education and mere office preparation, noting the real necessity, not only to the profession but to the man himself of requiring the former.

The education of the lawyer should have in view the acquisition of all possible knowledge, general and specific, coupled with the ability to use that knowledge to the best advantage,—then the formation of character and the cultivation of a capacity for refined enjoyment. Surely in a law school, especially when the course is entered upon at the conclusion of a successful college career, will the student find a more congenial atmosphere for the thorough acquisition of legal learning,

than he would were he compelled to pick up the threads of knowledge in a law office. Granted that office experience without a law school preparation might possibly equip the student with sufficient practical knowledge to pass the State bar examination, still that member certainly will not be as useful, not to mention ornamental, to the profession as the college law graduate, who by reason of the privileges and advantages that are his alone will be of more genuine value to his profession in later years. It seems apparent, therefore, that the law college graduate who is well grounded, not only in the underlying theory and history of the law, but who is also collaterally well prepared, as every true lawyer should be, with a deeper understanding of the fundamental principles of philosophy, psychology, history, economics, and sociology,—will be of more real service to humanity and of more genuine worth to his profession and himself, than the lawyer who launches upon life with the scant preparation obtainable from office experience alone.

It may be that the next step of the legislature will be to require all applicants to present a diploma of graduation from a recognized law college before making them eligible to take the bar examination. There are many good reasons for such a law. Against it is this, that it at times deprives a poor but ambitious youth of an opportunity to enter into a profession of



which he might otherwise become a worthy member. This argument forgets, however, that individual aspirations must yield to public necessity and demand; that the lawyer is an officer of the State and of its Courts, placed as a guardian between the right and the wrong, between justice and injustice; that it behooves the State to make no mistake in the protection of its citizens against the errors of the uninformed and incompetent. At this day no one protests against a technical collegiate course for the physician, and surely the health and life of the citizens of a commonwealth are of no more moment than their fortunes, reputations, and morals,—all of which are clearly within the influence and care of the legal profession.

Sufficient has been said about preparation for the profession. Let a word be offered concerning the reparation which should be made by the profession in cutting out those dead branches which are not only no longer ornamental, but even highly detrimental to it. What is the best means of ridding the bar of those delinquent lawyers who are unfortunately still within its ranks? Were it not that the State and Federal Constitutions prohibit the passing of an *ex post facto* law, such a means would be the most direct and efficient mode of handling the situation. However, there are other methods.

It is not hard to get rid of those convicted of a felony or "misdemeanor involving moral turpitude." The order

of disbarment in such cases is made as a matter of course. But there are many other unfit members who are not in that class, yet who would be better out of, than in, the profession, because of their incompetency from one cause or another.

For incompetency taking the form of lack of learning, it has been suggested that examinations at certain periods be prescribed for all lawyers. This remedy has its good features and would probably serve to get rid of some for whom it was intended. But when we consider the fact that such a law would be a gross imposition upon most of the learned gentlemen of the profession, and furthermore that these unlearned are but few among the many, who do not cause as much harm as others of a different type, it would seem that such a procedure is neither expedient nor just.

Even now, the law provides for disbarment proceedings for the violation of any of the solemn obligations which attorneys assume when admitted to practice; and no profession or calling in the world, save perhaps the clergy, prescribes for its membership a higher standard of conduct than does the legal profession.

Chief Justice Angelotti of the Supreme Court, in virtue of his position, eminent learning, and keen perception of conditions in the profession, is certainly an authority on this subject. He has the following to say: "In the last analysis the matter of proceeding

against delinquent members of the profession must largely rest in the hands of the lawyers 'of the vicinage,' if I may use the expression. Given a body of lawyers determined to maintain in its locality a high standard for members of the profession, quick to entertain any complaint against a lawyer and to institute proceedings against him if on investigation an apparently good cause appears to exist, much can

be accomplished under the existing law in ridding the bar of unfit members."

This, then, appears to be the fitting solution to the problem. By following the advice of the Chief Justice in this matter the members of the California State Bar Association can and will, not only maintain the professional standard in its present high place, but will raise that standard ever higher in the eyes of the rest of the world.

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## Smile

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Though winter with its hanging clouds,  
Is dreary as a tomb;  
And what is bright within this world  
Seems hidden in the gloom;

Sadness, like the overcoat  
Is going out of style,  
For summer is the time for all  
To smile, smile, smile

G. E. C., '24.

## Father Ricard

"I divide my time between my garden and the stars. Working in a garden keeps one young and well-balanced. Working on the stars keeps one fascinated with life and happy."

"But for happiness I advise the study of stars. You grow nearer the heavens, you become one of them. The earth seems farther away. Wars, lynchings, cruelty, all that makes life terrible for some, seem small compared with the great force of the nebula of Orion and the formation of suns. Life becomes peaceful here watching, in the heavens, the eternal movements of the stars and suns, and in my garden, the vines and trees and flowers blooming and bearing, passing through their orbits of years."  
--Fr. Ricard in a recent interview.



HE languid insolence of youth  
Was on me when I gazed at one  
Whose daring footsteps followed Truth  
Among the caverns of the sun.

A few faint shifts of sun and stars,  
A little time to bring gray hairs,  
And fame has blazed his name afar  
And made a world of men his heirs.

We live and strive and wait alone  
And play the game with what it yields  
And catch, through walls of brick and stone,  
A fancy of the greening fields.

The golden stars sail out in fleets  
Above the towers that hide the moon,  
Tall lances of the ranging streets  
That smote the ringing shield of noon.

Like him who watches out the night  
With cinctured Saturn's giant round,  
I fain, at times, would rest my sight  
On violets striking from the ground.

Nor is it strange that he whose eyes  
Have dared such visages to read  
And solve the secrets of the skies,  
Should lift a pansy's earth-born head.

How calm the sky's tremendous dome  
Is arched above the fell alarms  
Where foot to foot, across the foam,  
The nations strive with fraud of arms.

The gleaming cygnets of the swan  
Untroubled breast the seas above;  
The earth rolls calmly to the dawn,  
And every dawning leads to love.

I think, beyond the trumpet's peal  
That wars some higher power offend,  
That frustrate is the path of steel  
And wisdom conquers in the end.

To follow wisdom through the wars,  
To see the sky beyond the towers,  
To set his name among the stars  
And set his heart among the flowers,

Was his who upward gazed alone  
And listened for the higher strains:  
The mighty Merlin of the sun,  
The gentle padre of the rains.

EDWIN M. COOLIDGE, '99.



# The Natural Law

Harold J. Cashin, '21.



THE "Law of Nature"—that indefinite something which we meet in science, in literature, in law, in everyday life—is it a fictional convention in the minds of men founded on convenience and utility, to be altered and conformed with the progress of the ages, or is it truly a law with all the recognized qualities and obligations of the laws of men? We hear that the killing of one's fellow man is against the principles of the "natural law," that suicide is forbidden by it, that marriage of the conventional kind is recognized by it, that the unquenchable love of every mother for her child is in accordance with it, and that peoples collect themselves in communities, form nations, and live peacefully or in strife, all in pursuance of this "natural law". Is this law which seems of so great importance in man's welfare merely a rhetorical phrase of the orator and preacher? We see that fire burns, that bodies fall, that plants grow and put forth fruit, that the planets revolve in their respective orbits—all these things in strict accordance with those very reliable laws—the "laws of nature".

Are these laws mere physical tendencies to which the term "law" is applied in a figurative and apologetic sense merely because we have not observed any infraction of the natural tendency?

The fathers of our nation in our immortal Declaration of Independence resorted to their fundamental rights of "the laws of Nature and of Nature's God". Blackstone and the other masters of the laws of civil society first lay the foundation of their treatises upon the Divine Law and the Law of Nature. We ask then: Is all this mere verbiage, and is the so-called "Law of Nature" merely a term of convenience for rhetoric and argumentation, as modern scientists and philosophers would have us believe?

The purpose of this thesis will be to answer this question, and in so doing we will first of all determine the fundamental difference between good and evil, a difference which does not depend on recognized conventionalities or customs, but upon the essential nature of things. We shall then lay down our definition of Law in general, determine its nature and proceed to examine the Eternal Law, which binds all created things, and finally, the Natural Law,

strictly so-called, which binds all rational creatures.

We say there is a fundamental difference between good and evil for all organic beings, that is, for those which are animated in their nature. For sticks, stones and minerals all things are alike, but organic beings are progressive in nature—they have a certain course to be run, and in the running of this course a certain development to be reached. That which makes for the progress of this development is good for the plant, the animal, the man; that which hinders this natural progress is evil.

All organic natures, however, do not have this progress in their own hands, to develop or cast aside. Creatures which cannot influence their own development are called “necessary beings”; such creatures are plants and irrational animals. Every necessary being is as good as it possibly can be under the circumstances; its progress is not dependent upon what it may wish to do, for it cannot “wish”. It is dependent in all things upon the nature of the circumstances in which it finds itself, or to other circumstances outside which may change its condition. If a seed falls upon hard rock or sterile soil, it may grow for a time, then wither and die—but through no failing of its own. If an alley cat never grows to the size and beauty so beloved by the limousine lady, it is through no fault of the cat. It also is the best it could be under the

circumstances. But if a human infant is born into the world, while it may be influenced to a great degree by its environment, it is not entirely at the mercy of the circumstances about it. The child growing up may be influenced by circumstances to become a factory worker, but if this life does not please him he may choose another; he may become a pipe-fitter or a theologian, a “gangster” or a social lion. His surroundings will influence him, but they will not make him, for he is a free being. The plant or the animal will be as good as circumstances will allow it, but the man must up and stir himself to come up to the standard of humanity. A morally good act, therefore, is an act that makes for the progress of human nature in him that does it, and which is freely done. A morally evil act, on the other hand, is one which, while a free act, is a diversion from the right line, and which hinders human progress in him who does it.

What is that act which makes for the progress of human nature? It is evident that it must be something which is fitting and proper for human nature in its best and most distinctive characteristic. It cannot be in doing that which is most fitting and proper for the plant; it cannot be basking in the sunshine, soaking up the raindrops, or swaying with March breezes. These are acts eminently fitting for the sunflower, the mountain pines, or fields of corn, but they are not the acts for man in his highest activity. Nor can it be in drinking copiously, eating heartily,

or running about the streets indiscriminately,—these are acts befitting the animal. Inasmuch as man is also plant and animal, basking in the sunshine, eating, drinking, running and jumping may be pleasing and agreeable to him also at times, but inasmuch as he is man, the rational animal, they are not the acts befitting his nature. The act which makes for the progress of human nature, which befits it in its highest characteristic, it to be up to reason, for reason is the highest characteristic of man.

If then, reason is the guide which is to tell man what is good, and what is bad for him, he must act according to his dictates of reason, and according to the highest play of reason. We have seen that the highest play of reason is contemplation for contemplation's sake, to be prepared for in this life but not fully realized until the next. In following the dictates of reason man will seek to subject appetite to reason by temperance, and his will to reason by justice, so that his nature as a whole is properly ordered with logical subordination of parts—plant, animal, rational.

Man need not have been created at all—his creation is a result of an act of the Divine Will. But the Divine Will having willed to create could not have created a man with other than human exigencies. It could not have created a man in whom it would have been fitting and proper to blaspheme, perjure himself, or abandon himself

recklessly to lust or anger—for anything that is created is designed upon certain patterns of the Divine Essence which are imitable outside of God only in certain definite lines, known as the Archetype Ideas. To create a man outside these definite lines of possibility is as much an impossibility for the Almighty Creator as to create a square circle, or four-sided triangle.

But though only one thing may be evil, and another thing may be good, does it necessarily follow that man is bound to take the means to attain the good and avoid the evil? One of the greatest problems of Moral Philosophy is the explanation of the idea "I ought". We may say "You ought to get up early and catch the train if you intend to be at work on time this morning." And then, "You ought to be at work on time if you want to keep your job," followed by "You ought to keep your job if you want to keep supplied with bread and butter". And so on we may by a chain of "oughts" and "ifs" arrive at the following: "You ought to do this if you are to act as a rational creature". This is the final assertion in any case. If any man dispute this, we cannot reason with him, for he is irrational. Kant calls the various "oughts" and "ifs" the hypothetical imperative, and the final assertion the categorical imperative. We do not dispute with him, for there is nothing wrong in his doctrine here as far as it goes, but we object that it does not go far enough. We say that the full

notion of what a man ought to do is what he must do under pain of sin, and we say sin is much more than a breach of reason. The doctrine of Kant makes reason the only law for man, and frees him from all responsibility to external authority. It places man on the level of or above God.

We say that not only has God placed a law for his creatures, but having created them He could not but will to bind them to certain definite lines of action. God is the one source of all reality and power, and no creature can exist without His concurrence in its being, nor action take place without this concurrence. But God cannot be indifferent in what manner of act He concurs in, for in so doing He would put aside all idea of design and purpose in His creation. He cannot do this, for He would be renouncing all direction in His work and be making His creatures His superiors. If His creatures, having a free will of their own, choose to stray from the lines of action willed by Him, He still cooperates, but only in the physical goodness of the act, not in its moral evil.

In general, a law may be defined as "A precept just and abiding given for promulgation to a perfect community". A law is a rule of action and its first attribute is that it be just: if unjust it is no law, though it may be binding when only our own rights are infringed, for the sake of peace and order. A law in the strictest sense is permanent, and often grows with the community some-

what as a habit with the individual. The law is for the community, not for the individual; and it is for the "perfect community", namely, one which is not a part of some higher community of the same order. The family is a community, but not a perfect community, for it is a unit of the state which is a perfect community. Precepts from the head of the family for its members are not laws, but merely precepts. On the other hand, every law is a precept. A law must be promulgated and applied, and there must be some sanction, or punishment, attached to it for those who break its provisions.

When we apply the definition here set down to the law of God, we think of the whole created universe of all things visible and invisible as forming the perfect community, whose lawgiver is God. This community consists of men, angels, earth, sun, planets, fixed stars—everything in the created order. The law which governs all is the Eternal Law, and it comprises not only the laws of human conduct, but also the laws of physical nature and the action of physical causes. The Eternal Law does not lay down lines of action which are arbitrary, but rather those which conform to the nature of the creature which it binds. It commands every creature, material and spiritual, rational and irrational, to act according to the nature that is in it, and as we have seen that God could not but have willed to bind his creatures to certain lines of action, the Eternal Law is essen-



tial to creation, since God willed to create.

The Eternal Law includes within its wide scope, as we have seen, not only the physical laws, but the laws of human conduct and morality, and in this latter scope it is termed the Natural Law. The Eternal Law applies to all creatures, the Natural Law to free beings alone. By the Eternal Law all creatures are bound according to the nature that is in them, necessary beings are so bound with physical force. By the Natural Law man is bound also to act according to the nature that is his, but with moral, not physical force. The Eternal Law is said to be in the mind of God, the Natural Law in the minds of men: the Natural Law is the Eternal Law made known to man through his reason so that he may regulate and govern his behavior according to his rational nature.

It is called the Natural Law because it is found in greater or less degree in all men, and what is found in all the individuals of a type is to be considered as pertaining to the nature of that type. It is also called the Natural Law because it is an essential part of the rational creature in arriving at its own proper maturity. It is natural in the sense that walking, speech, and civilization are natural, not in the sense that breathing and seeing are natural; these latter activities "come natural" to man, to use the colloquial, and require no education whatever. Not so with the Natural Law. A child born on

a desert island and having no contact with human kind would not grow up a natural human being, and possibly would have no knowledge of the Natural Law. He would not be up to the standard of the species for the reason that he has no knowledge of the Natural Law.

It is also called the "Natural Law of Conscience" because it is applied by the conscience of the individual to his own acts, and judges of their morality or immorality. Conscience is not a faculty, nor a habit, but an act of reason judging whether an act is here and now morally good or bad for him who does it. It is like the conclusion of a syllogism, the major premise of which states that there is a law, the minor applies the particular fact to that law, and the conclusion, conscience, deciding what is right or wrong in this particular case. It is not infallible: the person may have chosen the wrong general principle of conduct, or the wrong application to the facts, or there may be error in the logic employed. It may be an "erroneous conscience", but even if it is, we are bound by it, or bound to get it reversed. To do otherwise is to act irrationally, and to so act is, as we have seen, morally evil.

Conscience is the act of the reason judging the morality of the act, but there is another function of the intellect bearing upon morality, which is termed "synderesis." Synderesis, unlike conscience, is not an act but rather an habitual hold upon the first prin-

ciples of morality, such as: we must do good and avoid evil, honor parents, requite benefactors, and the like. It is the major of the conscience syllogism, in which the conscience is the conclusion. The hold of synderesis on these basic principles is upon only the most fundamental, and those which are self-evident. To one with sufficient knowledge of the meaning of the terms of the proposition these truths are as self-evident as the axiomatic truths of geometry. We deny that there is any "moral sense", as is sometimes held, but we maintain that by the very nature of the truths themselves we come to a knowledge of them and are able to derive the first principles of the Natural Law. A complete knowledge of the Natural Law is not found in all minds, but synderesis is found in all. From these first principles, however, the mind may come to drastically different conclusions in applying the minor of the syllogism, and the facts of history bear out the fact of these varied applications. Synderesis says "punish evil-doers". Men have punished evil-doers by flaying alive, by branding, by slavery, by imprisonment, by every conceivable application of this fundamental principle according to the nature of their civilization. The same may be said of "honoring parents", "requiting benefactors" and all the fundamental tents of synderesis.

From what has been said it would almost seem unnecessary to state that the Natural Law is immutable, for im-

mutability is an essential element of law in the definition we have given. In the fundamental truths of the Natural Law there can be no change, for what is forbidden by the precepts of the Natural Law is bad in itself, and consequently forbidden by God, while the positive precepts are good and necessary to man and consequently ordered by God. There may, however, be some development of the principles in the mind of man.

In defining law we have said that to every law there must be attached a suitable sanction, or punishment for its breach. The sanction attached to the Natural Law for its final, persistent breach is the failure to attain the perfect state and last end of the human soul, which is happiness. Acting against nature man overthrows and destroys that nature, and fails in the attaining of the final perfection and happiness natural to his soul. This is the natural sanction of the Natural Law; there is also a divine sanction, for the Law comes from God, the Supreme Law-giver, and failure to keep the Law requires on the basis of natural justice that God attach some punishment other than the overthrowing of man's nature. The sanction of God is positive, not negative, and the failure to attain man's natural end is only a part of the punishment God has attached to the breach of His Law.

In conclusion, therefore, we may say

that there is a difference between good and evil, not depending on the convenience of man or his laws, or his customs, but a difference in the very nature of things. We say, too, that there is a "natural law" which is much more than a meaningless phrase, and loop-hole for desultory argumentation: it is the foundation of all that is rational on earth, and the controlling force of men who would live up to the highest nature that is in them.

## A Friend

*When do I know when a friend's a friend  
In the golden sense the word implies,  
A friend who will stick to the bitter end  
The kind whose affection never dies?*

Some love but lightly seeking only what  
Of wealth and riches may be yours to spend,  
Spurn these. Seek him whose noble, generous heart  
Despises such—and wants—you for his real friend.

Seek him who freely, when Fortune sternly frowns  
And blasts your prospects, all your long-lived hopes,  
Gives of his treasures, both of hand and heart,  
To lift the stumbling form that in the darkness gropes.

And last—call not the sycophant a friend  
Nor him who would of you perfection claim,  
But rather cling to him who understands  
And censures all your faults—yet loves you just the same

*That's when I know when a friend's a friend  
In the golden sense the word implies,  
A friend who will stick to the bitter end,  
The kind whose affection never dies.*

Martin M. Murphy, '22.

# The Printed Word

John W. Murphy, '21.



IT was on a blazing Arizona day that George Mandon's father was buried. All the stores in the little town of Topaz were closed in his honor, everyone was at the funeral to hear Deacon Jones deliver a wonderful eulogy at the grave of the deceased. In a word, his funeral had been a great success. The next day George visited the offices of his father's lawyers. He entered under the impression that he was wealthy; he left convinced that he was poor. For his lawyers had shown him that his father's accounts were all on the wrong side of the ledger. There was only one word in the will which left a spark of hope in his future. It was the part that read: "I leave to my son, George Mandon, my interests in the Melican Mine which I hold in partnership with Jim Halladoek."

The Melican Mine was reputed to be rich in the purest gold, but its whereabouts was unknown as was also the whereabouts of Jim Halladoek. Jim, the most notorious bad man in the lurid annals of the Southwest, was as careful of his friendships as a Newport society snob. A price was on his head

and he was of the opinion that he would need his head even unto a mellow old age.

George's first move was to visit Rath Doolin. Rath was master of the "Dew Drop Inn" and George knew that Rath could give him directions if anyone could. The shrewd eyes of the old bartender, deep set in wrinkles, twinkled awhile and then Rath said, "Halladoek trusts no one. No living soul is his confidant. His only friend's his dog. To be his friend would mean untold wealth to you, but it's impossible. You're on the level."

"What do you mean 'I'm on the level'?" questioned George.

"I mean this—if you were one of his own kind, see, it's possible he'd trust you."

George went forth, buried deep in thought. He walked to his lodgings, packed his belongings, and left the town that evening on the 7:10.

A week later the Topaz Courier came out with a blazing headline, "George Mandon Robs Bank." The robbery had occurred at Rubicon the article stated and the reported booty was \$10,000, with a reward of \$2500 posted for his capture.

That happened on Wednesday; on



Friday the newspapers throughout the state carried a story of the robbery of six homes in Tullney. In the hallway of one of the homes a card was found with the name, "George Mandon".

The little town of Topaz was stirred by the news; the citizens stood on the streets in knots discussing the startling actions of the former model townsman.

But it appeared that our hero had only started on his downward career. The following evening the word spread broadcast that Mandon had held up a citizen of Summerville; his victim had offered resistance, and in the scuffle, Mandon had killed him!

A few days later Rath Doolin had a visitor; it was Mandon.

"Aren't you afraid to chance capture as a murderer and a highwayman?" asked Doolin in surprise.

"I know I'm foolish, but I had to see you," answered Mandon gravely.

"You told me that Halladoek would only trust one of his own kind. Well, I think I qualify, if I haven't gone him one better. Now I want you to get me in touch with Halladoek and quick. I have to develop that mine."

"I certainly will if you'll take a tumble to yourself and cut this out," replied Doolin with alacrity.

"When can I see Halladoek?" asked Mandon impatiently.

"Inside of five minutes," was the surprising answer.

He was as good as his word. Doolin left the house and returned in five min-

utes with a slight man ornamented with a week's growth of beard.

It was Halladoek. After they were introduced, Mandon went directly to business. "My father," he said, "has left me his interest in the Melican Mine. You are the only living man who knows where it is. Can't we get together on this and make both our fortunes? I want you to trust me."

"Well," replied Halladoek, after a pause, during which he massaged his beard, "I hesitate to take a step like this and put myself in another's power. Looking into your eyes, and knowin' your dad, I feel that I can trust you."

"When do we start?" asked Mandon with energy.

"Tomorrow," replied Halladoek. "I want to get my hands on some of that gold myself."

Several days later they arrived at the Melican Mine. It was situated in a small canyon overlooked by generations of gold seekers.

They prospered in their enterprise, and as they worked, their friendship grew. They told each other the story of their lives, and it seemed that each dwelt on the seamy side.

Finally their friendship and their mutual trust grew to such a point that Halladoek asked George what ever started him in shooting and robbing.

"I committed those crimes," George answered with pride, "because Doolin told me that you only trusted men of your own kind; and so I decided that I must be branded as a criminal or I

would live and die without ever touching the wealth of the Meliean."

To his surprise Halladoek became perturbed. "Doolin should keep his wild theories to himself," he said savagely. "The thought that I am the cause of your downfall will shadow my days. Doolin should be taught a lesson for talking without thinking and I will see that he gets it. I'm straight and cut out the past, but it clings to me and makes me live in the dark."

Mandon was dumbfounded for a moment and then suddenly he began to laugh.

"Boy, why do you laugh? Isn't it horrible to think that I'm the cause of your having blood on your hands?" and Halladoek glared at him.

"I see that I must tell you the truth not only to clear the matter up, but

I'm afraid of the kind of 'lesson' you may hand Doolin. The fact is you have no real reason to get Doolin. I never committed those crimes."

"You didn't! Well, who in hell did?" Halladoek called out in astonishment.

"Nobody did. The crimes were never committed in the towns of Rubicon, Tullney, and Summerville. Did you ever hear of those towns? Show 'em to me on the map. They don't exist. I telephoned the stories of those robberies to the different papers and they swallowed them hook, line and sinker—no questions asked. Old man, I'm still far from wearing stripes."

"You win," said Halladoek with a grin, as he reached for his shovel, "but damn the guy who first invented newspapers."

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## Never Satisfied

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Man is like the ocean  
And the swelling tide;  
For though he sometimes rises high,  
He's never satisfied.

G. E. C., '24.

# Roads and Pavements

G. William de Koch, '21.



CENTURIES back, while man was yet a stranger on this earth his knowledge and his relations with his fellow men were limited to an immediate vicinity.

His wants were few. And nature largely satisfied these wants. His desires for investigation and for conquests had not yet seized upon him.

In these times, there existed perhaps, paths, but there were no roads. Centuries moved by. The population of the earth increased and man spread about more and more as he grew more bold and wandered off to investigate the dark and unsettled portions of his earth, wandered off to find new fields to cultivate. Thus, small scattered localities were established between which rude pathways kept the inhabitants in touch with one another. These rude pathways, eventually became the recognized routes of communication.

So we find that as civilization increased and spread westward from its crib, the construction of pathways to permit travellers to enter these new countries, was always one of the prime steps taken by those bold enough to venture into the exploration of new lands.

That roads are, as it were, a symbol by which the material progress of an age or people is measured, is true. For history tells us that those peoples that established new communities and that built pathways and roads between their communities, progressed and became more cultured, while on the contrary, those that remained satisfied with what the immediate vicinity could afford them, did not improve. Their communities remained stagnant, their civilization remained ever the same.

To roads, that is, a means of ease to travellers, can be credited the advancement of the nation. For it is natural and this point is most emphasized in the world today, that the resources of a country, together with its commercial enterprises can only be developed by means of interchange between the rural districts and the cities. Thus there has to be a means by which these interchanges can come about, and this means must be to a very great extent the pathways that form the connections between localities.

Of course roads were not necessarily the means which peoples of different nations and ages relied upon for communication; but, in the very earliest periods roads were the only means. Later came communication by ships,

and later on by rail. It is nevertheless true that roads for the world in general and for the different peoples in general are the natural means of communication between one locality and another.

In the early steps of civilization especially, roads permitted the development of the arts so essential to the culture of men, morally as well as intellectually, and so necessary to elevate him to his true social position. Man was not made to live alone and it is in the very nature of man to avoid solitude. Social intercourse, therefore, is a necessity to every man, to his health, to his disposition, to everything that tends towards his happiness. We, for instance, in our own day in the rural districts note the farmers, the army that works in order that the world may live. Their social activities are restricted, a gathering of fellowmen to exchange ideas is impossible, if there is not a comfortable means of communication. Then, also, we must consider that the prosperity and very existence of a town or rural village depends entirely upon the exchange brought about by those living in the surrounding country.

So it is quite apparent, how and why, pathways or highways came about and are forced to be.

Herodotus tells us that King Cheops, in the year 400 B. C., built a stone roadway, over which were conveyed the huge stones for the erection of the Egyptian Pyramids that bear his name.

We also read about the extraordinarily beautiful highways leading out to the Pyramids from Memphis and other famous cities, now just adding dust to the gray sands of time. In Babylon, history also says, were many paved streets, and paved highways connecting Babylon with Memphis, Damascus, Tyre, Antioch and other commercial centers of those times.

And so as civilization progressed and those who had ventured forth to find new fields finally settled, others were found following in their footsteps and thus from the gathering of a few, large communities came into existence to form, later on, powerful cities and nations. Naturally in time, great jealousy gripped these different cities and nations bringing about wars and strife. From here on history records a change. The use of highways for economic and commercial purposes fell into second place. The idea of conquest had finally seized man. No longer did he build roads to open up new fields for the benefit of all, but now he seems to have built pathways to conquer those who dared to pass him in his adventures and to conquer those who stood in his way. The construction of highways for the transportation of conquering armies became the prime factor in road making.

The Carthagenians, a rising nation of the west, deserve the credit for the first systematic and scientifically constructed road. In the fifth century, B. C., they developed this system of communi-



eation and used it so beneficially in their military movements that they stood their ground against Greece and Rome for over four hundred years.

The center of civilization then moved on to Rome. The Romans learned from their conquered foe, the Carthaginians, that one of the secrets of their military success was their system of roads. The Romans realized the fact, learned the secret well and so improved upon it that they soon became the greatest road builders of history.

In all probability, the oldest and most important of these Roman roads was the one built by Appius Claudius in the year 312 B. C. It is interesting to note the ingenuity of these roads, how in those times they regarded the foundations as a prime factor in road construction—a fact which we today do not appreciate or adhere to as we should. Drainage was another factor uppermost in consideration.

These Roman roads were remarkable for preserving straight lines regardless of obstacles. Marshes, lakes, ravines and mountains made no difference; the road was carried on through just the same. This outstanding fact, together with their stability and their duration, has demanded admiration through the ages.

Two parallel trenches were built, excavated some fifty feet apart. The space between was the line of the road, and all loose dirt was removed from this section and replaced by other soil more suitable, which was compacted

tight and in layers. The height of these layers usually was three feet. Two courses of flat stone then followed, each layer laid in mortar. Then a rubble was spread over this, and packed tight. A layer of coarse gravel and lime, spread hot, followed this. Into this were imbedded the large stones of the last or surface coat. In all, the roads were built never less than four feet thick and thirty-six feet in width. It is little wonder then that such roads lasted centuries. They were indeed massive monuments compared to our flimsy construction of today. But from our present day investigations and knowledge of road building we can do nothing more nor less than wonder just why these roads were built so thick. Surely traffic was not so heavy that such construction was warranted. To be sure cost was of secondary consideration. The material used, no doubt, was immediately accessible. And the rulers of those times must have considered it part of their duty to leave monuments of their reign.

The conquering Romans continued their road building throughout Europe, in Spain, France, Holland, Germany and in England. Then the sand glass tilted again. New nations were born and Rome was forgotten together with her activities. Then came the Dark Ages and later the Middle Ages. The famous Roman highways were scenes of robberies and soon were only tools in the hands of barbarians. Travel was practically abandoned. Forests soon

overgrew the roadways to such an extent that today only traces of those once famous monuments remain. Improvements on roads were largely abandoned until about the eighteenth century, when the means of travel began to be more considered.

Spain, France and Great Britain all made headway in methods and types of road construction. To Great Britain great credit is due. For since the time of Telford and Macadam, who are really the fathers of modern methods of road construction, she has continually given much to the betterment of the science of road making.

We then pass to the far west, our own Western Hemisphere. History is unable to trace the date of the first roads in the Americas. The Incas of Peru, that noble race that has left such lasting monuments of its greatness, are known to have had a system of magnificent stone highways, winding in and around their mountainous country. The Aztecs in Mexico have left us roads similar in construction.

In North America roads seem to have been scarce until after the Revolution, when conditions became more stable. The first important road of the early Colonies was the old York Road between New York and Philadelphia. Philadelphia constructed the first

Macadam road in the United States. In our own California there is the famous El Camino Real of today, the path of the brown-robed Padres of yesterday, stretching from the bay of San Diego up along the shore line of the Pacific in and around the yellow mustard hills until we reach the blossom valley of Santa Clara and into the heart of the business district of San Jose.

Such has been the progress of centuries, down the steps of civilization, always advancing, from mere mud roadways to solid floors of concrete. Yet from the past there is much to learn.

I have related, in brief then, the history of roads and their importance to man in the progress of civilization. Time has passed and the massive structures of stone and mortar of ancient days are rapidly being replaced by slim and rigid structures of artificial stone and steel.

Scientific investigation has proven, modern inventions have more than shown that those roads were a waste of money, time and energy. Science has proved that artificial stone and a simple slab of concrete will withstand the same wear and pounding as roads of solid blocks of rock.



# The Redwood

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SANTA CLARA

The object of The Redwood is to gather together what is best in the literary work of the students, to record University doings and to knit closely the hearts of the boys of the present and the past

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## EDITORIAL

### The Year

An army awaiting the signal to plunge into battle is filled with hope and determination. When the fight is over and the dangled wreckage, human and mechanical, is scattered about, the wildest optimism may be transformed to gloom and misery, or the wildest gloom to optimism and glory, or there may be doubt and dif-

ferent opinion as to the ultimate success of the engagement. Only the general in command may be able to discern the true state of affairs.

With the year's beginning we were admonished in chapel to "Fight!" and now when the year's battle is over the results are indeed similar to the martial engagement. To some there seems a mass of wreckage, the results of clash

and disharmony; to others the triumph of glory, intellectual and otherwise.

Last October we ventured a few optimistic remarks concerning Student activities. They were the hopes before the fight. Have they been entirely blasted by the trend of affairs?

First of all, we said the war influence was about spent, and registration had returned to normal proportions, and better. It has since diminished, perhaps, but that, too, is a sign of normality. Whether scholarship is up to standard, we leave to the results soon to be known.

But we said that athletics were most promising, and they were. And we still say that the small end of the score does not mean defeat to the team backed by the spirit of a loyal Student Body and Faculty.

We said dramatics were promising. The complete success of the dramatic contest, not to mention various programs, satisfies our hopes on this point.

We said nothing of debating. Santa Clara considered debating a purely domestic affair except for the grand celebration in the Ryland. The signal victories of the Law, House of Philhistorians, and Prep teams have given Intercollegiate Debate a stimulus which threatens to place it as Santa Clara's major sport.

Another affair we failed to mention:—the thorough organization of the Alumni Association by means of a chain of clubs along the coast. The value of a well-organized Alumni is not

to be over-estimated. The backing it gives to the institution in advertising and moral support is superior to any other form of publicity, and the organization is of untold worth to the individuals themselves, not to mention "the soothing balm" which it affords in Alumni orations and which in some degree "helps to relieve the pain" of leaving Alma Mater.

This hurried survey of a few of the activities of the past year reveals something more than mere ruins, and if there has been irritation we trust it will heal in warmth of the summer sun. To many, the projected athletic program is an unmitigated horror,—but have they considered the situation thoroughly? That Athletics were tending too much towards professionalism here and elsewhere cannot be denied. Says the University of Dayton Exponent in a recent editorial: "American Universities are forgetting that athletics were first made a part of college life, in order that each individual might receive his portion of physical exercise along with his mental training." Santa Clara is not the first to recognize the dangers of this professionalism. The evil cannot be denied; whether the cure has been wisely chosen time only will tell.

Not to forget ourselves, we were also optimistic for the "Redwood" last October. Looking back we see innumerable things we would like to have done, features we would like to have incorporated, articles we would have been



proud to print, editorials we might have written.

We cannot complain of lacking advice from those who specialize in advice: "Why not a few cartoons, some snappy stories, jokes, drawings, etc?" Nor have we worried much about rejecting such contributions. As we say, our advisers were specialists. But we have endured, and we close volume twenty with the feeling, on the whole, of work well done.

What of the future? This is the age of speed; speed in passing the word along, speed in getting facts and printing them. It is the day of the newspaper, and the increasing number of college papers in the mail indicate the growing unpopularity of the serious college magazine. Is the "Redwood" style of magazine therefore out of date, and to be discarded?

To those of us who have toiled in its creation, such a statement almost savors of the sacrilegious,—though we admit with our fellow editors that the table of contents has little of sentiment in it. If there is nothing but sentiment to support a publication or an institution, it is time for a change.

But we do not think the "Redwood" is merely supported by sentiment, and despite the difficulties of extracting near-literature from over-worked students,—despite the fact that the folks at home and warm friends of the students and the institution are its chief readers, we believe the college magazine has a place of dignity which should not be usurped by a newspaper.

The advantages of a newspaper are not to be denied. It encourages everything pertaining to the University, it gives the news immediately (superceding the underground-rumor route), it gives the news of neighboring schools, it gives this news while fresh, not as semi-history. It is, moreover, easily self-supporting.

So there is undoubtedly a field for the college newspaper. Whether Santa Clara is ready for one we leave to our successors, but we trust they will not see fit to abolish the "Redwood" which we have labored for, and which has become a part of our very natures.

So, in closing the year and saying good-bye we wish to thank all our friends, readers, contributors. In particular we of the staff wish to acknowledge our gratitude for the advice and assistance given us by Mr. Edward Shipsey, S. J.

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### **The Scientist**

It is the habit of men toiling in the monotony of every day affairs to cast longing eyes of envy toward the fascinated man of science, who seems so completely buried in the folds of an absorbing vocation. Science does fascinate. If it did not we would have no scientists, for too often it is the only reward for toil, monotony, and patience-taxing strain, of such a strain as the "tired business man" never dreams.

Next week at Santa Clara we are to celebrate the jubilee of one of our own scientists of not a little fame, Father

Ricard. On this occasion it is fitting not only to remember the triumph of a life of successful scientific work, but also the extreme labor this success has cost. Who is there who reads: "19, 20, 21—Fine days, cold nights", and appreciates the long series of observations, sheets of calculation and comparison, that this simple statement represents?

Little wonder there are few like the Polish Madame Curie, discoverer of radium, who at the age of fifty-six is satisfied with a teacher's salary if only she can carry on her experiments with that most precious of substances whose finding cost her such labor. Little wonder there are so many clock-punching dabblers in science, so many "hire-lings", who hack out the day's work in the laboratory, one eye on the microscope, one on the signal for lunch.

Less wonder there are few like Father Ricard who, throughout fifty years of a life of poverty and religion, continues these labors undaunted by the opinions and taunts of fellow men and fellow scientists.

—Harold J. Cashin, '21.

**Success** Little do we realize the vast importance of our college days. Some one has ably said that the four years we spend at college are the happiest of our lives. And that person in his utterance was correct, for as we now approach the final day, the termina-

tion of our college career, we scan the fleeting period of our lives as students and the memories and recollections which it brings have firmly implanted themselves within us as among the greatest factors in moulding us as men. As our life of scholastic endeavor reaches its culmination we are sad, and to tell ourselves that it is finished is a blow which inflicts wounds upon us. But we have accumulated treasures greater than gold which do not leave us at this period but remain within our very nature and makeup, and will prove our real worth as men in the world we are about to face.

We have enjoyed the happiness which was ours to hold, we have encountered the trials and tribulations, we have shared the fortunes of athletic war, we have laughed and sorrowed, succeeding together, through the four kindest years of life. And all this interval which has passed, our habits have been forming themselves. We have laboured through long and tiresome hours of study and have day by day followed the same road of the sometimes monotonous routine. Some have fallen by the wayside, through necessity or tiring of the hum-drum, every day existence. Others have plodded steadily onward ever thoughtful of the final goal. Discouragement and despair have stared us all in the face, but we can now recall that they were only passing difficulties which we were called upon to encounter and overcome. For where would we be now if we suc-

cumbed to trials which so often confront us. The winter's snow brings hardship and cold, but the warmth and comfort of summer will always follow. If life's winter will snow us in, we will be resened by the thawing sun of spring.

The late Cardinal Gibbons once said: "Young man, expect great things. Expect great things of God; great things of your fellow men and of yourself. Expect great things of America. For great opportunities are ahead; greater than any that have come before. But only those who have the courage and the vision to expect them will profit when they come."

And so these opportunities will be ours and the hard work we have accomplished during our college course to gain our reward in the end, our degree, has been but a miniature of the work we are now to begin in life's career. A man will not go very far in the world without work, no matter what amount of talent or influence he may possess. If we are content to merely "get by", as the expression goes, in this world, and if we nurture a streak of idleness in our character our success can never be more than mediocre. Unless we apply ourselves and bring great effort to whatever be our undertaking in life, we will not attain a very high step on the ladder of success.

It is plainly evident, therefore, that the habits and virtues we form in our days of college activities are the foundation of the type of life we are to live

later on and will lead to life's final success, which like the graduation now at hand as the reward of four years of studious endeavor, will be our reward for the struggles we have passed through. No great reward can be reaped by any of us unless we have within us the courage and real character to face our difficulties, knowing full well the world and our fellow men and God will afford us the success and happiness.

Edmund Z. Coman, '21.

### **Microscopes and Telescopes**

Psychology is a wonderful thing. Whether we realize it or not the psychology of suggestion is a great controlling feature of our lives. How was so much patriotism stirred up during the war? Was it not through the suggestions given by the newspapers, by orators, by pictures? Is not the worthy cause of the disabled soldier being waged by the aid of suggestive appeals to the American people?

It is the power of suggestion that is going to bring us out of the present period of depression. If we are going to be microscopes and magnify each insignificant factor in today's dull business period, making all around us think that things are worse than ever before and life is not worth living, then it is time for us to seek the advice of the coffin maker. Why not be telescopes and look at the large and wonderful future with all its opportunities and unparalleled chances; see afar, and try to gain

a better insight into the larger and better things. Why enlarge hypothetical miseries. There is opportunity and success in every move ahead of us if we could only observe.

Today there are hundreds of men unemployed, factories are constantly reducing their roster, construction is near a standstill, all of which is disheartening and depressing. But are not others worse than we are? Are things really as bad as they seem?

Look at Ireland, a nation in the terrible state of war, starvation lurking in every section. Is she downhearted or crying "Enough"?

Observe the war ridden nations of Germany, France, Belgium. After five years of a most horrid devastation they are facing difficult problems of reconstruction. There is nothing in our conditions to equal theirs.

With the Winter gone, Spring going the Summer fast approaching; with the ripening of the grain and fruit, we have much to be thankful for. The harvest fields will call for numerous men, the canneries and fruit packing houses will need help. The rice crop soon to be planted will bring upon us a demand for skilled and unskilled labor. New hydro-electric power projects are opening and they will bring about a further opening of the industrial world. There is still a spark of hope in the future.

The graduates of today are stepping out into life when conditions are somewhat adverse, when positions are

far from being numerous. Many are inclined to think these the worst conditions for a man just commencing real life. Not so. It is a time that will test the timber of each and every man, a time to either sink or swim. If he is made of the right stuff he has nothing to fear. When the wave rises he will rise with it.

It is far better to begin a little low and rise with the tide than to start high, become accustomed to the usage and conventionalities of such elevation only to find yourself suddenly down among a class that you once held inferior to you. It is better to climb the ladder of fame slowly than to be placed among the top rungs and feel the rung break.

Let us, therefore, be telescopic in our view rather than microscopic, constantly pitying ourselves and our present "misfortunes."

William H. Osterle, '21.

### **Esprit de Corps**

We have often heard this expression, we especially who were Service Men and we know what it means. We know that it means the common spirit pervading the members of a body or association. We know that it implies sympathy, enthusiasm, devotion and a jealous regard for the honor of the body as a whole. We know that it is associated with that pride which makes a man stand a little more erect and brings an honorable glow to his cheek when his name is joined with



that of his organization. During the war it was a fleet, a ship, a division or a regiment. Today it is a college.

How often has this spirit turned defeat into victory, won lost battles, saved nations! How well do we who have been long associated with Santa Clara remember the way it has tided us over difficulties and placed us in a position of honor and pride. You may call it pride, you may call it "Pep", you may call it "Life", you may call it what you will. It's there.

Santa Clara men do not quit. That's Esprit de Corps. Santa Clara men are up and doing. That's Esprit de Corps. Santa Clara men are proud to be associated with Santa Clara. That's Esprit de Corps.

As retiring Student Body President I wish to say a word of tomorrow. We are leaving, but from a distance we shall watch and with confidence.

Next year is going to give opportunities for new manifestations and development of Esprit de Corps, opportunities that will permeate right through the entire Student Body.

Incollegiate athletics, not entirely abandoned, are to hold a lesser place. That means the opportunity for greater activity in every college organization and the opportunity for greater campus "life". Such activity means rivalry and the development of leadership.

Here, then, can be manifested Esprit de Corps and we know that it will be manifested.

House, Senate, Engineering, Law or-

ganizations, Orchestra and Music organizations, Dramatic and Athletic organizations, Class organizations, all will show life and action, and from them all will come forth an Esprit de Corps worthy of Santa Clara.

Roy W. Fowler, '21.

### Intellect vs. Will

Of the two chief characteristics which distinguish man from the ox, monkey, cat, crocodile, and those other of our lowly brethren from which Darwin tells us that we spring, it is an interesting question which is the more potent and desirable, intellect or will.

By the intellect alone we may discern good and evil, truth and falsity; but it is the will which impels the intellect to continually function. The intellect is the light with which we pierce the darkness of ignorance; the will is the whip which goads us to effort and achievement. Without will a man is a mere dreamer, a visionary builder of airy castles; without intellect he becomes a mere machine.

Both intellect and will are therefore necessary, but it is almost beyond question that the man with an average intellect and iron will excels his brilliant but weak willed brother. History affords us the example of the great French chemist Louis Pasteur. In his classes we are told he was rated as an average student, in fact he failed in many of his examinations. Yet his will spurred him on to more intensive and persistent efforts until he became a

master of his chosen profession. Pasteur will live as long as men are interested in the science he so greatly advanced; his classmates are already forgotten. Contrary to general opinion all the big business men, financiers, authors and leaders in the different walks of life were not born geniuses. Many were born of humble parentage, in humble circumstances, often with humble intellectual equipment. But almost invariably they possessed that magic quality which whipped them on to work when they didn't want to, which urged them to hang on when they wanted to quit and which denied them every pleasure and every satisfaction which militated against the achievement of the goal they had set out to win.

Nothing plays so great a part in the building of character as does the training of will. It is in doing things we don't like to do and which come hard to us that the character is formed. Now to the "genius" things come easy. He

doesn't have to call forth any great will power to make his intellect concentrate on difficult problems. He falls into slovenly habits and when the crisis comes he finds himself minus that first essential to all real success—self-mastery.

Another interesting question presents itself in this regard. Which is the happier; the genius lacking will power or the iron willed plodder? Again the latter must be triumphant. For the genius may prostitute his talents to unworthy causes, not because he wants to but because he is not able to say no. If a stern will does wrong, the fault is entirely with itself. Of course being free, the will need not choose what is right, but it is a happy fact that the will is a force for good rather than evil, and he who possesses this wonderful faculty in a well developed state makes the best executive, the best organizer, the best parent and the best citizen.

Martin M. Murphy '22.



# University Notes



The annual debate between the two divisions of the Literary Congress, held this year on the evening of the eighth of May, resulted in a walk-away for the House. Their team not only won the debate but captured all three prizes awarded for supremacy in individual speaking. It might be said in passing that this is the first time in the history of these debates that all the prizes have gone to either house. First honors went to Representative Emmet Daly, '23, second honors to Representative J. Francis O'Shea, '22, and third honors to Representative James B. Comer, '24. The excellent manner in which these three men advanced arguments against the recent King Tax Bill reflects no little credit upon the training which they have received during the year in their society. The study and preparation of the Senate team served them to little avail, and they can only promise better competition in the coming Ryland contests. The debate was held in the University Auditorium, before a large crowd, and was the occasion of presenting several well rendered numbers by the Orchestra.

The following men kindly gave their services as judges: Mr. Clarence C. Coolidge, Mr. Frank H. Bloomingdale, Mr. Nicholas Bowden, Professor George L. Sullivan, and Dr. Frederick C. Gerlach. Mr. Owen D. Richardson acted as chairman.

Mr. Martin V. Merle, author of the **Mission Play**, has kindly offered to re-arrange his production in order that it may be given in the form of a pageant in the May of 1922. The Athletic Field presents an adequate setting for such a pageant and is fitted with sufficient seating capacity to accommodate the audience which will witness the production. The **Mission Play** was last given in 1913, and its outdoor production next year will fittingly commemorate the centennial anniversary of the founding of the Santa Clara Mission in 1822. The play is divided into three acts, and contains twenty-one speaking parts, and over one hundred male characters are in its cast. This will be the first event of its kind ever staged here at Santa Clara, and it is hoped that all the pat-

rons of the University will give their support and make it the wonderful success which it should be.

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**Constitution** On Monday, May the ninth, the Student Body convened for the purpose of adopting a new constitution. A committee, appointed for the purpose, presented to the Student Body a carefully prepared and arranged constitution which, with a few changes, was adopted. Now we can discard the time-tattered and amendment-plastered one that has been a thorn in the side of every Student Body President for the past ten years.

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**Sanctuary** In spite of several handicaps extending throughout the year, the Society has made a very good showing. A reception of new members, which was to have taken place at the end of this semester, due to unfortunate circumstances, has been postponed to the beginning of next year. The following is the membership in the senior and junior divisions: Senior division—J. Coughlan, B. McSweeney, K. Berg, W. Osterle, A. Abrahamsen, G. Abrahamsen, T. Bannan, S. Pereira, H. Baker, G. Culleton, J. Lewis, J. Toner, F. E. Smith, J. O'Brien, A. Piedmonte, J. Murphy, R. Shields. Junior division—T. W. Temple, W. Lange, J. Sheehan, J. Oliva, P. Martin, A. Halloran, F. Nolan, L.

Geoghegan, J. Forster, L. Noek, L. White, J. Haley, W. Dean, and F. Smith.

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**May Offering** Following the custom of previous years, various members of the College Department have been giving short addresses in the Chapel each evening during the month of May in honor of the Blessed Virgin. Following is a calendar of the speakers, and their subjects:

May 1—Rev. Fr. President, "Month of May."

May 2—Fr. Boland, "The Holy Family."

May 3—E. Coman, "The Immaculate Conception."

May 4—T. Crowe, "The Espousals."

May 5—R. Fowler, "The Purification."

May 6—F. Rethers, "Our Lady of Lourdes."

May 7—J. Logan, "The Annunciation."

May 8—A. McCarthy, "Divine Maternity of Mary."

May 9—G. Pancera, "Our Lady of Sorrows."

May 10—E. Kenney, "Our Lady of Good Counsel."

May 11—W. Koch, "Our Lady Help of Christians."

May 12.—T. Ford, "Our Lady 'Della Strada.'"

May 13—J. Jackson, "The Visitation."



May 14—C. Boden, "Our Lady of Mt. Carmel."

May 15, E. Daley, "Mary and the Church of the Cenacle."

May 16, M. J. Peearovich, "Mother of the Divine Shepherd."

May 17—J. Comer, "Patronage of the B. V. M."

May 18—J. O'Brien, "Purity of the B. V. M."

May 19—M. Dunnè, "The Holy House of Loreto."

May 20—A. Saxe, "The Nativity of the B. V. M."

May 21—J. Dempsey, "The Assumption."

May 22—H. Robidoux, "The Holy Name of Mary."

May 23—L. Lettunich, "Our Lady of Mercy."

May 24—H. Miller, "Most Holy Rosary."

May 25—G. Ryan, "Mary's Eternal Triumph."

May 26—A. Vergara, "Our Lady of Guadalupe."

Finis—Rev. Fr. President, "Queen of Our Student Body."

Thomas Crowe, '22.

**Penthatlon** The sixth annual President's Day penthatlon was staged on Sunday, May 8, on the campus track. Forty-four students entered the competition. Ernest D. Bedolla took first place and the Duffill cup with a total of 4358 points. Bedolla made the best time in

the hundred, took first in the high and broad jumps and otherwise acted like a real athlete. Following right on the winner's heels came his fellow-townsmen from Gonzales, Cal., Angelo Rianda Jr. Rianda surprised everybody by his good work and ran up a total of 4311 points, enough to give him the Santa Clara Journal trophy.

Charles F. Daly, the "debater" from Eureka, made the best time in the half mile, broke the old record by trotting the distance in 2 minutes 8 seconds, and captured third place and the McCormick cup. Albert Halloran, worthy representative of the Prep Department, was rated in fourth place and received the Robert A. Fatjo cup, and George C. Carey of Palo Alto got fifth place and the Paul Maggi trophy.

One of the features of the afternoon was the "nondescript" parade which was led by "Pop" Rethers. The entertainment after the athletic events were over was thoroughly enjoyable and lasted for nearly two hours. "Zeke" Coman's clever parodies yodled to the tunes of his own banjo, made a great hit, as did the dancing of Glynn and Giambastiani. Music was furnished by Emmet Daly, "Turk" Bedolla, "Zeke" Coman, Charley Jones, Byrne McSweeney and Paul Reddy.

The evening closed with a speech by Rev. T. L. Murphy, President of the University, in whose honor the penthatlon was arranged. Father Murphy

presented the trophies at the conclusion of his speech.

The following gentlemen acted as officials: Supreme Judge of the Day, Rev. T. L. Murphy, S. J.; Inspectors, James B. O'Connor, Henry C. Veit, and Thomas J. Maroney; Referee, Coach Robert E. Harmon; Starter, Charles R. Boden; Clerk of the Course, Student Body President, Roy W. Fowler; Judges of the Races, Ernest J. Becker, Thomas J. Ford and G. William de Koch; Scorer, E. Linares; Timers, Daniel J. Minahan and R. Herbruger; Announcer, Alfred A. Ferrario.

Charles R. Boden, '23.

### The House

In this, the last issue of the Redwood of this school year, it is well and advisable that there be inserted here the record and accomplishments of the most active body within the institution during the past scholastic year—the House of Philhistorians.

At the beginning of the year this organization was composed of fifteen members, but that small membership had within its ranks ambition, determination, personality and character, students who stood for what was right and had the courage of their own convictions. With discrimination it voted in new members, always careful to bring in him whom they knew would advance and be willing to advance. The membership within a few months' time had swelled to forty, the maximum allowed by the Constitution. The

spirit of the old was inculcated and nourished in the new and the result was unanimity and success.

The House has set a record in the number of debates within its body and the regularity of meetings this year. Never before in its history have its meetings been so well attended, nor such interest displayed.

Not only did it set a record as to the number of debates held within its body, but also grasped the opportunity of affording its members the chance of frequently appearing before the public.

On January 13th the House ushered inter-society debating with outside Universities into its curriculum. On the evening of that day its representatives, in a forceful and dignified manner defeated the Nestoria Society of the Stanford University, taking the affirmative on the question of restriction of immigrants. The three men representing the House were Ement Daly, '23, John M. Jackson, '23, James B. Comer, '24.

Later on the House made arrangements for a dual debate with St. Ignatius, but owing to unforeseen developments the debate did not materialize. The House sent its two teams to debate before the San Jose Council, K. of C., No. 679 on the Russian Recognition Question. The Affirmative team was composed of: James M. Conners, '23; Charles R. Boden, '23; Charles F. Daly, '24. The negative: Cornelius C. Noble, '24; George W. Ryan, '24; Ar-

thur J. Saxe, '24. The Affirmative side won.

On April 8th Santa Clara made its formal entrance into the American Association for the Recognition of the Irish Republic. The overwhelming success of that evening is largely due to the efforts of the House. The entire cast in the drama "We Ourselves" was composed of House men.

Living up to its reputation during the year the House Ryland team, thrust its arguments like torpedoes against a helpless ship and unanimously won the Annual Ryland Debate between the House and Senate. Not only did it win the debate, but the members of its team in a glorious manner, won the three coveted prizes. The discussion in this debate was on "The King Tax Corporation Bill" and the House team upheld the negative. The team was composed of: Emmet Daly, '23, first prize; J. Francis O'Shea, '22, second; James B. Comer, '24, third.

The year drew to a close and to afford a means whereby the House might terminate a most successful year in a most fitting manner it formulated a scheme in the form of a raffle. A huge Santa Clara plaque was ordered, and chances sold upon it. Due to the enthusiasm shown previously in the House

and which again manifested itself the raffle was a great success. And much of this success we owe to John M. Jackson, our active fellow member, who worked unceasingly and untiringly to make this project a huge success.

As a fitting climax to the achievements of the House, it held, on the evening of May 7th, one of the most enjoyable banquets that any body in the situation has ever given. On that evening the House was honored with the presence of Fr. Timothy L. Murphy, S. J., President of the University; Fr. Joseph Sullivan, S. J., Vice President; Mr. Daniel Bassett, S. J.; Mr. Otto D. Stoesser, '88; Mr. August M. Aguirre, '07; Mr. Dan Tadich, '11. The songs of Mr. Aguirre will long be remembered as also will his remarks. It may be many a day before the House will again have the advantage and privilege of listening to such an eloquent speaker and receive such substantial advice as it did on that evening from Mr. Stoesser.

In conclusion it may be stated that the House owes its great success to its energetic Moderator and speaker, Mr. Shipsey, S. J. In later years it will be with a kind heart we will credit to him our progress in the speaking world.

George L. Haneberg, '23.

## Engineering Notes

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Once again another year slips by. The fifth annual banquet at the Hotel Montgomery brought the Engineering Society's year to a close. A more successful year could not be hoped for. We started out with a clenched fist determination to make the ensuing year the banner one of the Society. And it might be asked if we succeeded. The answer is contained in the campus byword, "Let the Engineers do it."

The Society's calendar has not allowed time to drag one minute. The initiation of new members started us off in good spirits. Then came the jolly evening spent at Professor Sullivan's, always to be remembered. Later we find ourselves in the midst of the football season on the eve of the big game. Here again we tarry to see the Engineers erecting the monstrous bonfire. The best, as was heard among the spectators, Santa Clara has ever had.

All through the year the most spirited business meetings were held and interesting lectures given us by some of the most prominent Engineers of the country. Every lecture was worth while, and the benefits derived from the talks of these men that know and do, is inestimable. Time after time educational films covering every branch of Engineering were enjoyed.

And so activities continue. The geologists under the guidance of Fr. Menager and Prof. Lotz have spent pleasant hours investigating the old mines at Almaden. Prof. Sullivan and his hydro-electric experts have time after time fixed and broken the pump at Villa Maria, all enjoying every minute of their work. But perhaps, to us Senior Civics who are just about to leave battleworn Room C there is no more pleasant memory of our school activities than the days we have spent with Prof. Lotz wandering about the hills of Alum Rock, driving stakes, and balancing transits on the pinnacles of Eagle Rock. There were our bridge inspection tours down the valley and into Niles Canyon. When sometime or other we find ourselves driving stakes or balancing transits or erecting bridges, in perhaps, some far land, we can't help but remember the days when the jolliest bunch of sports would wander out together to do the same thing. Steaks "a la dust" will never taste as good, and the cakes Mrs. Lotz sent along will always be lacking. When one of us slips off a bridge into the water it will cease to be humorous. In all we can't help but say it's hard to leave and buck another line.

But throughout the year our activities have not been limited to the walls



of our classrooms, figuring or endeavoring to figure technical problems, but in every affair of the Student Body, business meetings or rallies, athletics or dramatics, the Engineers were there to a man. We rather believe it would not be out of place here to mention the campus heroes we number among the Society's members. Our "Little Blonde Swede" Roy Fowler, as President of our Student Body and Senior Class, can't help but carry away with him the compliments of every member of the College and class. We could hope for no more efficient and popular man. Our modest and unassuming Varsity football captain "Cease" Manelli, and likewise our baseball captain, has won a place in every one of our hearts, and deserves no small praise and compliment for his leadership and good sportsmanship. "Fatsie" Ferrario, the plump gentleman of whom the Southland is justly proud, captained the basketball squad. Fat long ago proved his ability as one of the best court players of the Pacific Coast. His jolly smile and cleverly parted hair have won many a heart. Then turning to the more serious campus activities we find "Wild Bill" Osterle as our spiritual captain of the Sodality, Prefect of the Sactuary Society. And so it is easy to note the Engineers have not by any means confined themselves to the books. We find them very prominent as leaders of high-class loyal college spirit and sportsmanship.

Once again—the Engineering Dance,

the Social event of the College year, was a grand success, and it will be we dare say, not so very easy to surpass in jolly spirit and merriment. In Dramatics we find the Engineers again well represented. Tom Ford's presentation of Brutus was excellent to say the least.

Then time passes, and comes the Engineering Banquet, the closing event of the Society's year. Mr. Henry D. Dewell, world famous structural consulting engineer, was our honored guest. Mr. Dewell is to be remembered here in California particularly as the structural engineer of the Panama Pacific E. E., a work that will remain on the lips of peoples of the world for years to come. President Ford, acting as toastmaster, as usual made things hum. Professor Sullivan, our Dean, addressed himself to the Seniors who are about to travel other paths. His advice was impressive, and as the years pass we know that time after time, when days seem dark, we will recall his words at the banquet. Professor Lotz spoke to us on loyalty. Every line meant something to us and these, too, we will recall again and again as time travels on. Professor Evans spoke on "The Spirit of Our Work", a spirit that is hard to find outside of Santa Clara. Col. Donovan, the ever-loyal friend of the Engineers, as usual entertained us keenly in his singular after-dinner fashion. As a jolly talker the Colonel is hard to beat. The graduates, every one of us, hold the kindest of re-

membranees for Col. Donovan, for we all owe him favors hard to repay. He has worked with us in all we have done in the past, so here again we can't but regret that some of us will more than likely find ourselves quite far away when the Colonel gives more of his darky stories at the Engineer's Banquet. The class speakers lived up to their reputations very well. Alfred Abrahamsen spoke for the Seniors, Alfredo Ferrario for the Juniors, Robert Lotz for the Sophomores, and Raymond McCauley for the Freshmen, and every one we enjoyed. During the dinner Ambrose Byrne McSweeney's Orchestra, otherwise known as the Engineers' Orchestra, kept us all in good spirits, Ferrario favored us with vocal selections. Jolson would delight to hear "Fatsy" sing "Mammy" and "Maybe"—well!

President Ford closed the evening with a befitting address. The entertainment committee of whom Dan Minahan is chairman, deserves particular praise for the very successful activities of the Society throughout the year.

So now we find ourselves at the close. We, who are leaving, can't but say we have enjoyed every second of our four years at College. And the membership we hold in the Engineering Society will be among those pleasures which we cherish the most. Our Freshman dreams of seeing ourselves some day Seniors have been realized, and all has been brought about through the untiring efforts of those very unselfish men, our Professors. It is hard to say good-bye, but as we go we extend our very best wishes to the Society and its members.

G. William de Koch, '21.

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## Law Notes

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The Institute of Law has gone through another year of arduous labors and studies, and another year is added to the long chain of its glorious past. The results of the work of the students have been very gratifying even to the casual on-looker; and, during the course of the year, several of the members were successful enough to be

entitled to the privilege of joining the ranks of the profession.

All the students, however, have felt the loss of Judge W. A. Beasley as a member of the teaching staff, because a finer and more capable man could not be secured to instill the rudiments of court practice and to expound the principles of legal ethics. It is the hope

of all the boys that,, notwithstanding his departure from the University, when the Fall semester opens the Institute of Law will again be favored by the esteemed gentleman, and that he will continue his work of giving that invaluable legal aid which is not found in the text books but is the priceless treasure of long and successful years of experience.

The Institute of Law will also be handicapped by the departure of Owen D. Richardson, who, having changed his residence to Palo Alto, is unable to continue his work at Santa Clara. Common Law Pleading, Code Pleading, Probate Practice, and California Practice were the subjects which he taught during the successive semesters when each subject would ripen into course. He was peculiarly fitted for the position which he occupied, because in the long years of his practice he devoted a considerable time to that scholarly study of the law which is the part of but very few lawyers. His absence will also be felt, and the task, therefore, of maintaining the Faculty up to the same standards of excellence and reputation will be doubly difficult.

The Institute of Law made itself a conspicuous factor in the college activities during the past semester by engaging in an intercollegiate debate between the respective Law Departments of our University and the University of Southern California. The result has already been chronicled "per longum et latum" in a recent issue of

this magazine, and may we be pardoned for intimating that this success shows that while Los Angeles may excel in Movie Stars, short skirts and half stockings, it must nevertheless bow to Santa Clara in the art of forensic debate?

In the April Law Notes it was announced that the members of the Law Association hoped to hold an annual grand ball and entertainment. As plans got under way late in the year, it has been decided to put off the execution of this plan until next semester.

Elmer D. Jensen, who received his LL.B. degree last year and who recently passed the bar examination, is now associated with the firm of Fry & Jenkins in San Jose. His future is bright and promising, and it requires no one with a prophetic turn of mind to predict that success will not be long in attending upon his arduous labors and winning and persuasive personality.

Another alumnus who recently passed the bar examination is none other than Gerald M. Desmond. Jerry is now at home in the Capitol city and is associated with a well known firm of that metropolis. Desmond is already making considerable headway due to the fact that he had been engaged in various legal matters even before he was admitted to practice. And now that he has passed the bar examination there is no stopping for Jerry.

Not very many, perhaps, are acquainted with the fact that Frank

O'Neill is also engaged in the practice of the law, after passing the bar examination some time ago. How seriously he has taken his profession can be judged from the fact that he recently rushed up to Sacramento, met Jerry Desmond and sought to persuade him to attach an aeroplane that had floundered in the slough city.

Closing this chapter of Law Notes there comes to mind, in a truant and uninvited way, a maxim of the com-

mon law with which every student is familiar: "De minimis non curat lex". But, aside from the proper interpretation of this phrase, no student can truthfully say that a disregard of the minor details can mean success, because it is only with meticulous attention to minor details and unrelenting precision in every step of a legal enterprise that anyone can justly even hope to obtain that measure of success to which every student longingly aspires.

Peter F. Morettini, Law, '21.

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## Prep Notes

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### Changes

The Prep Department began the year in conjunction with the University Student Body, as it had been doing since the days of the locked gate and the high wall. But on Tuesday, November 30, 1920, this came to an end. By mutual agreement the University and Prep Departments decided to separate for the good and betterment of all concerned. Therefore a Prep Student Body meeting, the first one in Prep history, was held in the Senior study hall, Rev. Fr. Sullivan, S. J., presiding. It was unanimously decided to separate in body but not in spirit, from the University Student Body. This was a wise move and did much to further the success of the Prep organization.

Lloyd B. Nolan was chosen President, Louis Geoghegan Secretary, George Malley, Sergeant-at-arms. Russell Haviside was appointed Manager by the Faculty Board of Control. Fr. Fabris, S. J., was named Faculty Moderator of the Associated Students of the Preparatory Department of the University of Santa Clara. A constitution was adopted.

The first regular meeting of the A. S. P. D. was held December 9, 1920. Meetings came and meetings went, some were important and some were not. The subject of class pins for Third High started a hot controversy, that lasted for several meetings and was finally compromised to the liking of both sides. Efforts were made to enter the C. I. F. conference, but the



start was made late in the season. This combined with the formidable aspect of the Preps, made it out of the question to enter this year. Taken all in all, the first year of the new Student Body was a success.

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While the Institute of **J. D. S. Notes** Law was defeating the University of Southern California; while the House of Philhistrorians was defeating Stanford University; the Junior Dramatic Society was not dreaming idle dreams.

On Tuesday evening, May 3d, we met and conquered the San Jose High School Debating Team on the question, "Resolved, That the United States should recognize the Independence of the Philippine Islands during the Present Administration." Santa Clara had the affirmative and from the first word of our first speaker to the last word of our last, our boys presented an array of statistics, a bulwark of impregnable argumentation, and those deadly fatal logical conclusions that compelled the Honorable Judges to give them a unanimous verdict.

In this, our first public appearance, we were represented by John M. Burnett of San Jose, Lloyd B. Nolan and William L. Crutchett of San Francisco. Mr. Louis P. Geoghegan of Salt Lake City was chosen alternate.

This victory bids fair to encourage the Society to greater deeds in the future.

The J. D. S. prize debate was held on Friday, May 6th. The question, Resolved: That Circumstantial Evidence is not sufficient to justify the Death Penalty, was selected for discussion. Messrs. Malley, Brescia and Collins argued for the affirmative; while Messrs. George Geoghegan, Koch and del Mutulo were in favor of the existing state of affairs. The battle was fast, furious and close, and only after long deliberation was the decision awarded to the affirmative. The members of the victorious Ryland team acted as judges. With the decision, ten dollars was given to the winning side, Mr. Malley, the best speaker of the evening, receiving five.

On May 7th, the official year of the society came to an end with a banquet at Hotel Montgomery. At the festive board spirit ran high. It was the expression of the fight, of courage, of the joy, of the love that characterized our entire year. Long speeches were not in order, but every word uttered meant volumes. Reverend Father President visited us for a few moments and spoke a few words. Mr. Hugh C. Donavan, S. J., to whose untiring zeal and efforts the success of the year is due, gave the real speech of the evening, the one we were all looking for, the one we all profited by. His words of hope and comfort are still ringing in our ears and they will go far to actuate our future lives and our future success. In the hands of Mr. Donavan the destiny of the J. D. S. lies secure. That

he will be with us next year is the unanimous wish of the Society.

All good things come to an end. The better they are, the quicker they come. And so our Society's year is done. Looking back through the telescope over the year's work it seems impossible to realize the present virile J. D. S. that has been matured to greatness from the poor disheartened fourteen members of last September.

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**High School Graduating Class** In the High School graduating class of '21 we are confronted with the names, some long and some longer, of many popular students of the Prep Department: Henry Boivin, Everet Brown, Frederick Brizzolara, John Burnett, Thomas Comyns, Ignatius Carney, George Collins, Marsino Del Muto, John Foster, Patrick Farley, Philip Fawke, Albert Duffle, Harry Doyle, Frederick Florimont, Martin Griffin, Louis Geoghegan, Russell Haviside, Edwin Jauregue, Henry Koehler, Thomas Lynch, Henry McCormick, Henry Martin, Lloyd Nolan, John Somavia, John Silva, Harold Toso, Andrew Desmond, William Walsh Jr., Anthony Wallace, Raymond Ferrario.

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The Basketball season **Prep Athletics** had a well filled schedule, a good fast team, only a few defeats, and much success.

In Baseball the Preps were not as successful as in Football, in which they were undefeated. They were

handicapped in the beginning of the season by the lack of a regular coach. The first game was played with Santa Clara High School, which had the advantage of an earlier start and more practice. The Preps got the empty end of a 2 to 0 score. The second game was also played with Santa Clara High, and with the same result but unluckily not the same score. The Preps next tried their luck with the St. Ignatius Prep team on the Varsity field and were defeated after a battle by a 10 to 7 score. Not discouraged they took the Saints on again and were defeated only by a fluke and one point, the score being 10 to 9. The Ignatians are the Prep champions of San Francisco. From then on the team began to pick up. This can be attributed to the fact that Mr. Cosgrave, S. J., had taken on the role of coach, and lived up to it. The Preps met and defeated the Y. M. I. team of San Jose, and played the Santa Clara High nine a third time, (the charm) and brought home the bacon all done up in the ribbons of victory.

The Prep track team was born and died in its infancy, principally because of the unusual amount of interest taken in baseball.

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Two months ago a **The Midgets**. "motely crew" took possession of the field in front of Senior Hall. They didn't know much about baseball, except that it was the national pastime and that

any good, red-blooded American could play it. Now that "motley crew" is known as the Midget Team. Keep your eye on the line-ups of the future Varsities for such names as Bernal, G. and J. D. Brown, Jack Flynn, Maurel and others. On account of the scarcity of games the team did not get a chance to show all that was in them.

They showed up best in the game against St. Ignatius Midgets. With an 8 to 0 score against them in the second inning they came from behind and at the end of the fifth the tally was 7 to 8. Unfortunately the game had to be called so that the visitors might get home before dark. Outside of one bad inning the boys played airtight ball.

James C. Glynn.

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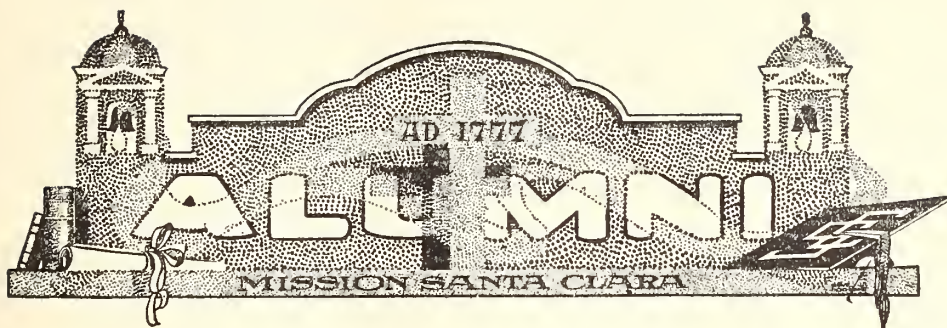
## Rains

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The rain of the Winter is harsh and cold;  
 It comes driven in sheets  
 To the shriek of the wind  
 Without mercy it beats on hill and on wold.  
 Or perchance it is soft and comes steadily down,  
 Drip drop, never stop, drip drop.

But the showers of Spring; how different they are.  
 They laugh in the leaves  
 And they kiss the fair flow'rs,  
 They cling to the trees, each drop like a star.  
 The world's full of worry; they help drive it away,  
 Pitter patter, doesn't matter, pitter patter.

H. P. M. '23.



**Alumni Notes** At just the time this issue is being distributed, with commencement a fact, Santa Clara will have but two phrases on its lips; One "Fr. Ricard", the other, "Alumni Banquet." Never in its history has Santa Clara been witness to such a day of joy and reunion, as it will on Decoration Day, May the 30th. The old and the young will return once again to pay homage to that scientist and philosopher, "The Padre of the Rains".

"Seek happiness in the stars," says Fr. Ricard. That is, get out of yourself. It is, in his philosophy, egotistic thinking which leads to conflict. In contemplation of the great movements of planetary systems lies the calm which is the possession of the rare souls.

Most people know him only as "The Padre of the Rains", the enunciator of a great meteorological theory concerning the relation between Sunspots and weather. A few have known the kindly man, the friend of youth, the mentor of aspiring souls.

Moving pictures have been filmed

and are to be shown in something like 30,000 show houses in the United States, Canada and Europe, by the International Weekly appearing under the following captions

(1) Santa Clara—The Padre of the Rains—Fr. Ricard's "sun-spot" studies enable him to forecast weather a month ahead. .

(2) It's easier to move the house than the telescope.

(3) All California relies on Fr. Ricard for advance information on weather prospects.

(4) Photographing the skies.

At the open-air Solemn High Mass, to be celebrated May 30, in which many of the most prominent Church dignitaries of the West will participate and to which the public is invited, the following Santa Clara men will act as acolytes:

Reginald Leo Archbold, '09, (Pres. St. John Berchmans Sanctuary Society, 1909); A. T. Leonard, Jr., M. D., '10 (Pres. St. J. B. S.S. 1910, Bob Brown-Camarillo, '11 (Pres. St. John Berchmans S. S., 1911), A. J. Costello, '12,



Martin V. Merle, '06, Anthony Ivancovich, '10, John H. Riordan, '05, Dion Holm, '12, Dr. Fred Hoedt, '12, Maurice T. Dooling, Jr., '09, Ervin M. Best, '12, Francis M. Heffernan, '08, August M. Aguirre, '07, Raymond W. Kearney, '10, Martin Detels, '12, W. J. Kieferdorf, '90, and Dr. Anthony B. Diepenbroek, '08.

**Mr. Alexander  
McAdie**

The following letter was received from Mr. McAdie, formerly director of U. S. Weather Bureau Headquarters, San Francisco:

Blue Hill Observatory,  
Harvard University,  
Readville, Mass.

Mr. Henry C. Veit,

Secretary Santa Clara Alumni, Assn.  
My Dear Sir:

Please convey to Fr. Ricard the expression of my high regard and best wishes for his health and happiness. Fifty years is a long period of active professional life and surely one who can look back on such a record must now, like St. Paul, look confidently forward for the deserved reward.

Sincerely,

ALEXANDER McADIE.

**Alumni  
Banquet**

On Decoration Day,  
May the 30th, from  
near and far Alumni

and former students will wend their way back, wherever possible, to Alma Mater.

Due to the co-operation of Alumni

Clubs, this reunion promises to herald things even beyond anticipation. Tribute will be paid to Fr. Ricard, who is celebrating his golden jubilee as a member of the Society of Jesus.

The Alumni on that day, one might say, will pay a triple tribute, as every Red and White man the country over will turn his thoughts, if not his steps, homeward once more to pay homage to Alma Mater, Father Ricard and the sacred memory of the Defenders of his Flag.

**Laymen's  
Retreats**

Attention of Alumni is called to the schedule for annual Laymen's

Week-end Retreats, to be held at Santa Clara during the Summer. The first will begin on June 16, the second on June 23, the third on June 30, the fourth on July 7. The first and third will be given by Rev. Zachary Maher, S. J., of Loyola College, Los Angeles; the second and fourth by Rev. J. J. Laherty, S. J., of St. Ignatius, San Francisco.

Those wishing to make arrangements for attending any of these retreats or to get further information regarding same should communicate with Rev. William M. Boland, S. J., here at Santa Clara.

**Ignatian  
Carnival**

Santa Clara Alumni were responsible for one of the booths at

the Ignatian Carnival, held during the

week of May 16 in the Civic Auditorium, San Francisco.

Georgetown Alumni (mostly S. C. men as well), were also very much in evidence. The S. F. Examiner for May 17, says: "It would not be unfair to say, at least on the opening night, the Georgetown University booth romped home with the honors. In the first place, everyone loves college boys and the brand of jazz the Georgetown fellows put forth proved a hit. The Santa Clara booth was easily next in line. Both booths proved a meeting place for college men and women."

The Ignatian Carnival is one of the most ambitious affairs of its kind ever staged in an American city and has as its end the assistance of St. Ignatius Church and College, so handicapped since the disaster of 1906.

### **The Monterey County Club**

On the evening of May the tenth at the home of Ramon Somovia gathered some twenty-six former students and graduates, with the purpose of forming an Alumni Club for Monterey County with its center at Salinas. Approval was unhesitatingly forthcoming. The officers of this new branch were elected and installed, and are as follows: J. Ramon Somovia, '86, President; Pedro Zabala, '86, Vice President; Frank Sargent, '95, Secretary; Duncan McKinnon, '95, Treasurer; Joseph Connors, '99, Publicity Man. The other members are: J. P. Lauritzen, C. Z. Herbert, W. W. Zabala,

Charles McFadden, Henry Byrnes, Samuel Davies, Leopold Bidasche, Ross C. Sargent, Monterey; Carmel Martin, Monterey, Ray Rudolph, Monterey; Alfred Gonzales, Gonzales; Henry Tabernetti, Solidad; Julius Treseony, San Lucas; Albert Treseony, San Lucas; Pablo Soto, Salinas; Jos. Stoltz, Salinas; Beck Gragg, Monterey; John B. R. Cooper, Monterey; A. E. Cooper, Monterey; Jos. Carnaggia, Salinas.

### **60's**

From a letter recently received by Henry C. Veit, Alumni Secretary, we have been able to gather information of great interest. Mr. Jerome B. Stanford, now residing at Stanford University, because of severe injuries received during alterations made in the gymnasium preparatory to graduation exercises while he was here at school, was not able, much to his regret, to return and receive his degree.

That was 58 years ago. Thus we gather that Mr. Stanford is listed among the oldest living Alumni of Santa Clara.

It was through his personal efforts while a student here that his uncle, U. S. Senator Leland Stanford, Sr., presented the military company with a stand of arms to replace the flint locks which they were using. Mr. Stanford was first sergeant in the second company.

It is with appreciation, indeed, that we anticipate Mr. Stanford's promised visit at the Golden Jubilee.

'82 J. E. Sexton, Vice President of the Eureka, Nevada, Railway Company, visited on May 15. He was accompanied by former Mayor Ole Hanson of Seattle.

'95 Great literary success and sure fame has come to another of Santa Clara's talented writers, Gerald Beaumont, '95, who has given up his lucrative position as editor of the Southern Pacific's publicity bureau in answer to the irresistible call of greater literary work in other fields. Mr. Beaumont's first stories made such a remarkable impression, and excited such great popular interest that they were snapped up at once by one of the largest of our national monthlies. His stories are highly dramatic and full of human appeal, and his future output, it is said, has been contracted for by eager magazines for a full year in advance.

Not only will Beaumont's stories appear in our prominent monthlies, but they are soon to be published in book form. Dodd, Mead & Company, one of the largest and most conservative publishing houses in America or the world, has already contracted for three books, the first of which will appear early next year under the title of "Hearts and the Diamond," and the others will follow at intervals of six months. These latter volumes will be entitled "Hearts and the Squared Circle" and "Hearts and Hoofbeats" respectively. It is confidentially stated by many who have read some of the stories, that the

three volumes contain some of the most unusual and interesting sporting stories written in many years. That they will be popular seems assured. A three book contract to a new author is very unusual with the Dodds, Meads and Co., and is only offered in very unusual cases.

Beaumont, while a student at Santa Clara back in the '90's, made a brilliant record in literary circles, and was editor of the "Redwood" in his day. In 1903 he carried the lead of Paneratinus in Martin Merle's "Light Eternal" and later took the part of Archibald in the Passion Play. He is now a resident of Alameda, and is well known all over the state as a newspaper man and a talented writer.

'97 Old Santa Clara was honored by a visit from one of her greatest athletes of undergrad fame, Eugene Sheehy, of the class of '97. It is said of Sheehy that he was the most perfect all-around athlete ever at Santa Clara. He was a wonderful football player and was picked on the all-state team. He was highly praised by Walter Camp, then coach at Stanford, who would have liked to see him in attendance there. He was also noted in other branches of athletics, and coached Santa Clara teams for several years. On account of old football injuries, Mr. Sheehy has not been very well for many years, and although he cannot visit often he says he is often here in spirit.

'99 Along with Eugene Sheehy came one of his old classmates, Riley King of the class of '99. King was a fine athlete at Santa Clara and was a regular good fellow. He is now a successful business man in San Francisco.

'99 Edwin M. Coolidge, brother of C. C. Coolidge, Dean of Law, who contributes the poem on Fr. Ricard in this issue, is justly looked upon as one of the leading literary men of the West. His poem, "The Great West," is perhaps the finest piece of verse ever contributed to the Redwood. When in 1916 the San Francisco Exposition offered a medal for the best poem submitted, it was he who won it.

The Redwood is again honored in printing the work of this gifted man.

A letter to Rev. Fr. Ryan accompanied his offering.

Los Angeles, Calif.,

May 13, 1921.

Dear Father Ryan:

Though far away in Southern Cafeteria, the summons of the Alumni Association has reached me anent the splendidly planned jubilee celebration in honor of Father Ricard.

It is a great opportunity to offer our affectionate homage to this famous scientist, whose illustrious name will always be linked with the institution in which we take a common pride.

I have taken the occasion to write something intended to express some of

the pride I feel in the triumph of a very great man and of the tremendous value of the service he is rendering humanity, and I am submitting my effort to your judgment as to its fitness for the offering. If you deem it worthy I shall be very glad to have it offered to Father Ricard, who will perhaps remember me as the pest of the Philathic Senate.

Yours very sincerely,

EDWIN COOLIDGE.

'06 Martin V. Merle, playwright, and needing no introduction to the Santa Clara "family," is spending a few weeks of vacation in our midst. Martin's assistance and advice in the preparations for Ric Day and the Reunion are deeply appreciated.

'08 Devereaux Peters, accompanied by his wife, was a visitor at the University during the middle of May. He is now a successful lawyer.

'09 A press dispatch of May 16 carried the following: "James R. Daly, Jr., thirty, former San Franciscan, and a graduate of Santa Clara College, has been decorated by the Venezuelan Government with the Order of Simon Bolivar, the highest decoration given to foreigners. Daly was informed yesterday that the decoration is in recognition of his work in the advancement of commercial rela-



tions between the United States and Venezuela, while he was American Consul to the latter country in 1917."

Santa Clara men of that time will remember Daly well, brilliant student, medal winner, able actor. His residence is now in New York. He is married and in the South American export business with a large firm of the metropolis.

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In 1914 Roller Hewitt of '14 Los Gatos finished his college course at Santa Clara. In '10 he had completed his High School studies. Then he began a most thorough course in medicine at St. Louis and promised to be one of the leading men of the country. Last January he was married. He was to receive his degree at St. Louis during the week of May 8. During the early period of that week he was taken with scarlet fever and diphtheria and died.

Thus was snatched away at a time and in a manner surpassing our understanding one of the most loyal and promising of Santa Clara men.

He is survived by his mother, wife, two sisters and a brother, and to them goes forth our deepest sympathy. May he rest in peace.

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A few Sundays ago Marshall Garlanger of the class of '16 was a visitor. He was the winner of the Santa Clara Scholarship to the Westinghouse, Pittsburg. It is a splendid testimonial both to Gar-

langer and to Santa Clara that he lead his class, quite an accomplishment when all the fine students who go there from all over the country, are considered. Immediately upon his return to California, he was appointed to a high position with the Westinghouse Company out here.

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P. Fitzgerald has launched Ex-'16 into the Benedict Class. "Fitz" was a fine student, a House man while at Santa Clara. He is completing his medical studies at St. Louis University, and we hope that both his matrimonial and medical ventures will be highly successful.

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Manuel (Jimmy) Selaya '17 was a visitor at the University on Tuesday, the 10th of May. Selaya is a graduate of the Engineering College of the institution. He won his commission in the S. A. T. C. during the war and was an active member of the Engineering Society. Many of the old boys will recall how he helped to install and operate the famous siren of football fame. He was sent from Bayonne, N. J., to El Paso, Texas, by the Babcock Wilcox Company. He is a brother of Mrs. I. J. Felix of Santa Clara.

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Tom Hickey is dead. The sad news of the sudden death of "Big Tom" by electrocution came as a tremendous shock to us at Santa Clara, even to

those of the Faculty and Student Body who knew him only by reputation. That Tom Hickey, robust, healthy, in the full prime of his life, with everything in the world to live for, should have been snatched so suddenly from life is indeed hard to believe.

"Big Tom" Hickey had a heart as big as his tremendous frame. His generous disposition, coupled with his remarkable athletic ability made him a hero among the younger students, and a universal favorite among his fellows. He was a member of the famous 1916 Rugby Varsity, and in baseball, his pitching ability won him great praise, and several big league offers. He elected to remain at College, however, and graduated with the class of '18.

When he met with his death he was demonstrating engineering machinery in Northern California.

To his grieving relatives and his afflicted bride of only seven months we can only offer our sincerest consolation and prayers. Father Boland, "Tom's" old teacher, said the burial mass, and Fr. Sullivan delivered a touching sermon about his old friend and pupil. Fr. Henon, Fr. Oliver were on the altar, while Fathers Moran of South San Francisco and Kelly of San Mateo assisted at the Mass.

May his soul rest in peace.

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**Ex-'18** News comes from St. Louis that Horace B. (Stitt) Wilson of the class of '18, has

opened up an Institute of Bacteriology in one of the prominent West End districts of St. Louis. "Stitt" was here but two years, but made quite a record in that time. He was rated as official Trainer, and was a Student Body Officer. He was noted as a remarkable elocutionist, and was active in all college affairs. At St. Louis he made a fine record, and graduated in two years. He is specializing in surgery.

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**Ex-'18** "Pete" Wyandt, of the class of '18, was a visitor recently with his young wife. Pete is a farmer now in Colusa County. After leaving Santa Clara he took an agricultural course at Davis. We were glad to see you, Pete. Come again.

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**'19** It is with delight that we hear from Rev. J. B. Crowley, S. J., a former faculty member, of the marriage of Mr. Keith Volkers, member of the Engineering Class of '19, but who on account of entering the service was forced to discontinued his studies. He was a member of the famous High School Class of '15, more commonly known as the "Bear-eats". His recent marriage with Miss Violet Martella of San Jose is the occasion of this notice. He called in his old teacher, Fr. Crowley, to tie the knot.

John M. Jackson, '23.  
Charles F. Daly, '24.

THE REDWOOD

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For information address

**THE REGISTRAR,**

University of Santa Clara, Santa Clara, Cal.









